



JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 14

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 14
1981-1982



With
Judge Dredd
and
Judge
Dredd





IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

PROG
662

40p

20 JAN 1990

D.O.A.

DREDD ON
ARRIVAL



ISSN 0262-284X



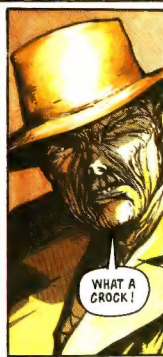
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JUDGE DREDD

TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

PART ONE





HOW FAR TO MEGA-CITY ONE?
1300 KAYS?

HE HAD TO GET SOME
TRANSPORT.

AND WHAT WOULD HE FIND
THERE? PHOBIA-NAUSEA...?

DEATH, FEAR, FIRE, MORTIS-
THE WHOLE DAMNED CREW?

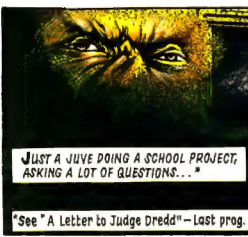
SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED
IN MEGA-CITY ONE, THAT
MUCH WAS CERTAIN.

WOULD IT HAVE HAPPENED IF HE'D STAYED;
NEVER TAKEN THE LONG WALK?

BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE STAYED.
IT WAS OVER. THE WHOLE BIG
LIE. HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN IT
ANYMORE.

IT HAD BEGUN WITH
THE LETTER...

WRONG. IT HAD BEGUN MUCH
EARLIER. BUT THE LETTER
HAD BROUGHT IT TO A HEAD...



JUST A JUVE DOING A SCHOOL PROJECT,
ASKING A LOT OF QUESTIONS...*

*See "A Letter to Judge Dredd" - Last prog.

ONCE HE'D HAVE
DISMISSED THEM
OUT OF HAND. HE'D
ALWAYS HAD A
READY ANSWER.
ONCE.

NOT NOW. NOT FOR A WHILE NOW.



Like how come, when you're so good at keeping
our streets free of crime, MegaCity One still
has the worst crime rate going? My book says
Judges were given their extreme powers to
combat a tidal wave of lawlessness, but
things don't seem to have got much better.

YES, THEY HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE.
NO, THINGS HADN'T GOT MUCH BETTER.

SOMETIMES THEY SAID THEY HAD, SOMETIMES
THAT THEY HADN'T - JUST AS IT SUITED. BUT
THE TRUTH WAS -

THE TRUTH...

WHAT DO WE KNOW
ABOUT TRUTH ANYMORE?

HE READIED HIMSELF FOR THE STREETS WITHOUT EAGERNESS.
THE OLD TINGLE WASN'T THERE, THAT SENSE OF ANTICIPATION...



HE WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK UP A
ROOKIE THAT DAY. HE WASN'T
IN THE RIGHT FRAME OF MIND.



WHAT WAS HE GOING
TO TEACH THE KID?
THAT IT WAS ALL A
SHAM - A BIG LIE?

His dad, George Shelly, was on that Democratic March a couple of years ago. A judge hit him over the head and he's still not right yet. Does say it's brain damage. He gets fits and attacks. Mrs. Shelly did say. He thinks they're giant pineapples from space come to juice him. In the killing....

THE DEMOCRATIC MARCH... IF THE WENDERS BOY HAD KNOWN WHAT A **PERVERSION OF JUSTICE** THAT WAS -!

YOU'RE CORRUPT - EVIL! YOU'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET YOUR WAY - TO HANG ON TO YOUR PRECIOUS POWER!

WE'LL START WORKING ON THE LEADERS - PICK THEM OFF ONE BY ONE.

Jojo says he was just peacefully protesting, but I know judges wouldn't hit an innocent citizen for nothing.

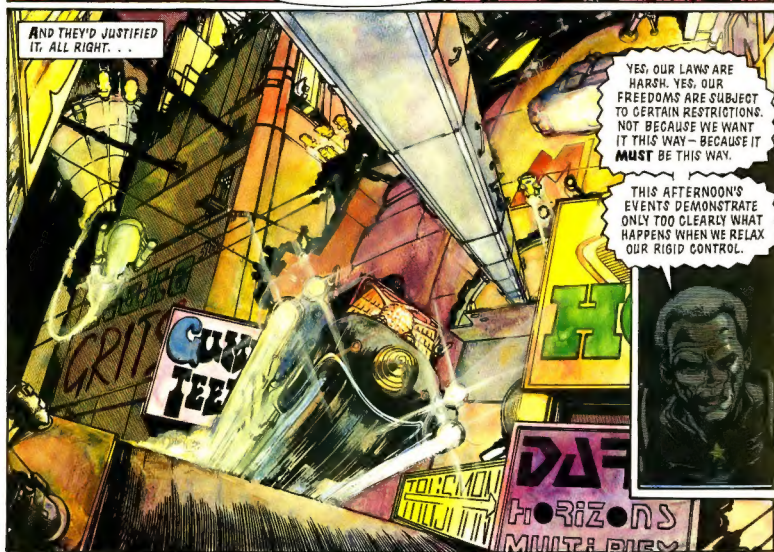
ASSAULT UNITS GET READY. LET'S MAKE THIS SHORT AND SWEET.

DEMOCRACY IS A CANCER EATING AT THE HEART OF OUR SOCIETY. ANY ACTION WE HAVE TO TAKE TO STAMP IT OUT IS JUSTIFIED.

AND THEY'D JUSTIFIED IT. ALL RIGHT. . .

YES, OUR LAWS ARE HARSH. YES, OUR FREEDOMS ARE SUBJECT TO CERTAIN RESTRICTIONS. NOT BECAUSE WE WANT IT THIS WAY - BECAUSE IT **MUST** BE THIS WAY.

THIS AFTERNOON'S EVENTS DEMONSTRATE ONLY TOO CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE RELAX OUR RIGID CONTROL.





You were in charge of the judges at the march, so I guess nobody's in a "better" position to know. Could you let me in on what Mr Sholley did?

BUT THE TRUTH WAS HE'D KILLED THE BOY JUST AS SURELY AS IF HE'D PUT THE KNIFE IN GEORGE SHOLLEY'S HAND.



PSYCHOLOGICAL REPORTS SHOW AN INCREASING NEGATIVE TREND.



HE'S BEEN THROUGH ALL THIS BEFORE.

NOT TO THIS EXTENT, I'M AFRAID.

THERE'S ALWAYS SURGERY...



OUT OF THE QUESTION.

HE WON'T TEACH — OR TAKE A DESK JOB. IT'LL BE THE HIKE.

YES, THE LONG WALK...

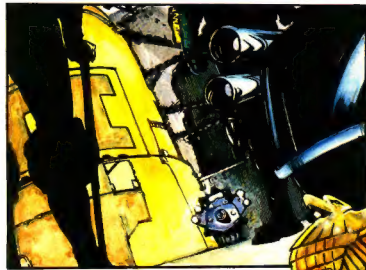
THE QUESTION IS, CAN WE AFFORD TO LOSE HIM?

NOT AT THIS TIME, NO.

DREDD HAS BECOME A SYMBOL TO THE PEOPLE — AS MUCH A PART OF THE PUBLIC PERCEPTION OF JUSTICE AS THE BULLET OR THE DAYSTICK. HE STANDS FOR THE IRON RULE OF LAW, FOR THE CERTAINTY OF RETRIBUTION...



FOR THE MAINTENANCE
OF GOOD ORDER IT'S VITAL
THAT HE REMAINS A
PRESENCE ON OUR STREETS.



YOU?



ROOKIE JUDGE **KRAKEN**
REPORTING FOR
DUTY - SIR!

NEXT-
PROG. **TOUGH ON THE STREETS!**



IT'S AN
HONOUR TO
SERVE AS
YOUR ROOKIE,
SIR.



WHAT'S
THE BIG
IDEA,
ODELL?

YOU'RE BEST
FOR THE JOB,
UNDER THE
CIRCUM-
STANCES.

IF YOU'D
PREFER TO
HAND OVER
TO ANOTHER
SENIOR
JUDGE...



THE JUDDA... WHY
GIVE THIS ONE TO
HIM?



HIS OWN CLONE BROTHER -
HIS **BLOODLINE...**

FARGO, DREDD, RICO -
NOW **KRAKEN...**

ALL ONE AND
THE SAME.



NO SKIN
OFF MY
CHIN.

DID THEY KNOW ABOUT HIS STATE
OF MIND - HIS GROWING
DOUBTS ABOUT THE JOB?

THEY MUST. THEN...

WAS HE TRAINING HIS
OWN **REPLACEMENT?**

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT
VICINITY GULLIVER PRECINCT!
WE HAVE A REPORTED
FIREBOMBING!

DREDD. I'LL
TAKE IT.

JUDGE DREDD

TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

PART TWO

"GULLIVER PRECINCT - WHERE?"

"SIX BLOCKS EAST, CUT LEFT ON LARABEE. ETA, ONE MINUTE".

"YOUR SHOW, ROOKIE!"



AND WHAT ABOUT **KRAKEN'S** STATE OF MIND?

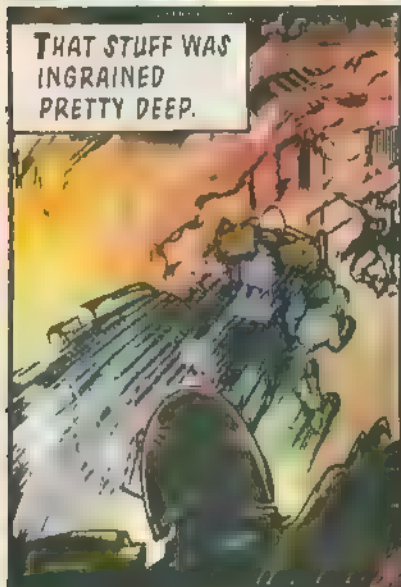


THEY'D HAVE WORKED ON HIM - HARD.
BUT COULD THEY EVER WIPE OUT HIS PAST...?



RAISED FROM BIRTH FOR ONE TASK,
THE OVERTHROW OF THE MEGA-CITY
JUDGES - SPOONFED ON THE
TWISTED CREED OF JUDD - *

THAT STUFF WAS
INGRAINED
PRETTY DEEP.



"INVALID MOTHER TRAPPED
ON SECOND FLOOR. - PERPS
ESCAPING. WHAT ACTION,
ROOKIE?"

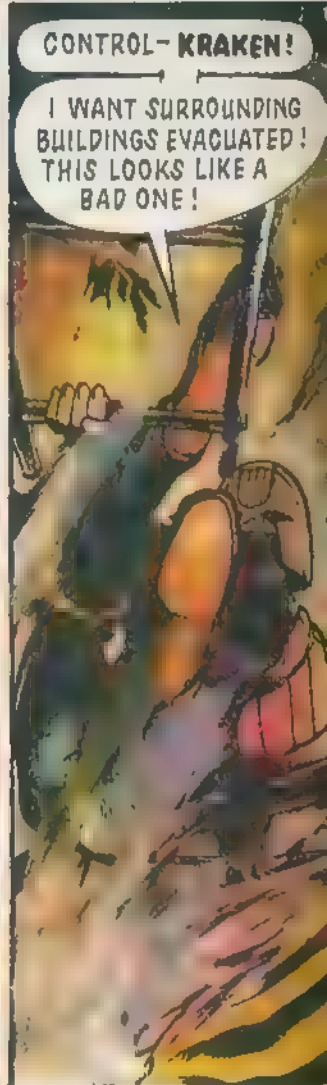


"CHECK MED-WAGON AND
FIRETEAM ON THEIR WAY,
REQUEST BACK-UP IF
AVAILABLE. ASCERTAIN
LOCATION OF TRAPPED
WOMAN, ATTEMPT
RESCUE IF POSSIBLE -"

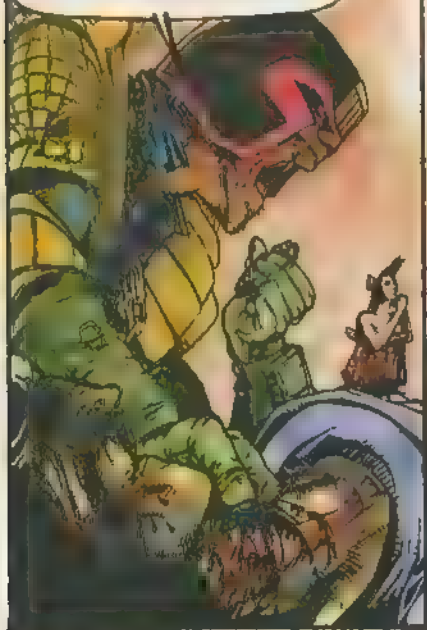
GET A
DESCRIPTION OF
THE PERPS - PUT
OUT AN **APB**!

CONTROL - **KRAKEN**!

I WANT SURROUNDING
BUILDINGS EVACUATED!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A
BAD ONE!



HURRY UP WITH THAT
MED-WAGON. CONTROL!
HE'S LOSING BLOOD FAST!



HE CALLED IN A DESCRIPTION OF
THE PERPS AND WATCHED THE
ROOKIE AT WORK... ADMIRING
THE YOUTH AND SUPPLENESS OF
HIS BODY, HIS QUICKNESS -

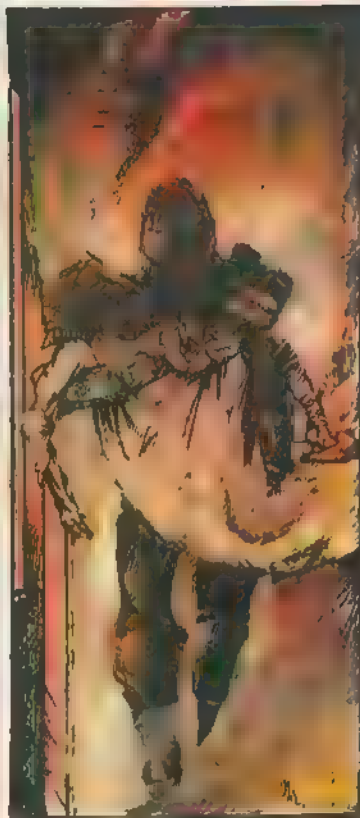


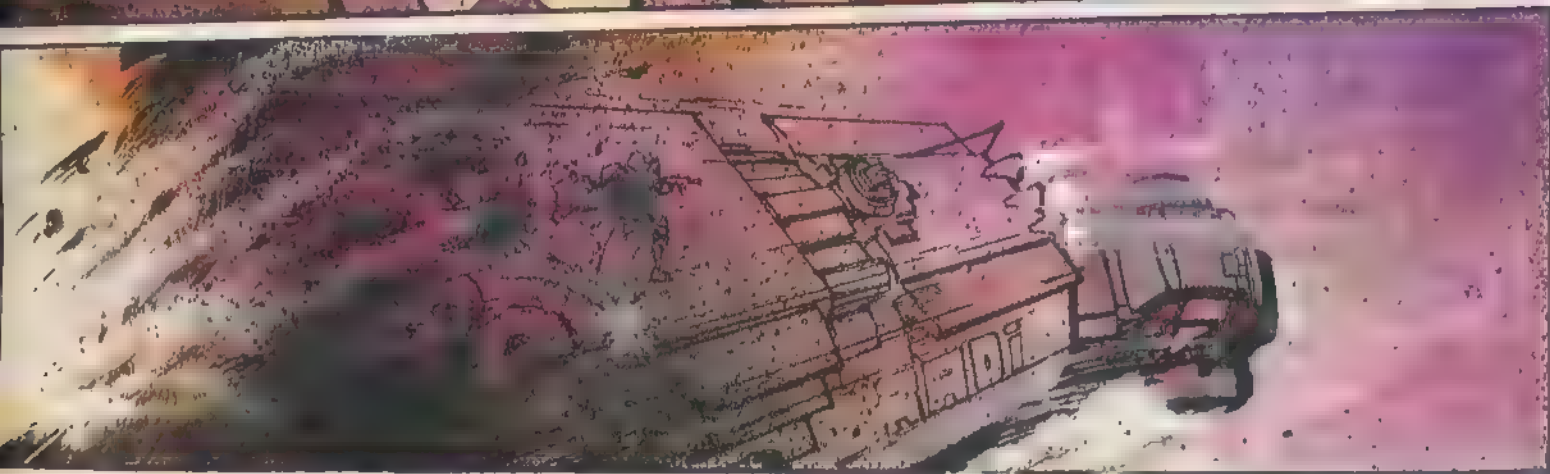
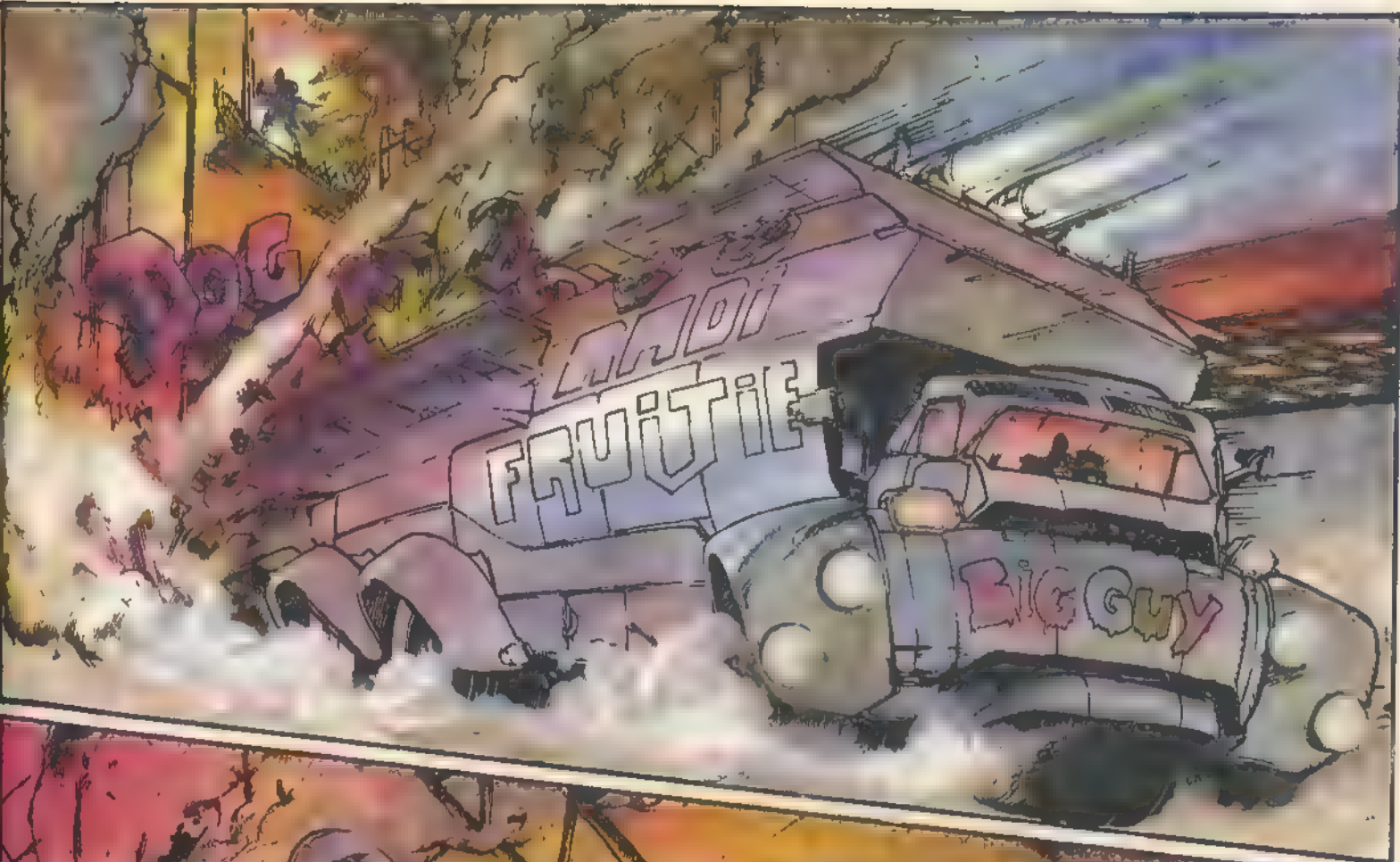
PROCEDURE PERFECT, NO
SIGN OF PANIC.



AND HE TOOK EASILY TO THE
COMMAND ROLE, THIS KRAKEN.

LIKE SOMEONE ELSE HE
COULD REMEMBER...





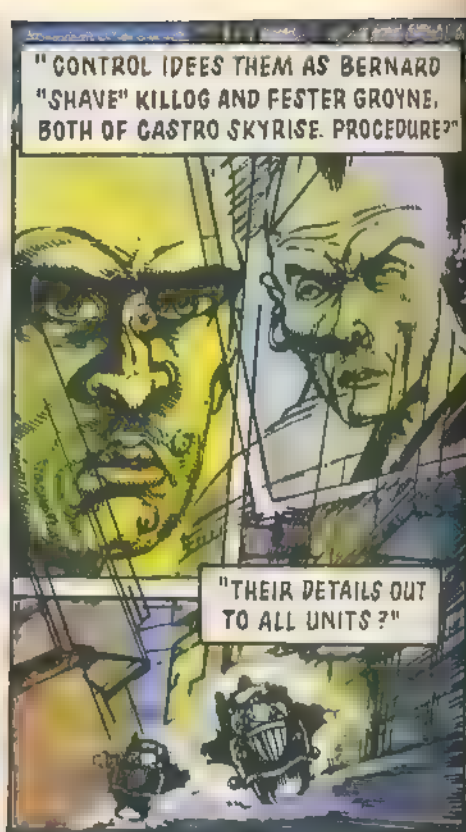


TWO FIREBOMBERS.
THE DAUGHTER SAYS THE SAME
MEN CALLED LAST TUESDAY
DEMANDING AN "INSURANCE"
PAYMENT.

ONE ABOUT SIX-TWO, EARLY
TWENTIES, THIN, DARK HAIR,
MOHICAN CUT. THE OTHER FIVE-TEN,
SAME AGE, BURLY, SHAVEHEAD.
BOTH WORE GANG JACKETS -
"INFIDELS".

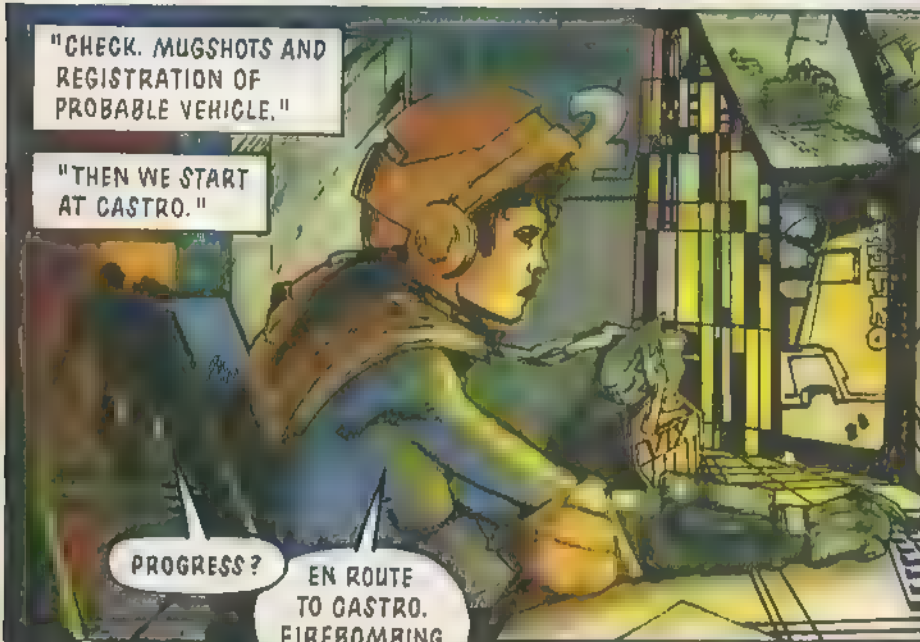
GREEPS LEAVE A SIGNED
PHOTOGRAPH, TOO?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
HAVE SMARTS TO BE A
CRIMINAL, KRAKEN.



"CONTROL IDEES THEM AS BERNARD
"SHAVE" KILLOG AND FESTER GROYNNE,
BOTH OF CASTRO SKYRISE. PROCEDURE?"

"THEIR DETAILS OUT
TO ALL UNITS?"



"CHECK. MUGSHOTS AND
REGISTRATION OF
PROBABLE VEHICLE."

"THEN WE START
AT CASTRO."

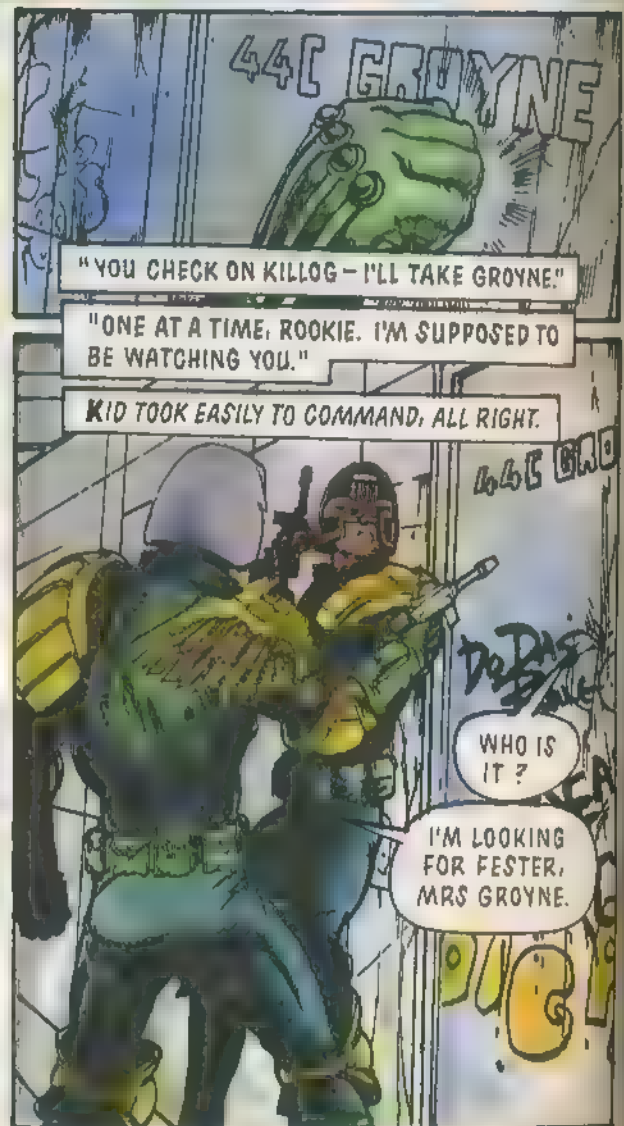
PROGRESS?

EN ROUTE
TO CASTRO.
FIREBOMBING.



YOUR BOY'S DOING
ALL RIGHT.

CHIEF JUDGE WANTS
A FULL REPORT AS
SOON AS IT'S OVER.
THIS ONE'S
IMPORTANT.



44C GROYNNE

"YOU CHECK ON KILLOG - I'LL TAKE GROYNNE"

"ONE AT A TIME, ROOKIE. I'M SUPPOSED TO
BE WATCHING YOU."

KID TOOK EASILY TO COMMAND, ALL RIGHT.

WHO IS
IT?

I'M LOOKING
FOR FESTER,
MRS GROYNNE.

SEARCH OF BOTH APARTMENTS PROVED NEGATIVE. HE STOOD BACK AND LET KRAKEN HANDLE THE QUESTIONING.

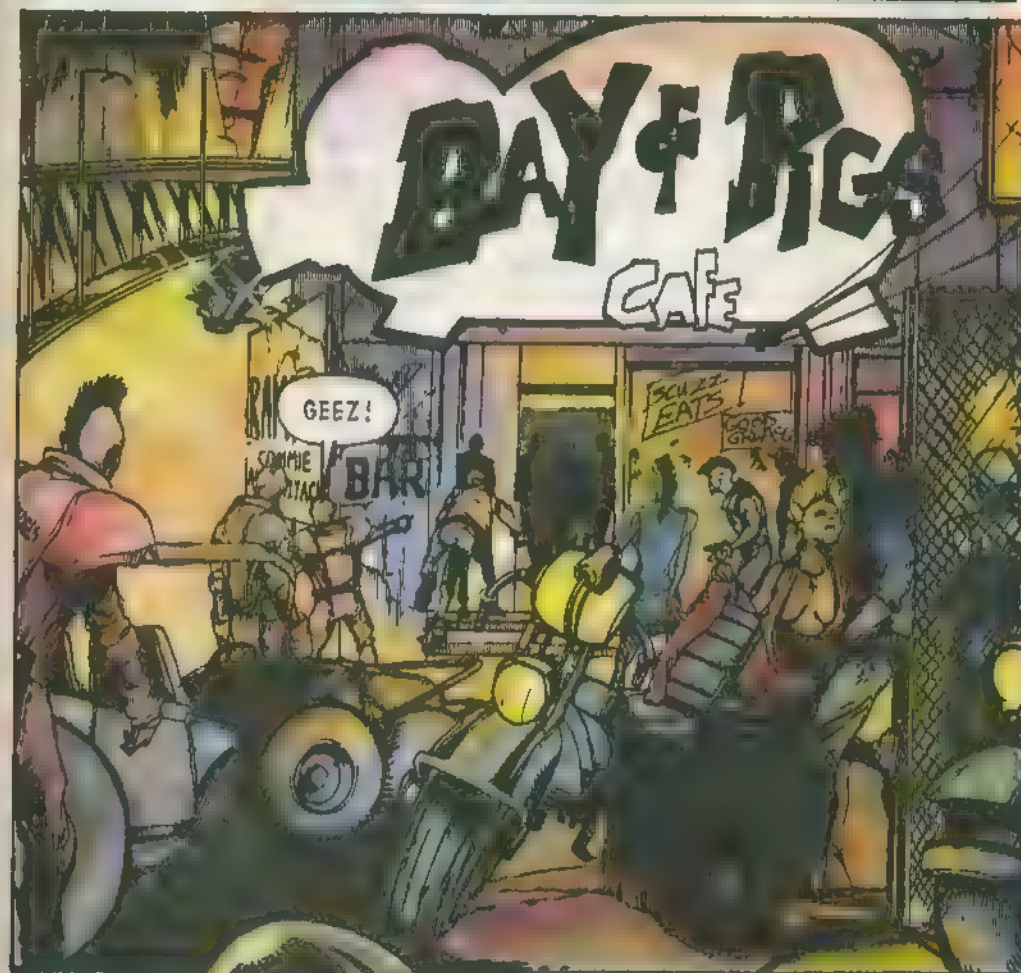
CONCISE AND TO THE POINT — JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MENACE. COULD HAVE BEEN STRAIGHT OUT OF HIS OWN "COMPORTMENT."

BERNARD SHOWS UP YOU LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY, UNDERSTOOD?

THERE'S ROOM IN THE CUBES FOR ALL OF YOU.

THE INFIDELS FREQUENT A JOINT ON BATISTA — THE BAY OF PIGS.

I RECKON THEY'RE JUST ABOUT DUMB ENOUGH TO SHOW UP THERE.

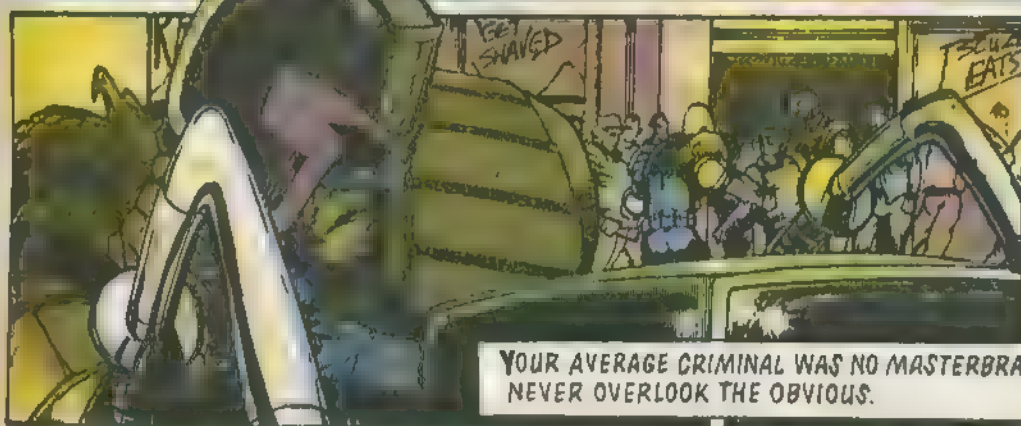


HE LEARNED QUICKLY, TOO.

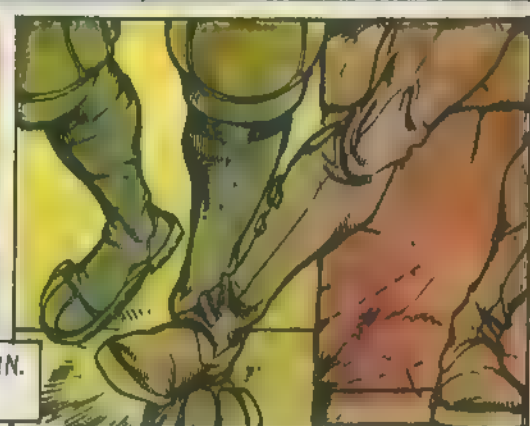
THERE'S THE ROADSTER!

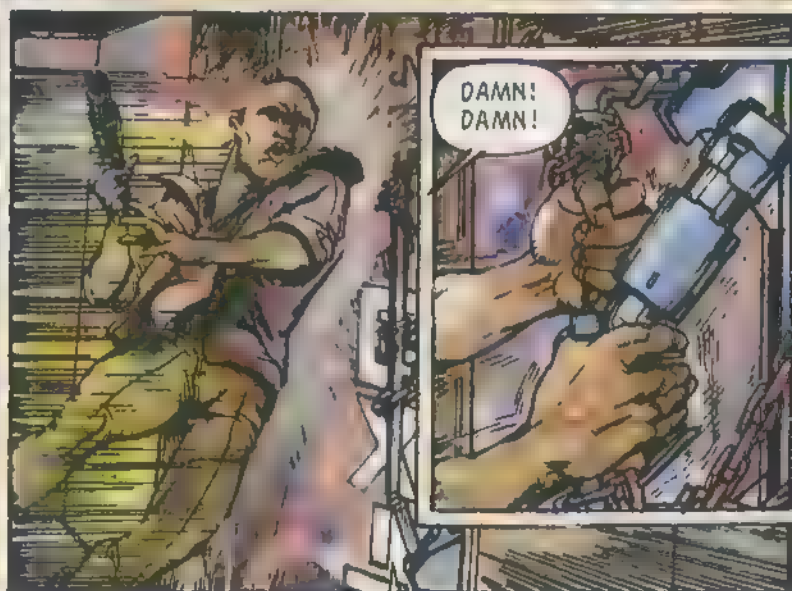
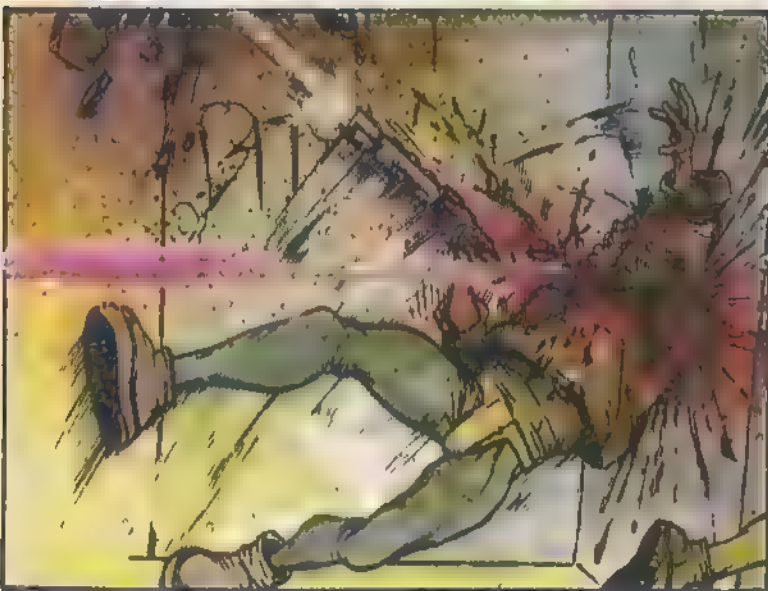
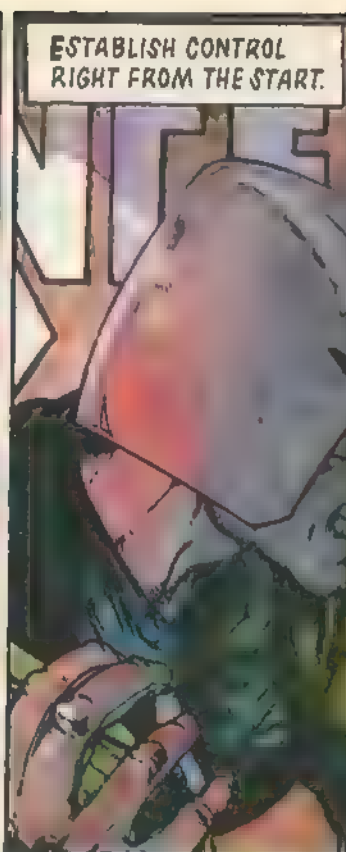
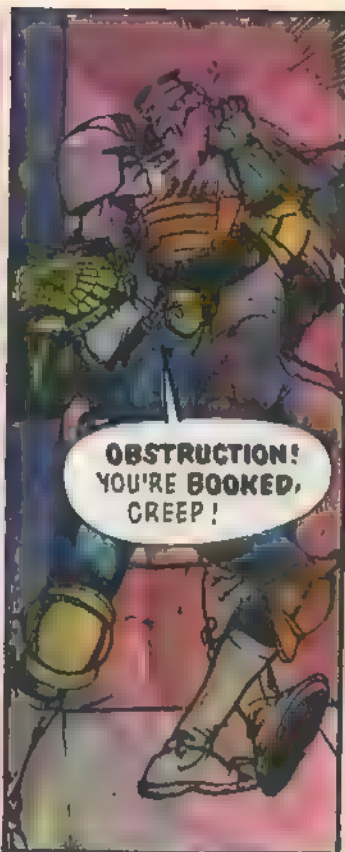
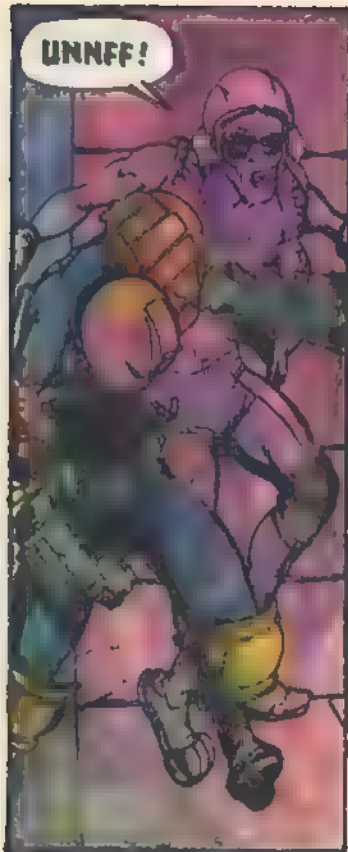
COVER THE BACK!

NEGATIVE! YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



YOUR AVERAGE CRIMINAL WAS NO MASTERBRAIN. NEVER OVERLOOK THE OBVIOUS.







HOW D'YOU WANT IT, KILLOG - SHORT AND SWEET OR LONG AND CUBE-SHAPED?

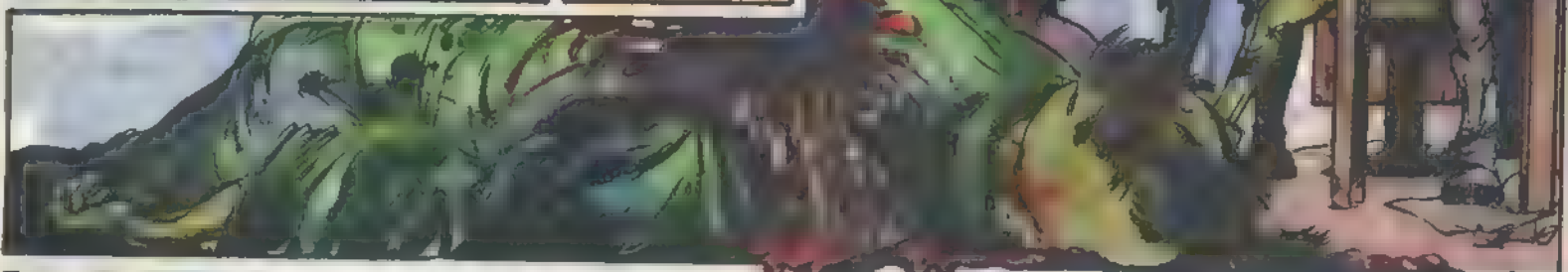
YOUR CHOICE.



BACK-UP'S ON ITS WAY. GOOD. SENTENCING?

ONE YEAR ON THE OBSTRUCTION CHARGE.

KILLOG GETS TWELVE FOR THE FIREBOMB - ANOTHER THREE FOR THE PROTECTION SCAM. CALL IT TWENTY FIVE TOTAL IF THE VICTIM DIES.



YOU THE OWNER?

YOU CAN DO SOME TIME, TOO

ME? WHA-WHAT FOR - ?



FIRE EXIT IS CHAINED UP. A SERIOUS OFFENCE

FIRES CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS. ASK KILLOG HERE.



WELL SPOTTED. I COULD'VE FAILED YOU ON THAT.

SENTENCE?

SIX MONTHS.

THREE'S PROBABLY ENOUGH TO GET THE MESSAGE HOME. STILL - YOUR SHOW.



DROP KILLOG OFF AT THE SECTOR HOUSE. IN-DEPTH INTERROGATION. NO TELLING WHAT OTHER LITTLE TITBITS THEY MIGHT COME UP WITH.

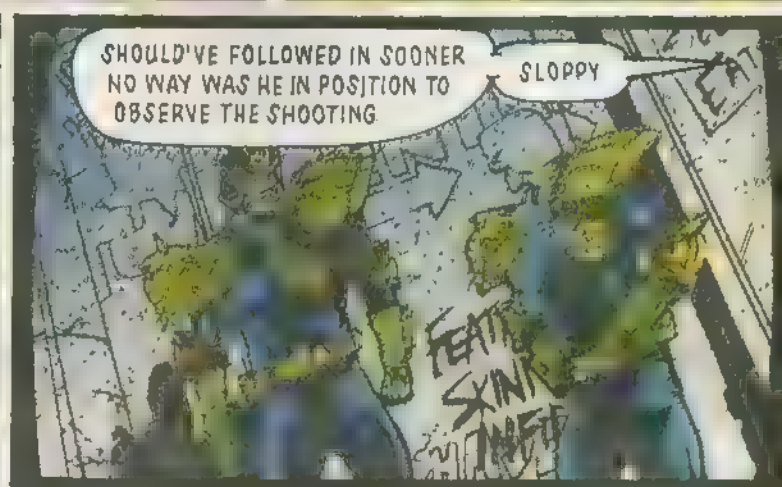


HE SLIPPED UP

KRAKEN?



DREDD

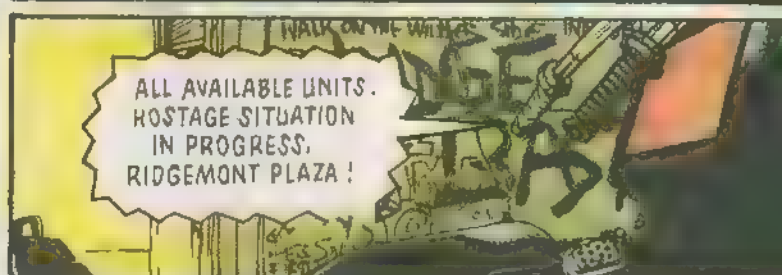


SHOULD'VE FOLLOWED IN SOONER
NO WAY WAS HE IN POSITION TO
OBSERVE THE SHOOTING

SLOPPY



STILL A GOOD
JUDGE THOUGH.



ALL AVAILABLE UNITS.
HOSTAGE SITUATION
IN PROGRESS.
RIDGEMONT PLAZA!



LET'S GO!

NEXT PROG. **SLAUGHTERHOUSE**

2000

AD

FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

40p



2000 AD 2000



JUDGE DREDD

TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

PART THREE



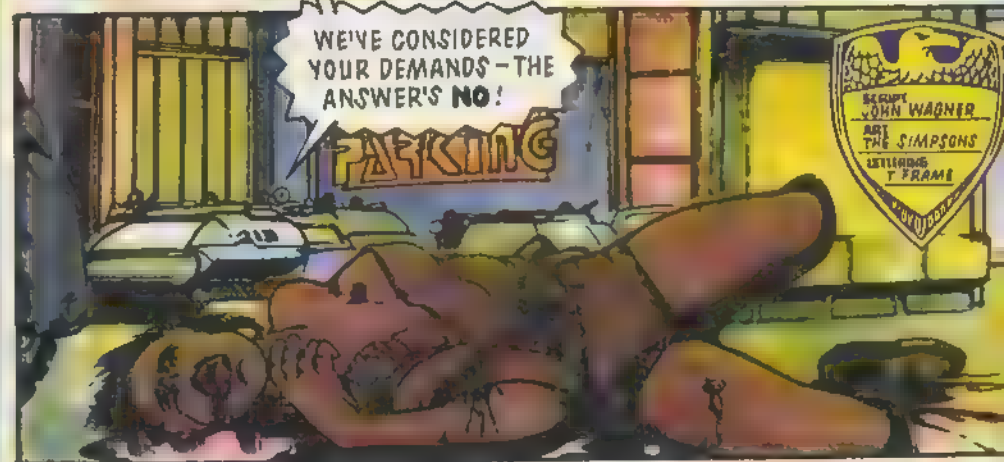
"PERPS ARE **DEMOCRATIC FRINGE**. SEMPLE NAILED THREE — ANOTHER FOUR HOLED UP INSIDE THE DOOHICKY BUILDING".

"HOSTAGES?"

"THREE, AS FAR AS WE CAN TELL. DOOHICKY STAFF."

"WE'RE NEGOTIATING."

YOU CREEPS IN THERE!





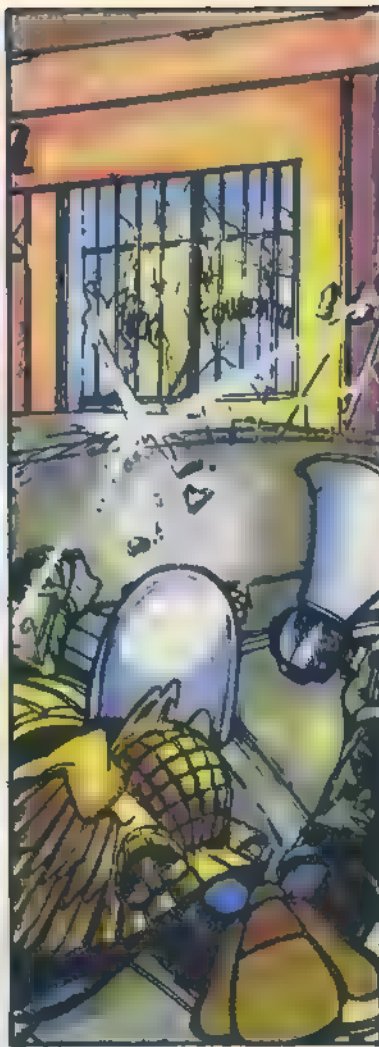


WE'VE REAPPRAISED
OUR POSITION. WE'RE
WILLING TO GRANT
CERTAIN OF YOUR
DEMANDS—BUT ANY
CONCESSIONS MUST
DEPEND ON THE
HOSTAGES REMAINING
UNHARMED!



BEFORE WE BEGIN
NEGOTIATING WE HAVE
TO MAKE SURE THE
HOSTAGES ARE ALIVE
AND WELL! I'M
COMING IN!

THEN YOU'LL BE
ONE STINKIN'
JUDGE LESS!



I REPEAT —
NO NEGOTIATIONS
UNTIL WE SEE THE
HOSTAGES!

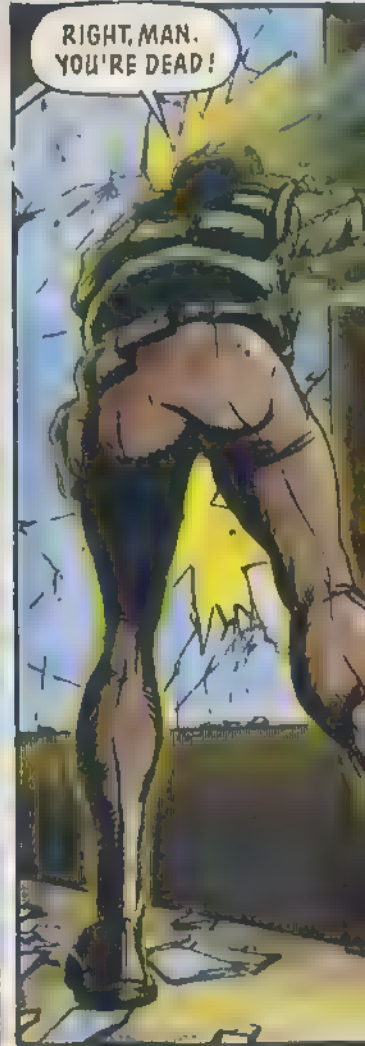


I'M
COMING IN
UNARMED—

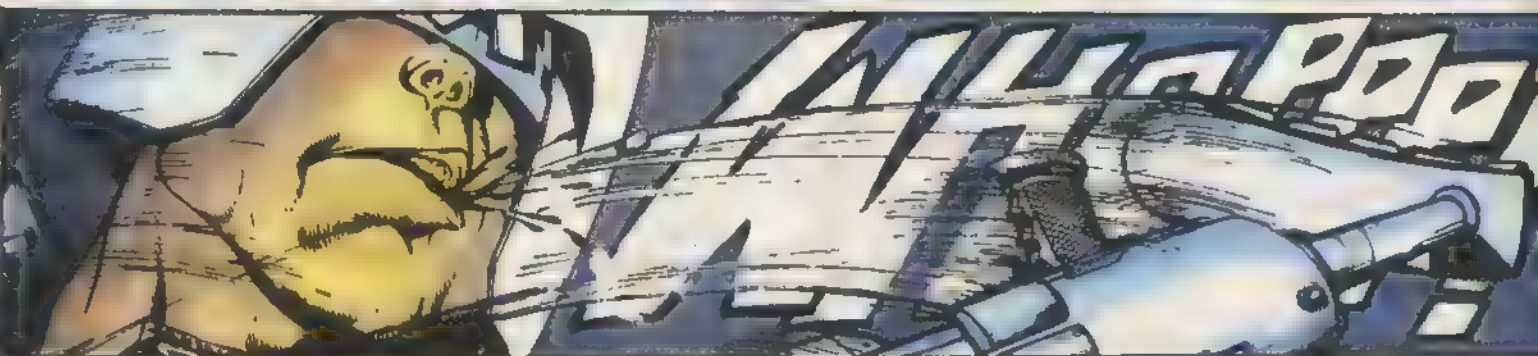
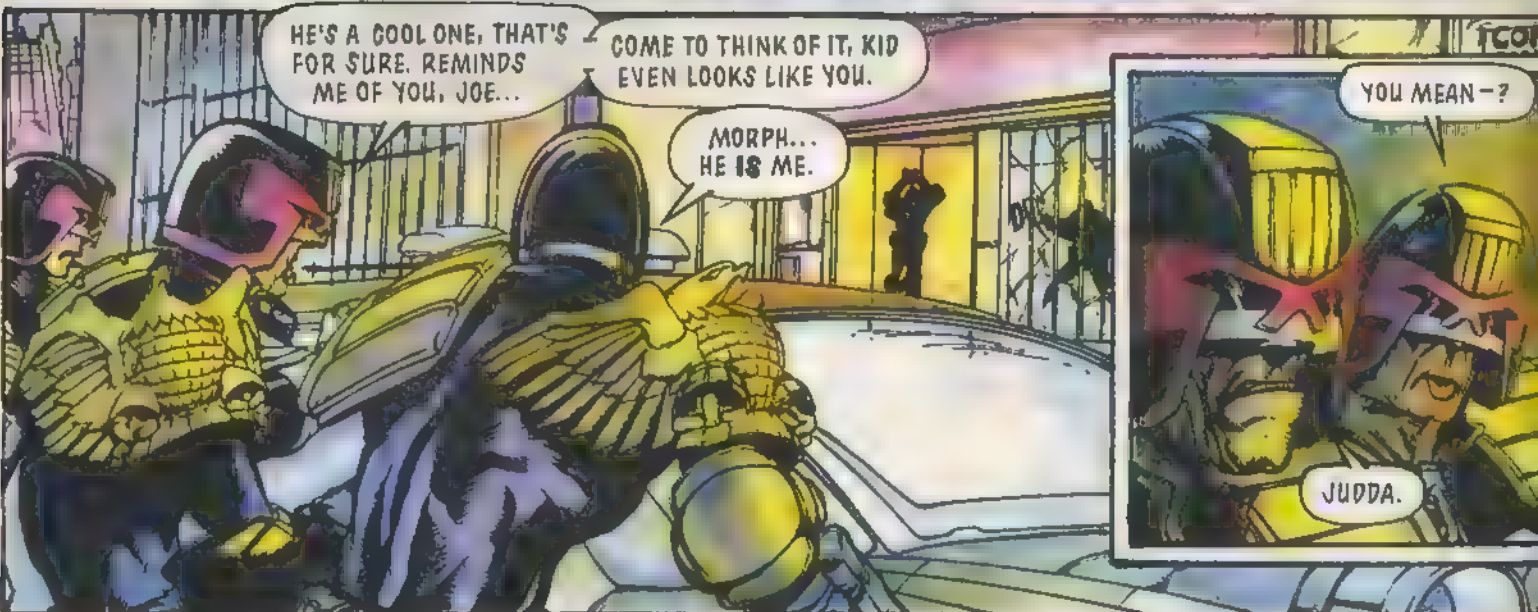
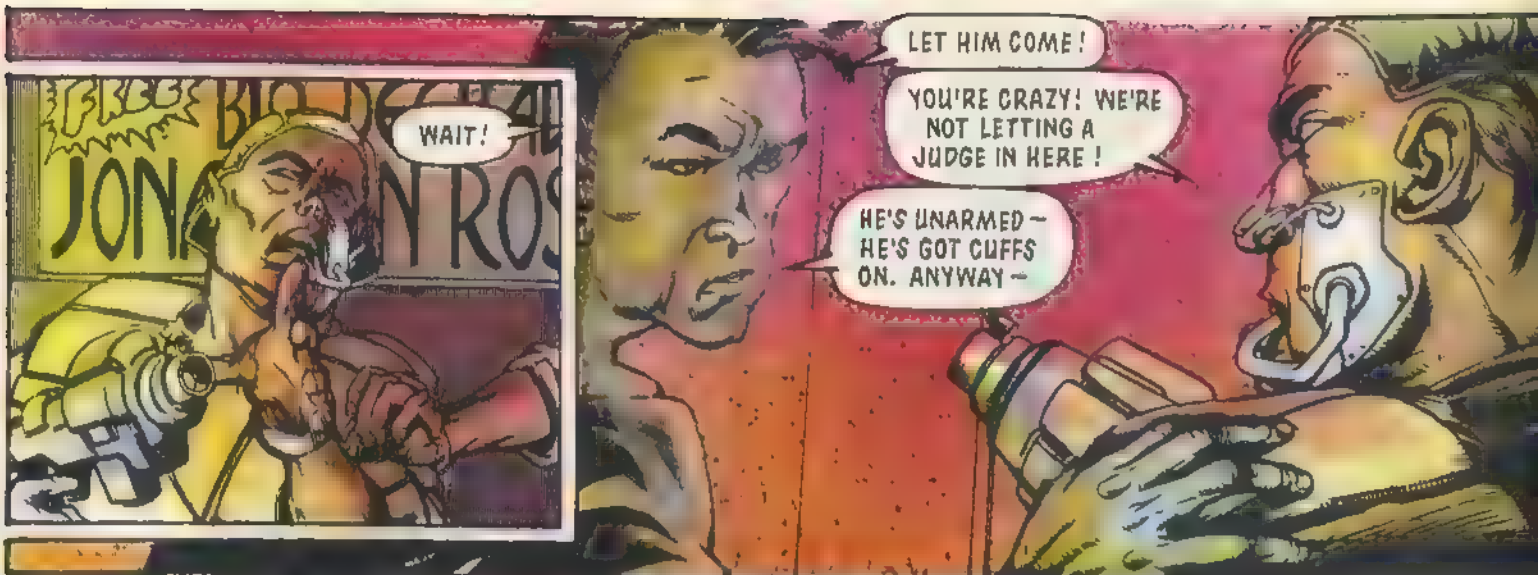


IN CUFFS!

CLICK!



RIGHT, MAN.
YOU'RE DEAD!





SCUMMER! KILL YOU
AND I'D DO THE CITY
A FAVOUR! NEW
JUDGES WE DON'T
NEED!

TAKE IT EASY!

CHECK THOSE
CUFFS!

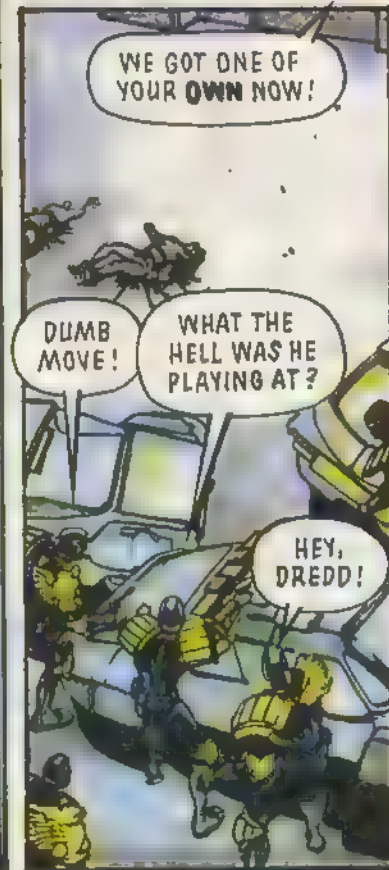
UP!

SHUDDUP!

OH DEAR
GOD, PLEASE
LET US -



HEY, YOU
HELMETS!
NOW YOU
GOTTA
GIVE US
WHAT WE
WANT!



WE GOT ONE OF
YOUR OWN NOW!

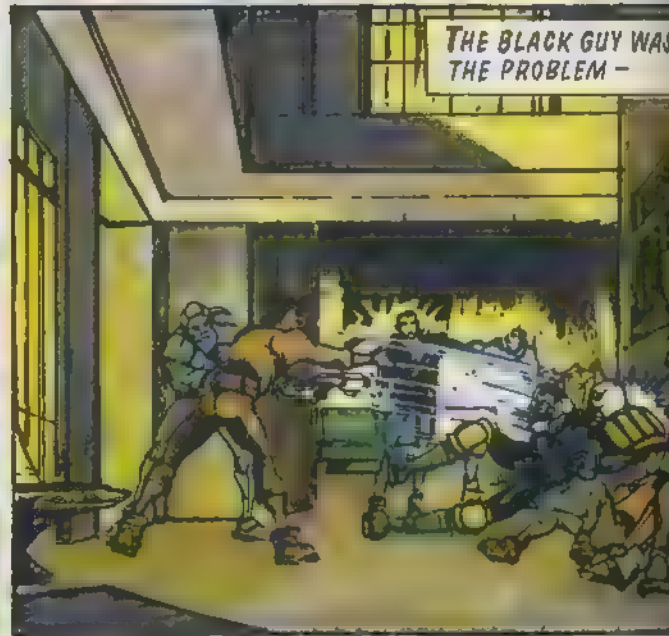
DUMB
MOVE!

WHAT THE
HELL WAS HE
PLAYING AT?

HEY,
DREDD!



THAT'S
ONE ROOKIE
YOU CAN
SCRATCH!



THE BLACK GUY WAS
THE PROBLEM -

CREEP HAD THAT WEAPON TIGHT ON THE WOMAN. FIRST SHOT WAS GOING TO REMOVE HER HEAD.

SO THIS IS DEMOCRACY, EH?

YOU SORRY LITTLE BUNCH OF LOSERS!

YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

IF **THIS** IS WHAT YOU'RE FIGHTING TO BRING US THEN THE SOONER YOU'RE ALL CUBED UP, THE BETTER!

I TOLD YOU—!

RIDE THE BLOW—

RICK! DON'T KILL HIM! WE NEED HIM!

DISLODGE THAT WEAPON—

COME UP READY!

GEEZ—!

WA

UNNGGG!

BLAMM!

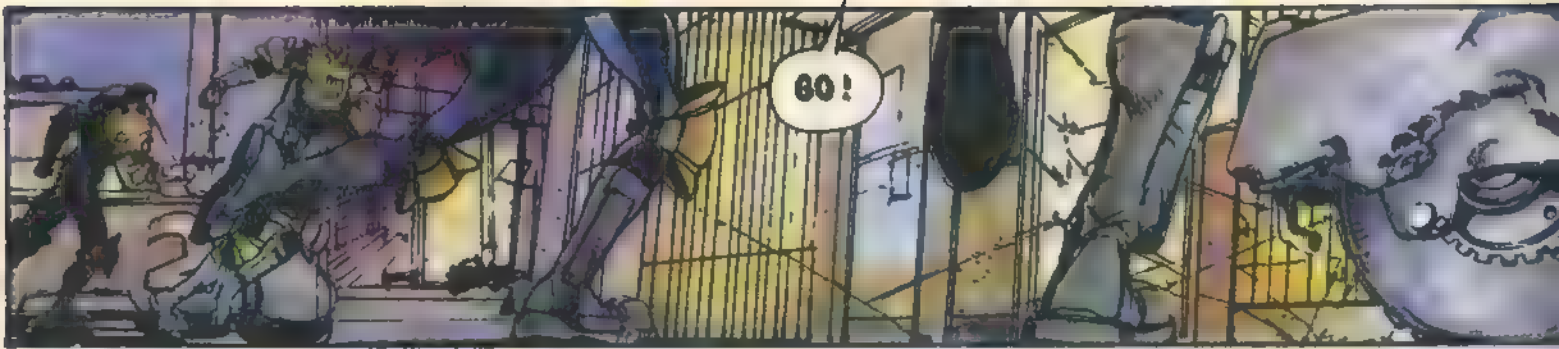
BADDOW!

BADDOW!

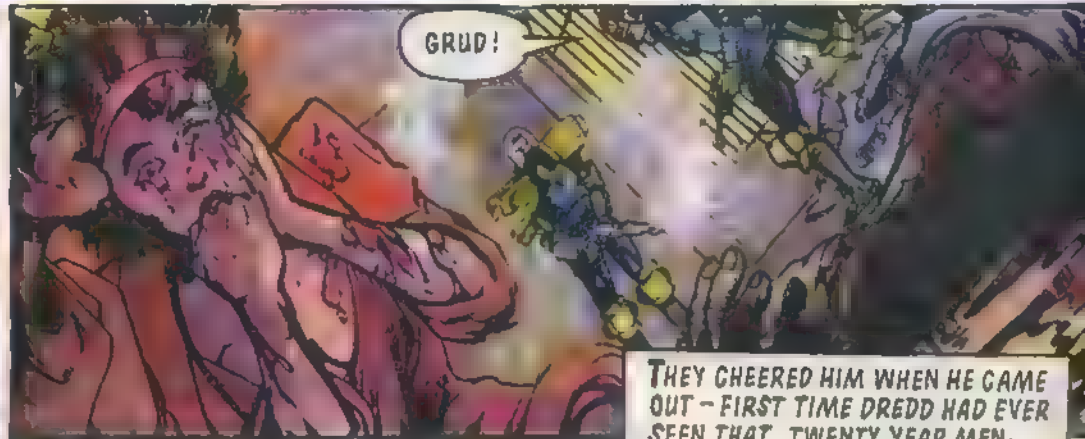
BADDOW!

AAAGHH!



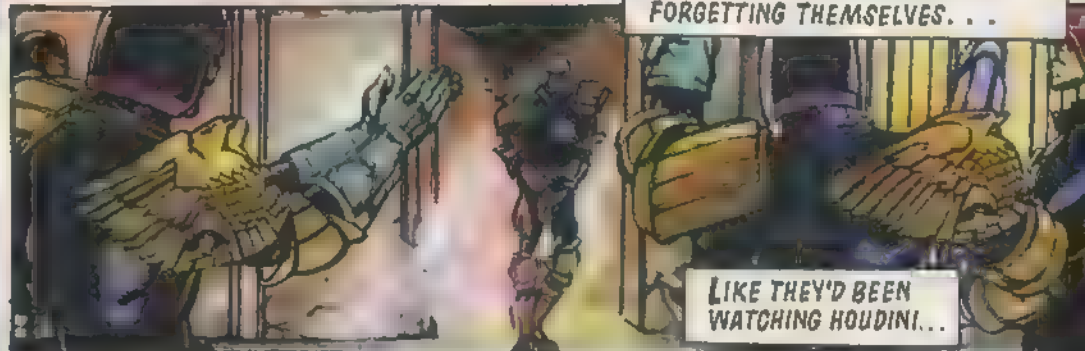


GO!

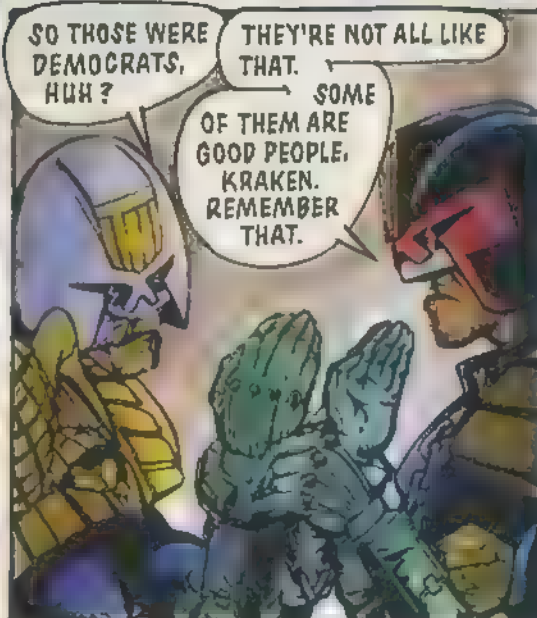


GRUD!

THEY CHEERED HIM WHEN HE CAME OUT - FIRST TIME DREDD HAD EVER SEEN THAT. TWENTY YEAR MEN, FORGETTING THEMSELVES. . .



LIKE THEY'D BEEN WATCHING HOUDINI...



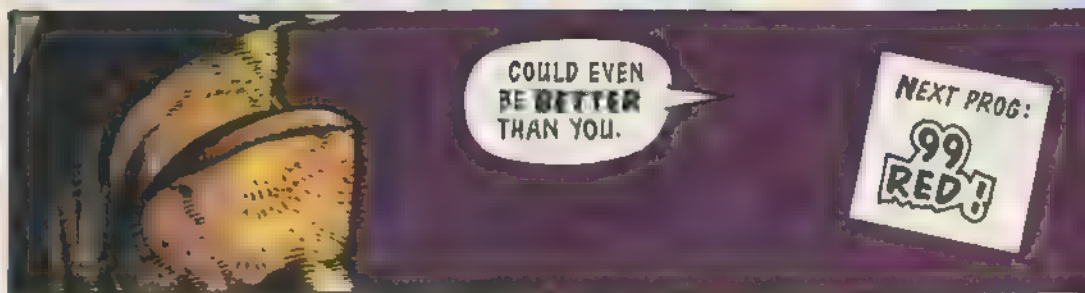
SO THOSE WERE DEMOCRATS, HUH?

THEY'RE NOT ALL LIKE THAT.

SOME OF THEM ARE GOOD PEOPLE, KRAKEN. REMEMBER THAT.

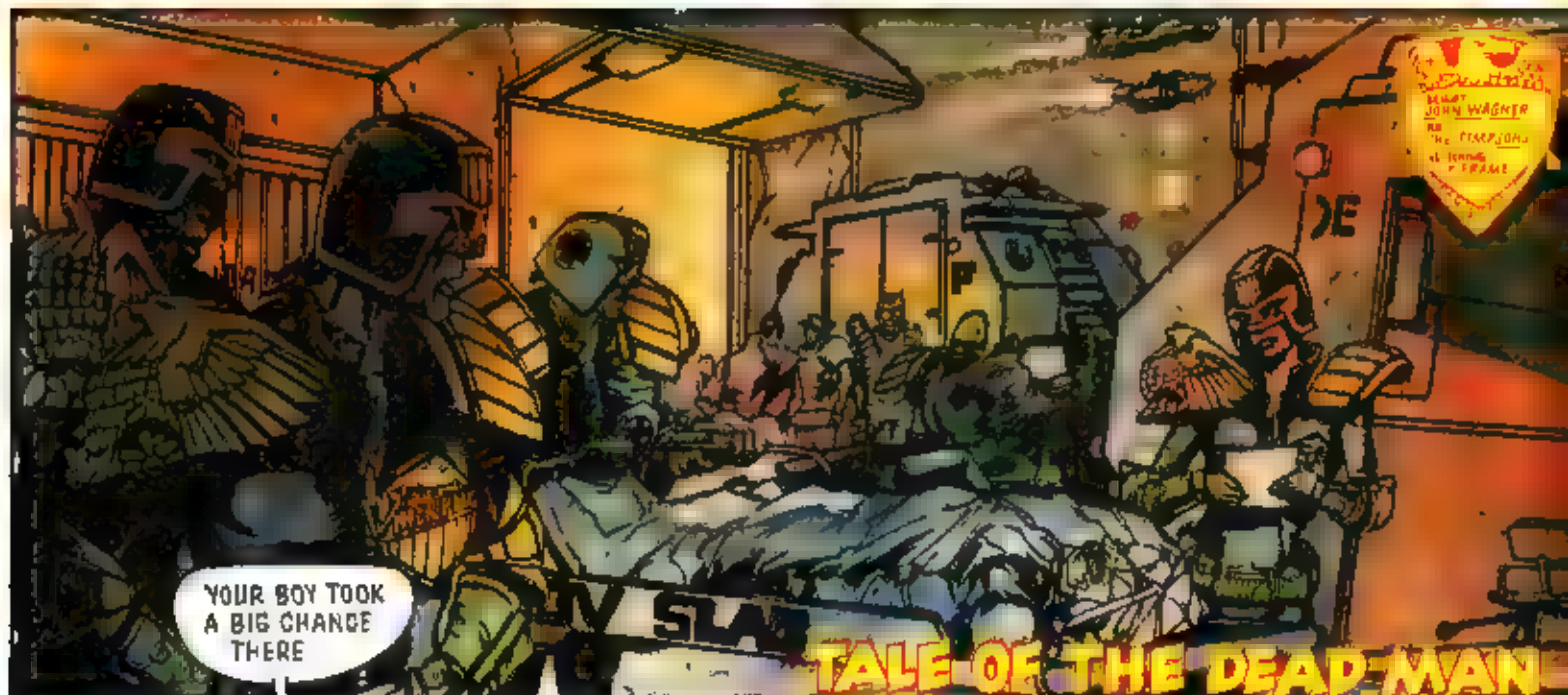


JUST WIND HIM UP AND LET HIM GO. YES, SIR. HE'S GOING TO BE A GOOD ONE, JOE.



COULD EVEN BE BETTER THAN YOU.

NEXT PROG:
**99
RED!**



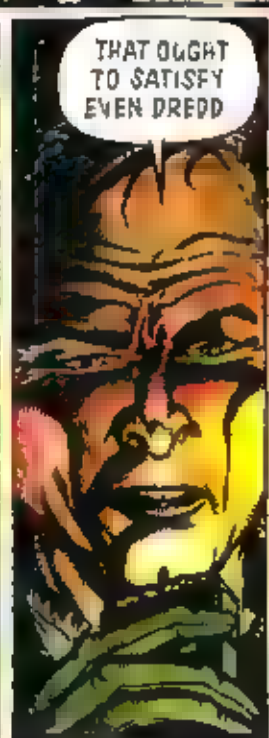
YOUR BOY TOOK
A BIG CHANCE
THERE

TALE OF THE DEAD-MAN



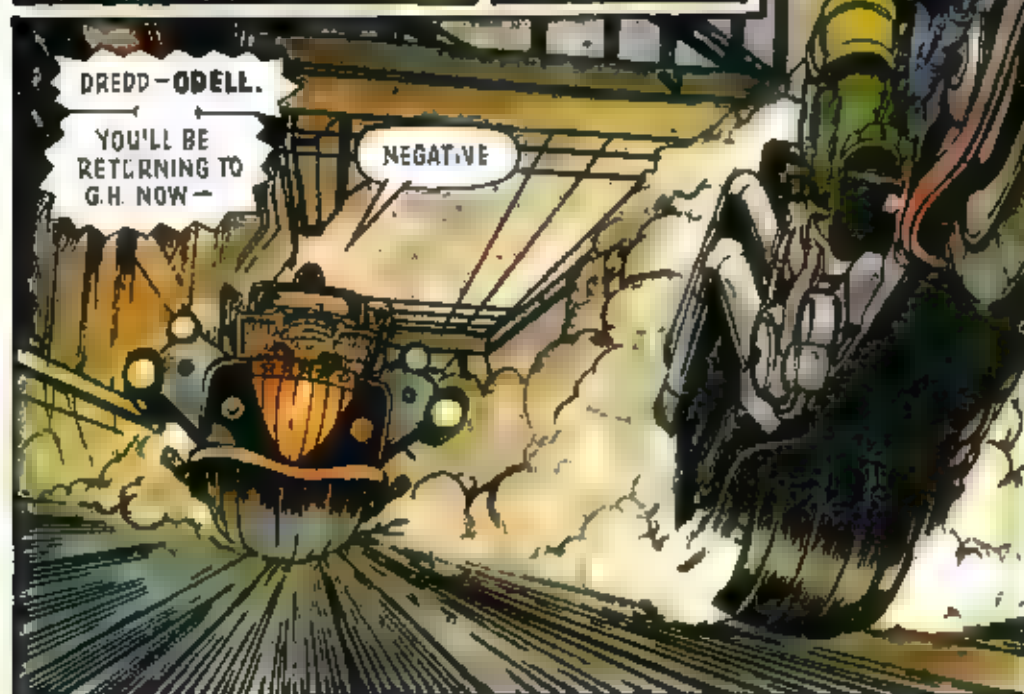
IF HE'D MESSED UP ..
ALL OR NOTHING.

WOULD YOU EXPECT
ANYTHING ELSE—FROM
HIS BLOODLINE ?



THAT OUGHT
TO SATISFY
EVEN DREDD

JUDGE
DREDD



DREDD—ODELL.

YOU'LL BE
RETURNING TO
G.H. NOW—

NEGATIVE



ASSESSMENT
NOT YET
COMPLETE.

RESUMING
PATROL

SO THE OLD MAN WAS DETERMINED
TO PUT HIM THROUGH THE WRINGER

FAIR ENOUGH. IT'S WHAT
HE WAS THERE FOR

WHAT DO YOU THINK
OF YOUR JUDDA.
NOW, ROOKIE?

JUDDA. ?

THAT'S WHAT
I SAID.

I
UNDERSTAND
THAT I WAS
MISLED.

BRAINWASHED

"I WAS A TOOL JUDD TWISTED TO HIS OWN
USE - A TIME BOMB TURNED AGAINST THE
RIGHTFUL AUTHORITIES OF THIS CITY...

THIS CITY WHERE MY DESTINY LAY

"I KNEW IT - AS SOON AS I SAW THE STREETS
IT HIT ME LIKE A CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY
THIS WAS WHERE I BELONGED

"BUT NOT JUDD'S WAY THAT WAS
A LIE I SEE THAT NOW."



HOTTIES?

YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW WHAT MAKES THE PEOPLE TICK, KRAKEN

THEY EAT THIS?

THEY DO JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU CARE TO NAME WITH IT - AND A FEW THINGS BESIDES.

BUT THAT'S PEOPLE FOR YOU. THEY GO THEIR OWN DAMNED WAY WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT. AND NOTHING WE SAY OR DO IS EVER GOING TO CHANGE THAT.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE KID OURSELVES IT WILL

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

JUST THAT MAYBE WE SHOULD RELAX A LITTLE. GO WITH THE FLOW. STOP TRYING TO TURN PEOPLE INTO ROBOTS.



EVER WONDER IF YOU'VE JUST TRADED ONE LIE FOR ANOTHER?

EXPLAIN.

THE LEGEND OF MEGA-CITY ONE -



THE IRON FIST OF JUSTICE - HARSH LAWS FOR THE GOOD OF ALL - THE CHAOS ALTERNATIVE -

THEY MUST HAVE DRUMMED IT INTO YOU.

YOU KNOW WE SYSTEMATICALLY TRANQUILLISE WHOLE SECTIONS OF THE POPULATION? THAT WE KEEP A GREATER PROPORTION OF OUR CITIZENS LOCKED AWAY THAN ANY OTHER CITY ON THIS EARTH?

THAT WE'LL TAKE ANY ACTION - INCLUDING REWRITING THOSE LAWS WE HOLD SO DEAR - TO STOP THE PEOPLE HAVING THE SLIGHTEST SAY IN THEIR OWN LIVES?

I hope you don't mind all these questions. I'm only asking because I know you wouldn't be part of a system that was bad for us. There must be an explanation for everything. I just that I can't see it. Yours sincerely Wm. Worder

THE OLD MAN WAS TESTING HIM. CAUTION.

HE'D HAD NO OPPORTUNITY YET TO FORM AN OPINION. HE HAD NO REASON TO DOUBT HIS INSTRUCTORS.

THE TRANQUILLISATION PROGRAMME WAS UNDER REVIEW AND MIGHT BE STOPPED.

FIRM CONTROL WAS ESSENTIAL. CITIZENS COULD NOT BE TRUSTED TO GOVERN THEMSELVES. IT HAD BEEN TRIED BEFORE. THE JUDGES THEMSELVES HAD GROWN OUT OF THE CHAOS THAT RESULTED.

THE ANSWERS WERE CAREFUL, REHEARSED — BUT THAT WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL IN A ROOKIE.

HE LISTENED, ALERT FOR ANY NOTE OF FALSEHOOD, ANY LINGERING VESTIGE OF RESENTMENT HIDDEN DEEP BENEATH THE WORDS.

IF THERE WERE, HE'D KNOW. HE FELT SURE OF IT.

HE OF ALL PEOPLE

THE BLOODLINE.

THIS BOY COULDN'T LIE TO HIM.

MAYBE THAT WAS WHY THEY'D GIVEN HIM KRAKEN.

OR PART OF IT

RICOCHET!



PERFORMANCE WITHOUT FLAW, THIS VERSION OF HIMSELF. HE SEEMED TOTALLY AT HOME ON THESE STREETS

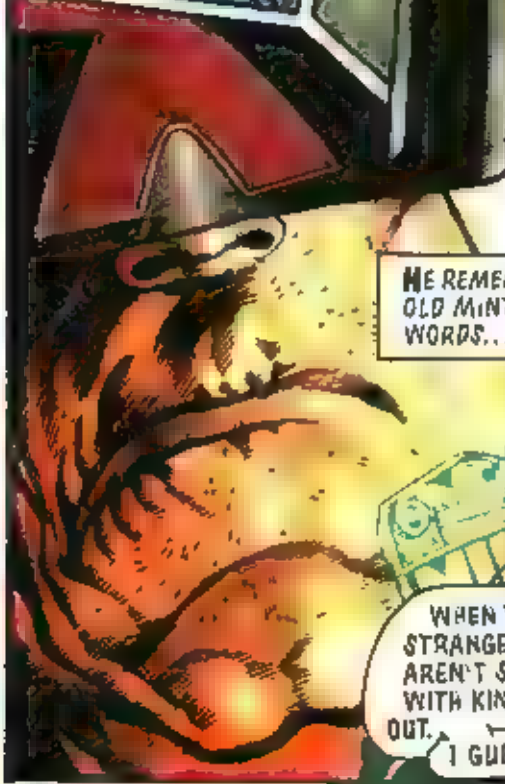
NOT SURPRISING.

BUT KRAKEN WAS JUDDA. COULD THEY EVER KILL THE JUDDA IN HIM?

THAT POISON RAN DEEP.



YET SO DID FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW... AND HE HAD DOUBTS



HE REMEMBERED OLD MINTY'S WORDS...

WHEN YOU GET OLD YOU START GETTIN STRANGE NOTIONS. LIKE MAYBE PEOPLE AREN'T SO BAD. MAYBE IF WE TREAT 'EM WITH KINDNESS THE GOOD IN THEM WILL COME OUT. I GUESS THAT'S WHEN IT'S TIME TO QUIT.

MAYBE HE OUGHT TO QUIT. MAYBE NOW WAS THE TIME. TAKE HIMSELF AND HIS DOUBTS OFF INTO THE CURSED EARTH...

LEAVE THE CITY TO THE KRAKENS — THE NEW YOUNG TURKS WHO REALLY BELIEVED...

ALL UNITS!
CODE 99 RED,
STROOB AND
VINER!

99 RED -
JUDGE IN
TROUBLE!

LET'S GO!

CONTROL -
KRAKEN!

NOW FOUR BLOCKS
EAST OF VINER!
REQUEST FURTHER
DATA ON THAT 99!

TWO MEN IN GREEN
TWO-TONE VEHICLE
HAS CRASHED. MEN LAST
SEEN FLEEING INTO
RUBER'S DEPARTMENT.
JUDGE IS DOWN.

JUDGE IS
MORPHY.

MORPH!

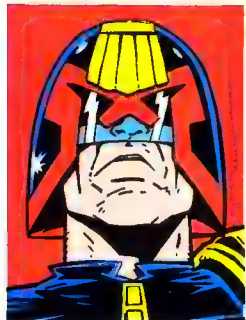
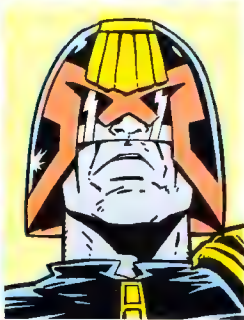
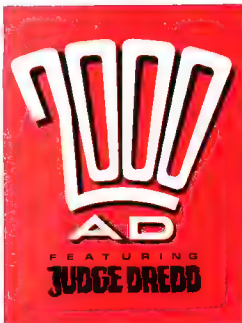
TWO GUYS!
THEY'RE IN THE
D-MART!

JUST... JUST PULLED 'EM
OVER TO WRITE A
TICKET GREEP WHIPS
OUT A. A COOLER
BANG

DUMB...
DUMB WAY FOR A
FORTY-YEAR
MAN TO GO...

HANG ON,
MORPH!
MED-WAGON'S
COMING!





9 770262 284012

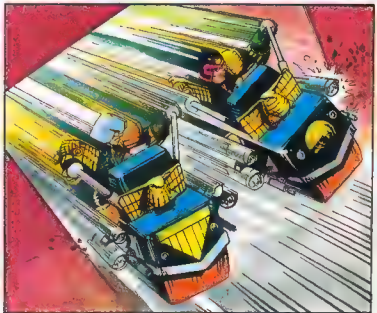
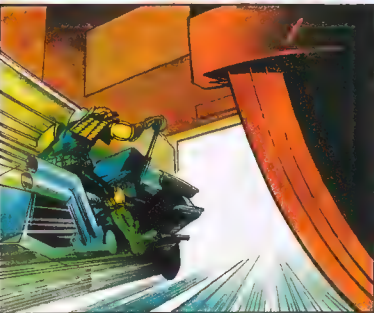
JUDGE DREDD

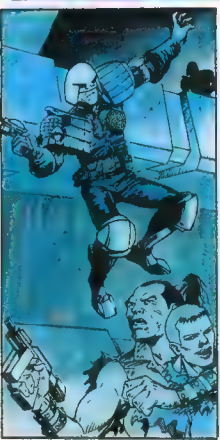
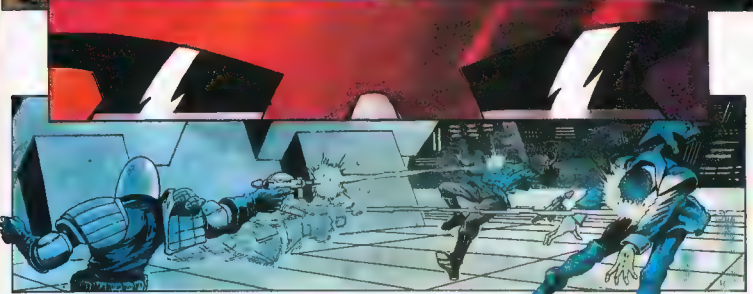


ROGER, CONTROL. HAVE THAT VEHICLE
TAKEN APART. COULD BE THEY WERE
CARRYING SOMETHING THEY DIDN'T
WANT MORPHY TO FIND OUT ABOUT.



MORPH...





TOO MANY PEOPLE.
COULDN'T RISK A
SHOT

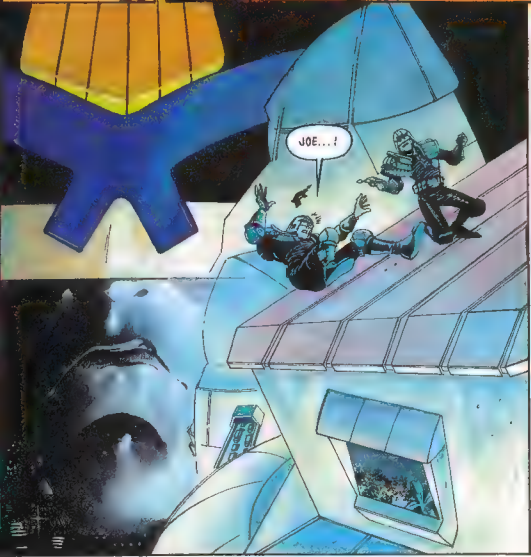


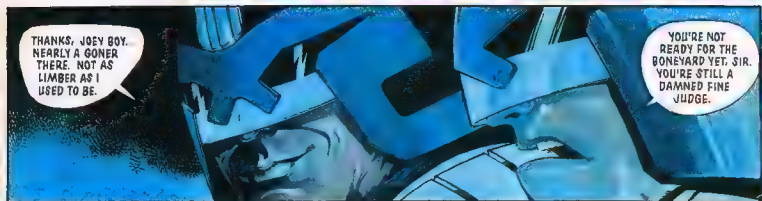
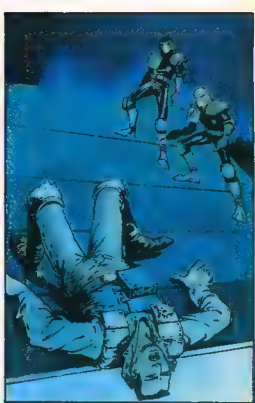
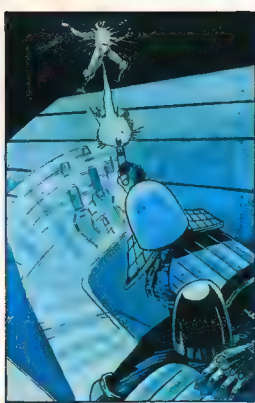
CITIZENS GETTING
HURT. HE **HAD** TO.

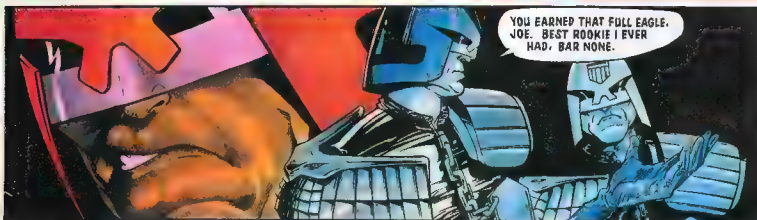


AGGHH!









HONNNNNNNGG

DREDD!

**NEXT
PROG : LIFE AND DEATH!**

JUDGE DREDD

IT WASN'T ME KILLED THAT JUDGE! IT WAS BOBBY!

YOU WERE THERE! THAT'S ENOUGH!

TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

PART SIX



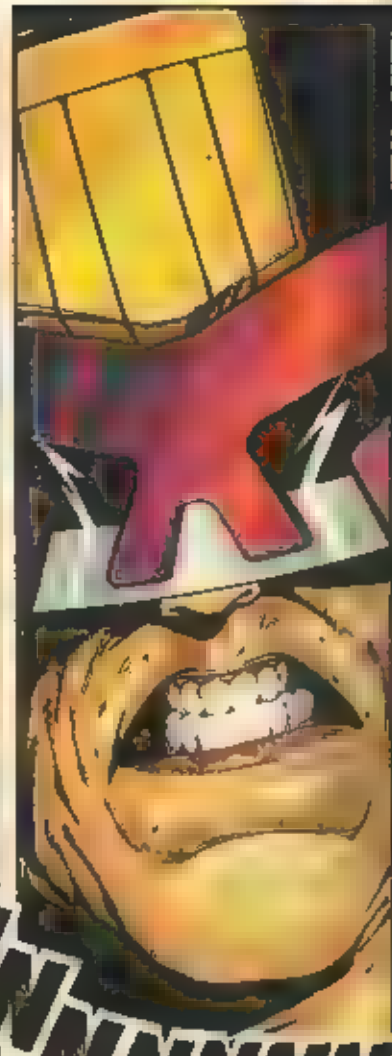
THIS IS ONE ZOOM YOU'RE GOING TO CATCH!

DON'T DO THIS, MAN--!

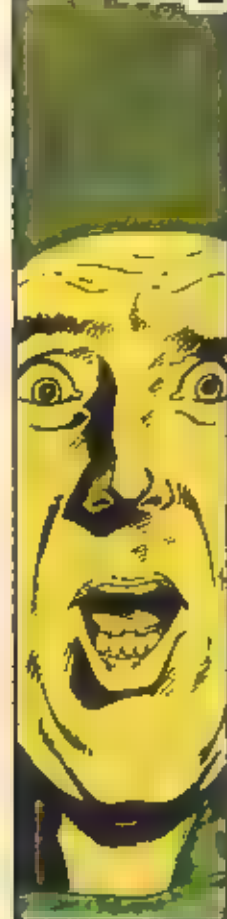
DREDD!
IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW!



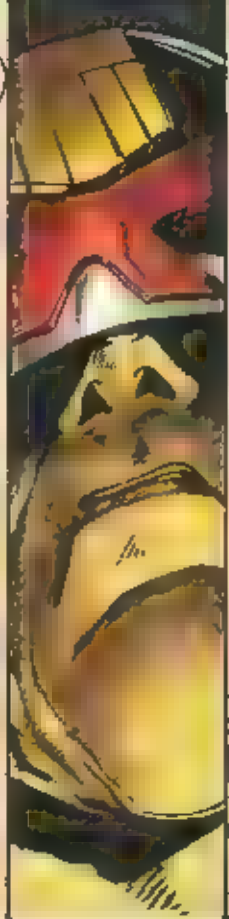
P-PLEASE!
GRUD GEEZ -



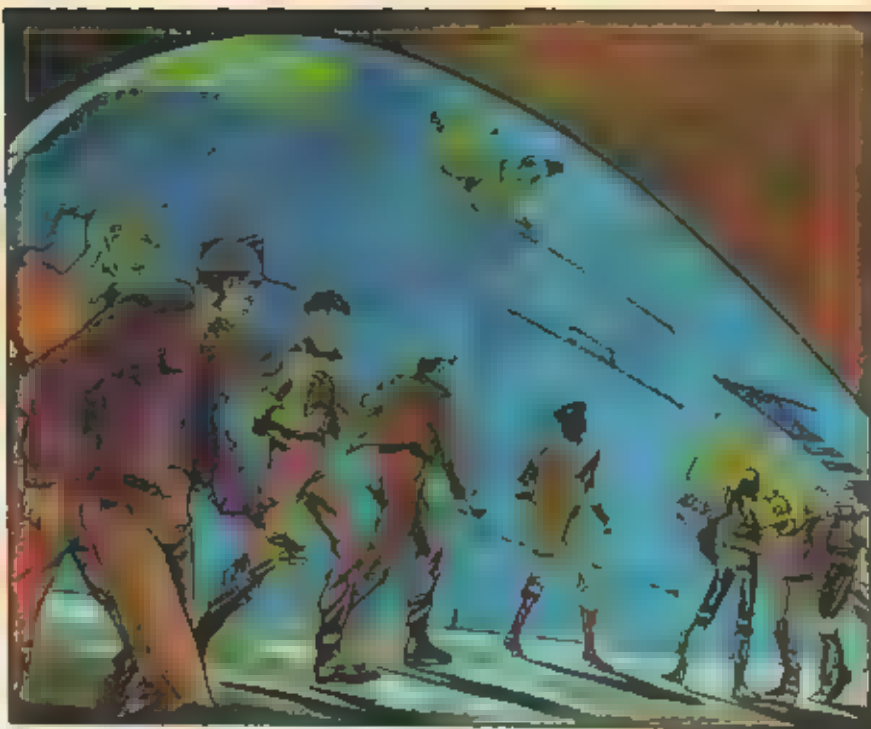
NNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGG!

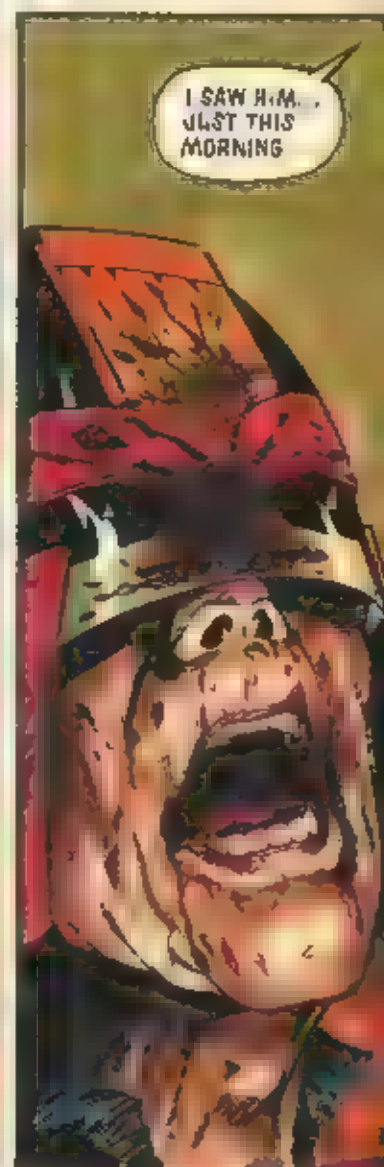
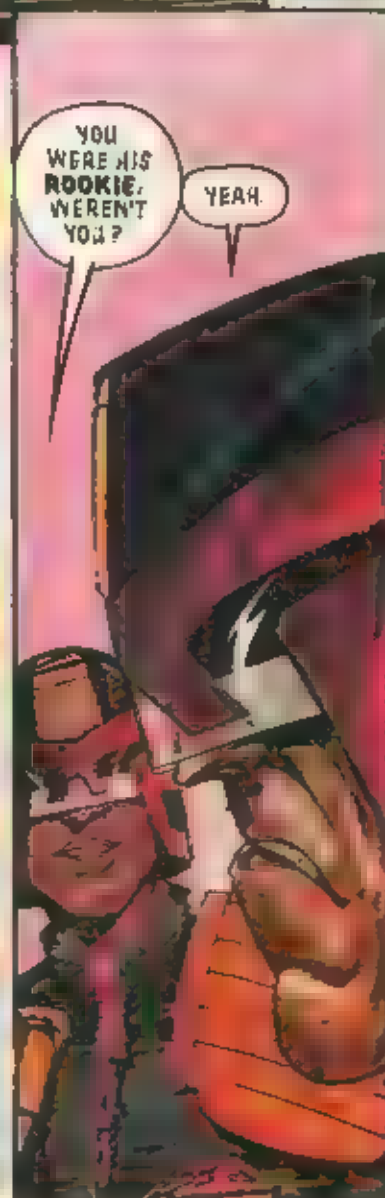
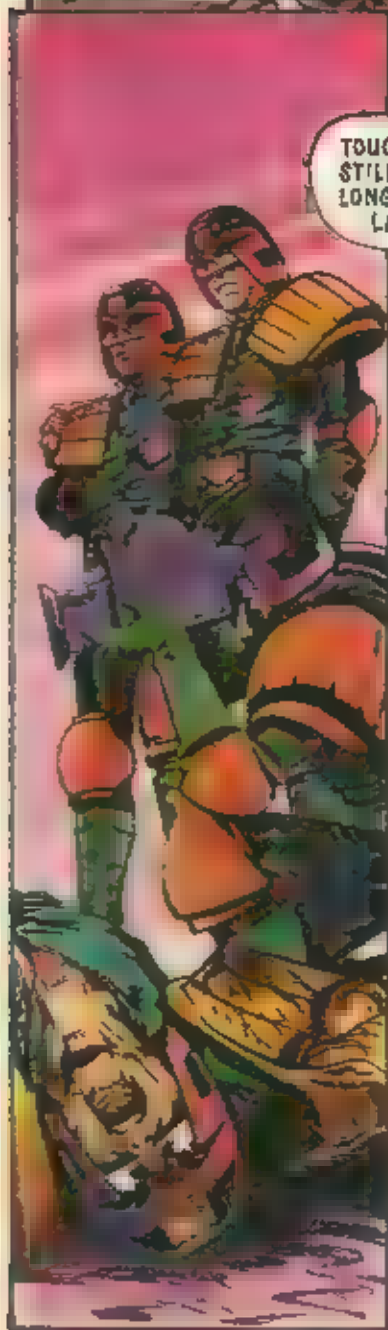
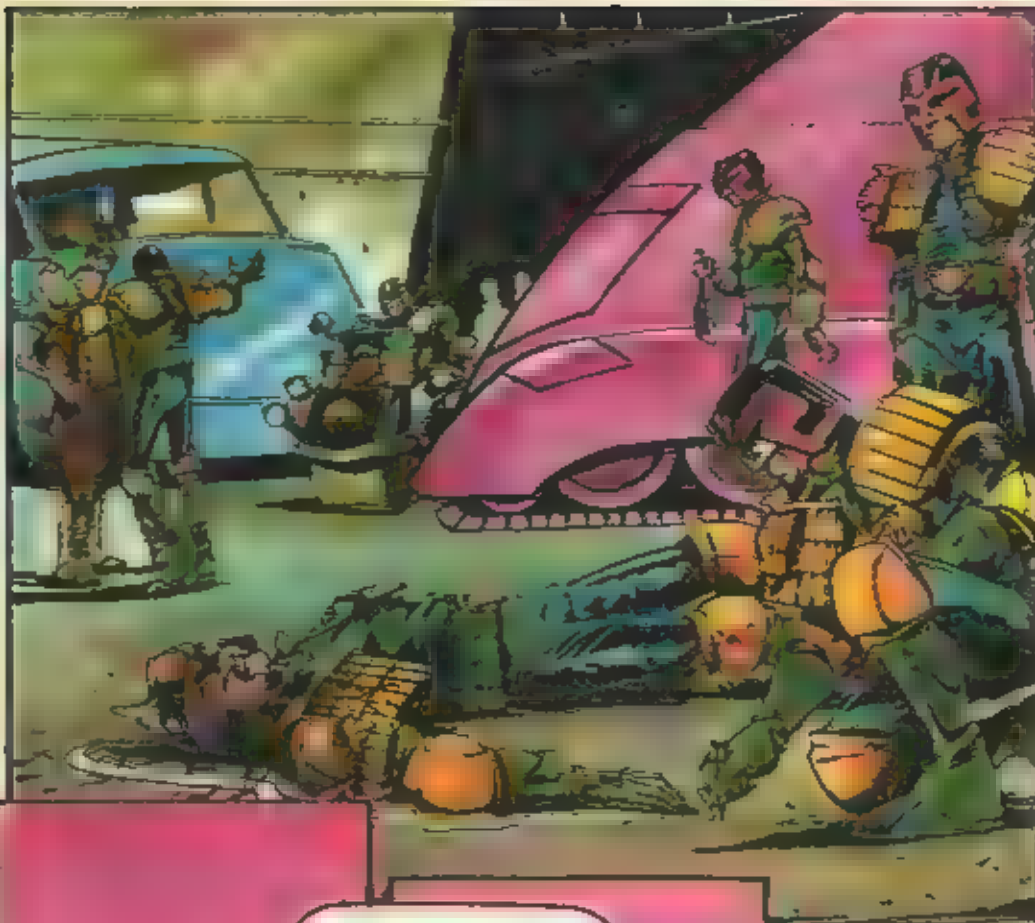


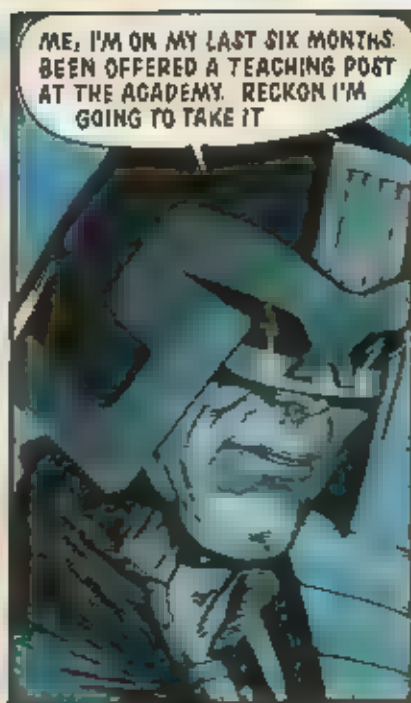
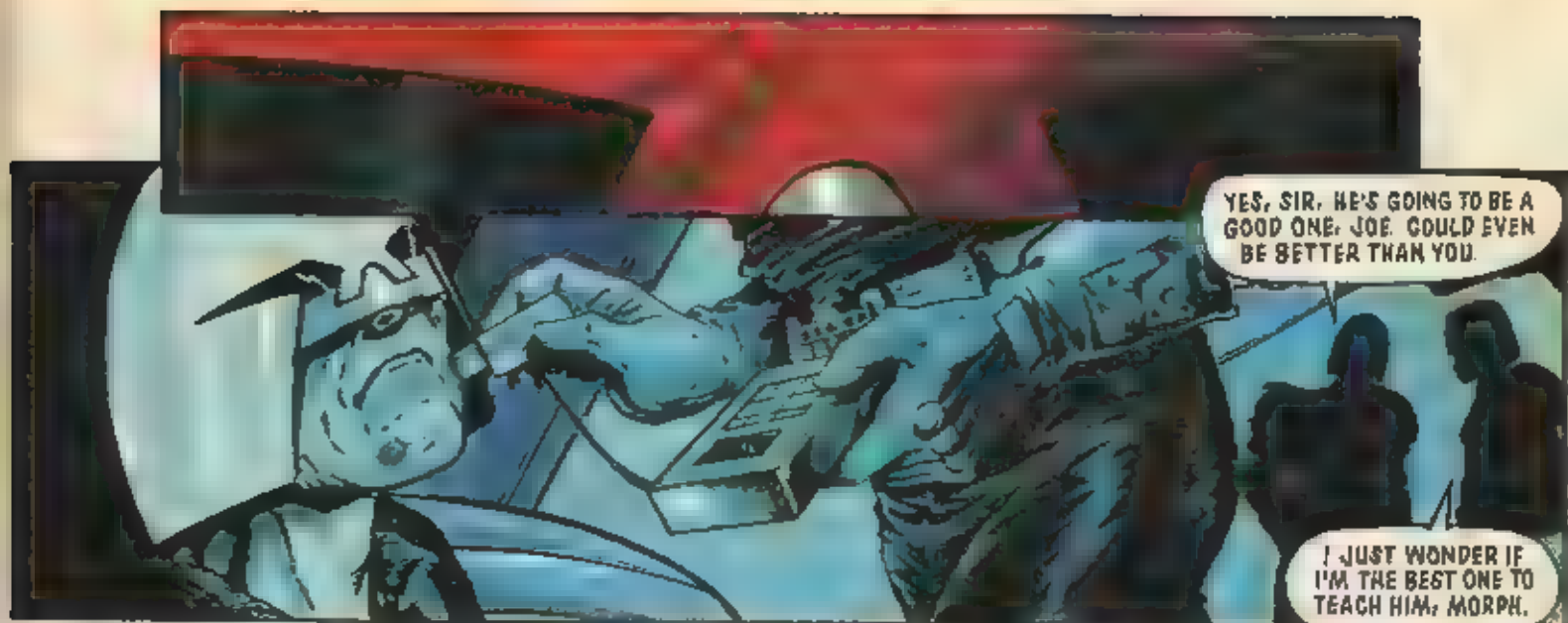
NOOOO!



AHHHH!







MORPH... YOU COULD ALWAYS GO TO HIM FOR A FRIENDLY FACE, A WORD OF ADVICE...

IT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US. HAPPENED TO ME ONCE. YOU START DOUBTING YOUR JUDGEMENT - THE WHOLE JOB YOU WONDER IF WHAT WE'RE DOING IS RIGHT, EVEN WHEN YOU KNOW IT IS.

TELL YOU HOW I GOT OVER IT... TIGHT BOOTS

TIGHT BOOTS?

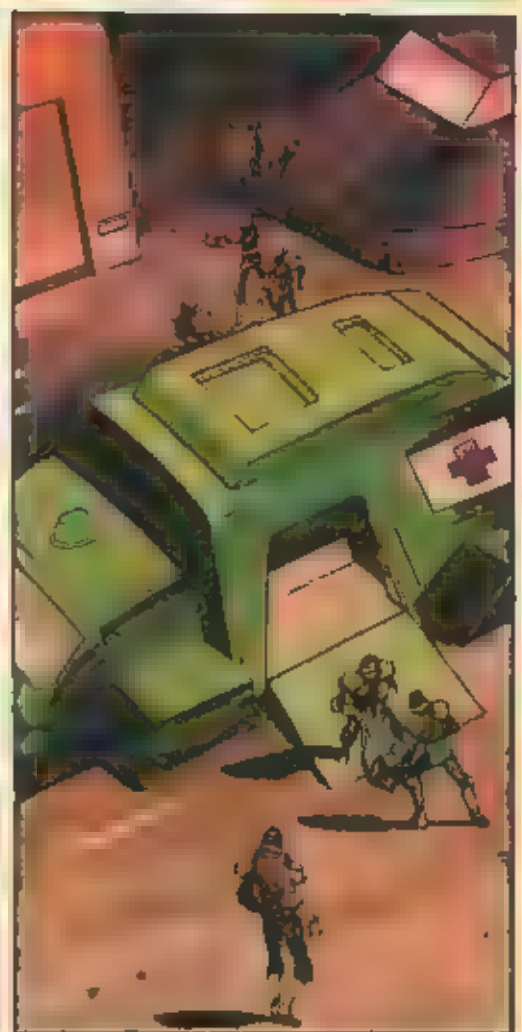
I CHANGED MY BOOTS - STARTED WEARING A SIZE TOO SMALL.

BY GRUD, DID THOSE BOOTS HURT!

THING IS, JOE, I SPENT SO MUCH TIME CURSING OUT THOSE DAMNED BOOTS, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT MY OTHER WORRIES. I'VE NEVER LOOKED BACK SINCE.

STILL WEARING THOSE TIGHT BOOTS, MORPH.

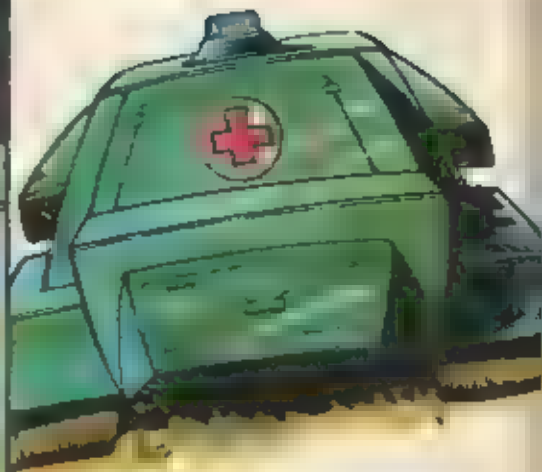
DREDD -



ONE DEAD OLD MAN,
OFF TO RESYK IN
HIS TIGHT BOOTS.



ZIP HIM UP AND PACK HIM OFF.
DON'T WASTE A SECOND



THEY COULDN'T EVEN AFFORD
THE TIME TO CARE.



GOODBYE,
OLD FRIEND.



DREDD—
ODELL.

HOW MUCH
LONGER'S THIS
GOING TO
TAKE?



RELAX, ODELL.
I'M COMING IN.

THIS ASSESSMENT
IS OVER.



NEXT: PROG. **LOOSE ENDS!**

Gibson

2000 AD

FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

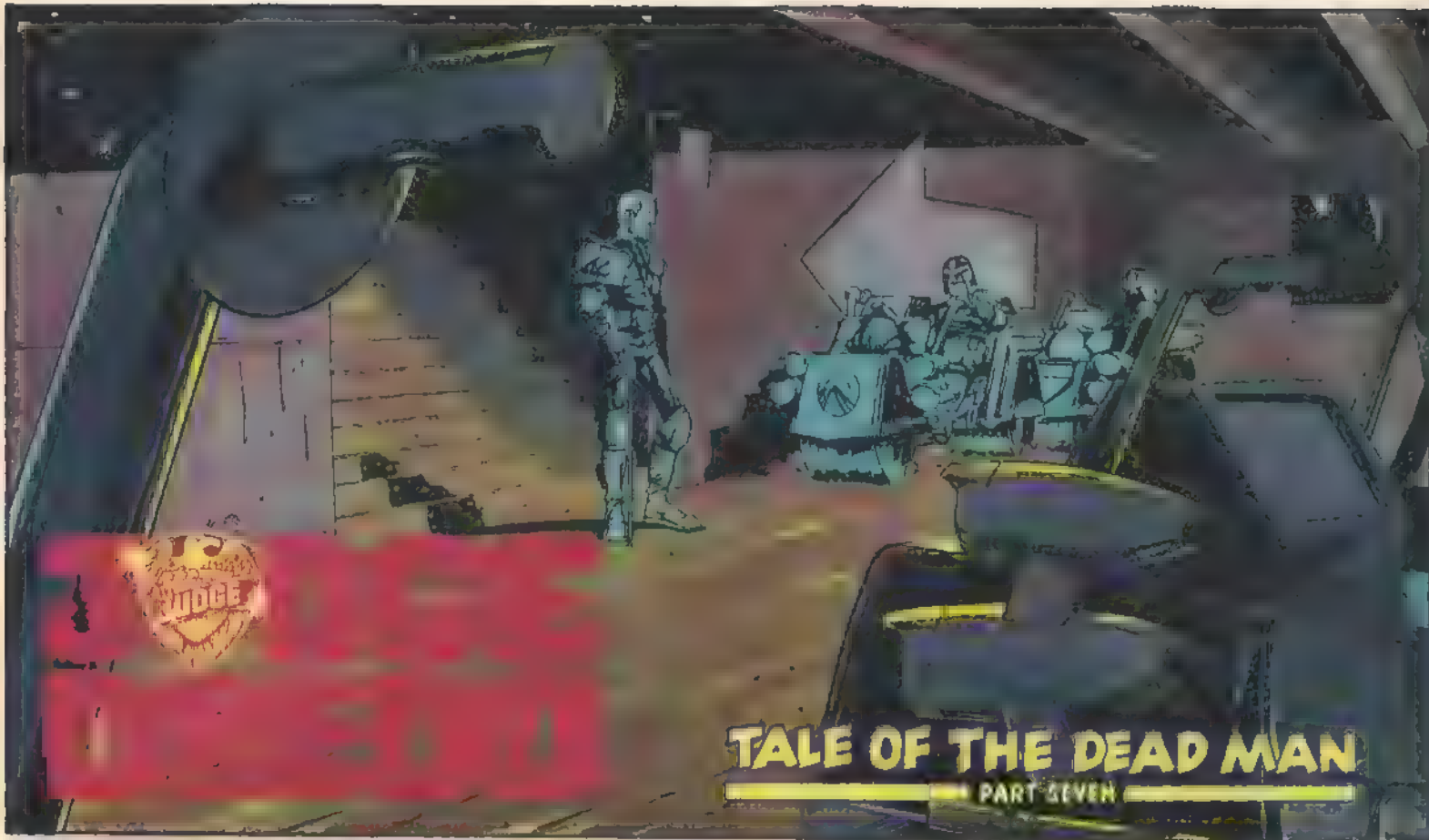
ON SALE EVERY MONDAY
PROG 668 **40p**
3 MAR 1990

I QUIT!



**DREDD LAYS
DOWN THE LAW**





TALE OF THE DEAD MAN

PART SEVEN

YOU CAN RETURN
TO YOUR QUARTERS
NOW, KRAKEN. YOU'LL
BE INFORMED OF MY
DECISION IN DUE
COURSE.



LEVEL 1

HE'S GOING
TO FAIL ME.

SURELY NOT!

FOR WHAT
REASON?

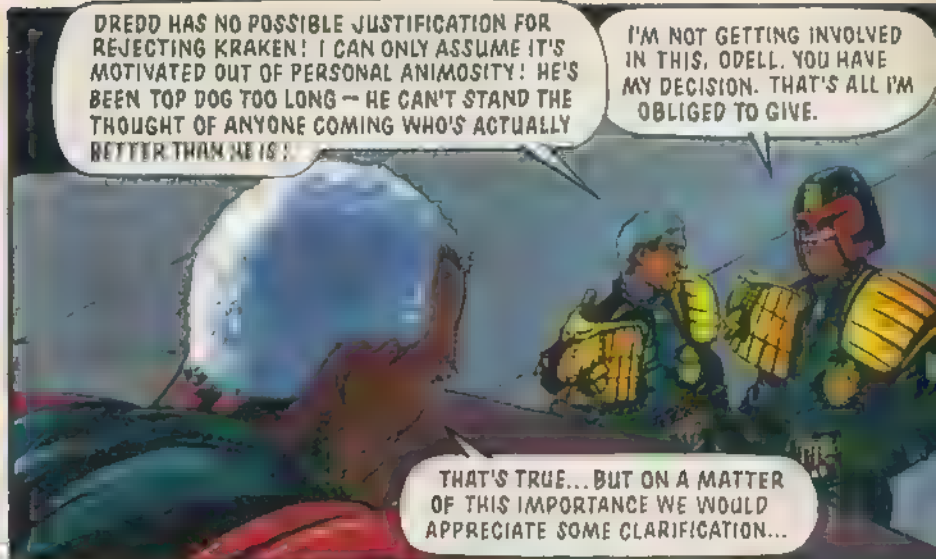


ASK HIM.





CHIEF JUDGE,
I PROTEST
MOST
VEHEMENTLY!



DREDD HAS NO POSSIBLE JUSTIFICATION FOR
REJECTING KRAKEN! I CAN ONLY ASSUME IT'S
MOTIVATED OUT OF PERSONAL ANIMOSITY! HE'S
BEEN TOP DOG TOO LONG — HE CAN'T STAND THE
THOUGHT OF ANYONE COMING WHO'S ACTUALLY
BETTER THAN HE IS!

I'M NOT GETTING INVOLVED
IN THIS, ODELL. YOU HAVE
MY DECISION. THAT'S ALL I'M
OBLIGED TO GIVE.

THAT'S TRUE... BUT ON A MATTER
OF THIS IMPORTANCE WE WOULD
APPRECIATE SOME CLARIFICATION...



LET'S JUST SAY
I DON'T BELIEVE
A LEOPARD CAN
CHANGE ITS
SPOTS. NOT THIS
ONE ANYWAY.



THAT'S A SLUR! I
WATCHED THE ENTIRE
ASSESSMENT! KRAKEN
PERFORMED FLAWLESSLY —
AN EXHIBITION OF GOOD
JUDGING.

IF ANYONE
DIDN'T COME UP TO
STANDARD IT WAS
YOU —



THAT'S ENOUGH! I APPOINTED
DREDD BECAUSE
I FELT HE WAS THE BEST MAN FOR
THE JOB. IF HE REFUSES TO
APPROVE KRAKEN THEN WE MUST
ACCEPT IT.

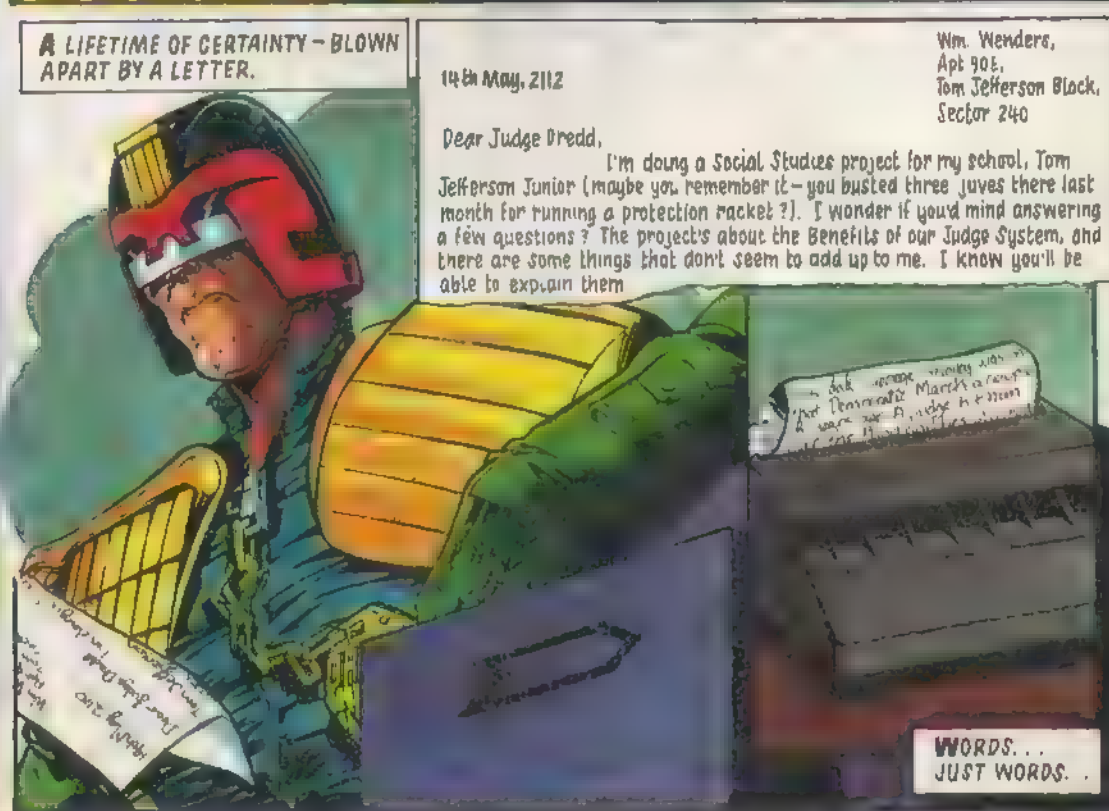
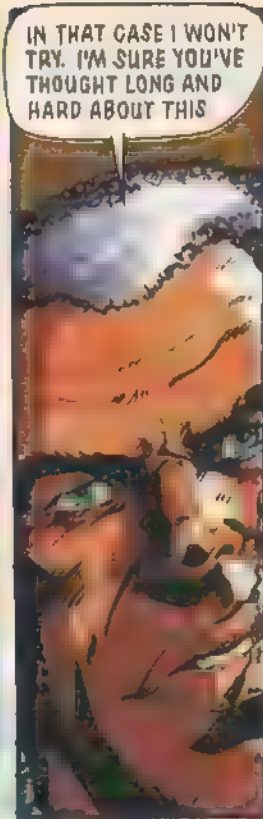
NOW IF THERE'S
NO MORE BUSINESS —

JUST ONE THING,
CHIEF JUDGE —



I'M TENDERING MY
RESIGNATION

I REQUEST
PERMISSION TO
TAKE THE
LONG WALK.



YET THEY CUT SHARP AND DEEP
AS A BOOT KNIFE -

Judges wouldn't hurt an innocent citizen

You were in charge of the judges on the march

I know you wouldn't be part of a system that was bad
worst crime

CONNECT ME WITH
THE JUDGE WARDEN,
150 BLOCK 19.

BUT, DREDD, NORMAL
PROCEDURE IS -

I DON'T GIVE A
DAMN ABOUT NORMAL
PROCEDURE. I PUT 'EM
IN THERE, I CAN GET
THEM OUT.

BLONDEL DUPRÉ - SIXTY
TWO OTHERS STILL SERVING
TIME FOR OFFENCES
CONNECTED WITH THE
DEMOCRATIC MARCH -
HE'S ORDERED THEM
ALL RELEASED.

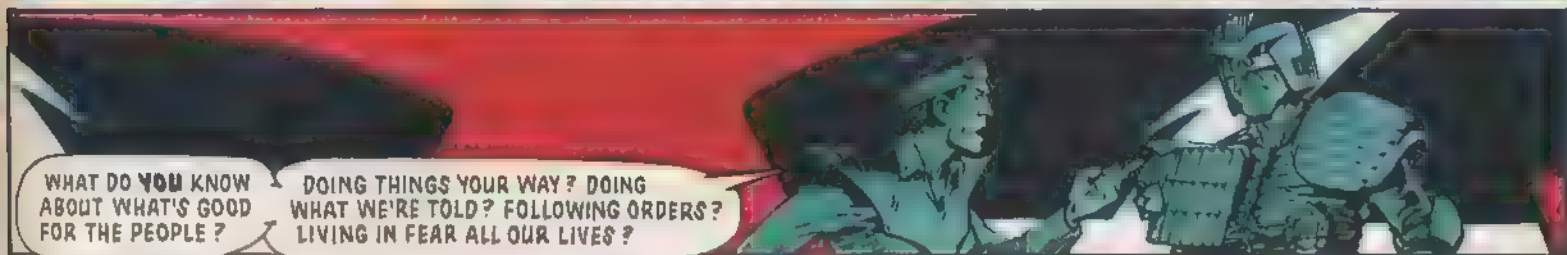
SIGH!
WHEN THEY
FALL, THEY
FALL HARD.

"DREDD'S CALL. JUST
DO AS HE SAYS."

ON
YOUR
FEET,
DUPRÉ!

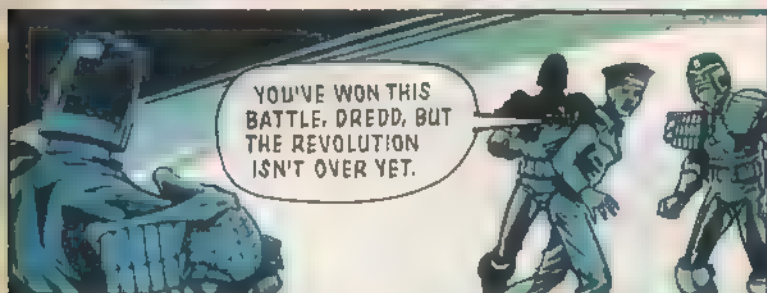
IT'S
CHRISTMAS.

BLONDEL!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE?

DOING THINGS YOUR WAY? DOING WHAT WE'RE TOLD? FOLLOWING ORDERS? LIVING IN FEAR ALL OUR LIVES?



YOU'VE WON THIS BATTLE, DREDD, BUT THE REVOLUTION ISN'T OVER YET.



YOU CAN BEAT US WITH YOUR BOOTS AND YOUR DAYSTICKS, BUT YOU CAN'T CRUSH OUR IDEALS! FREEDOM - TRUTH - DEMOCRACY - THEY ALL LIVE WHERE YOU CAN'T TOUCH THEM - IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE!

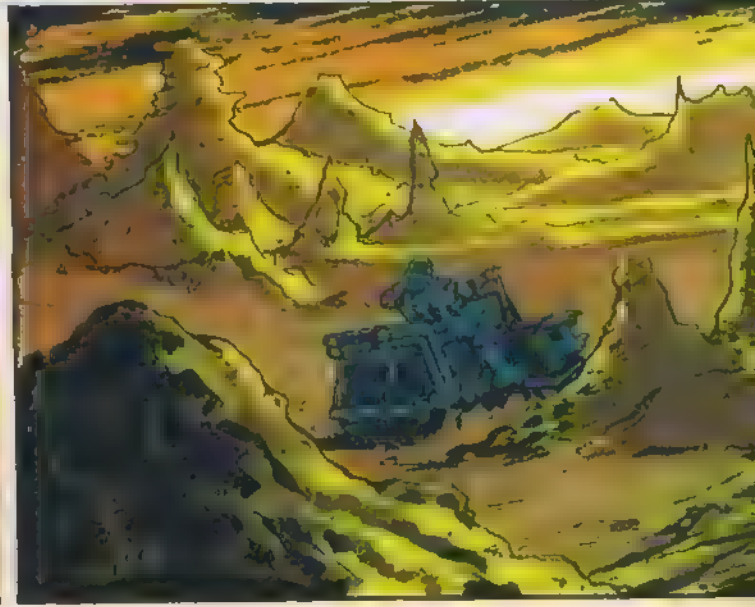
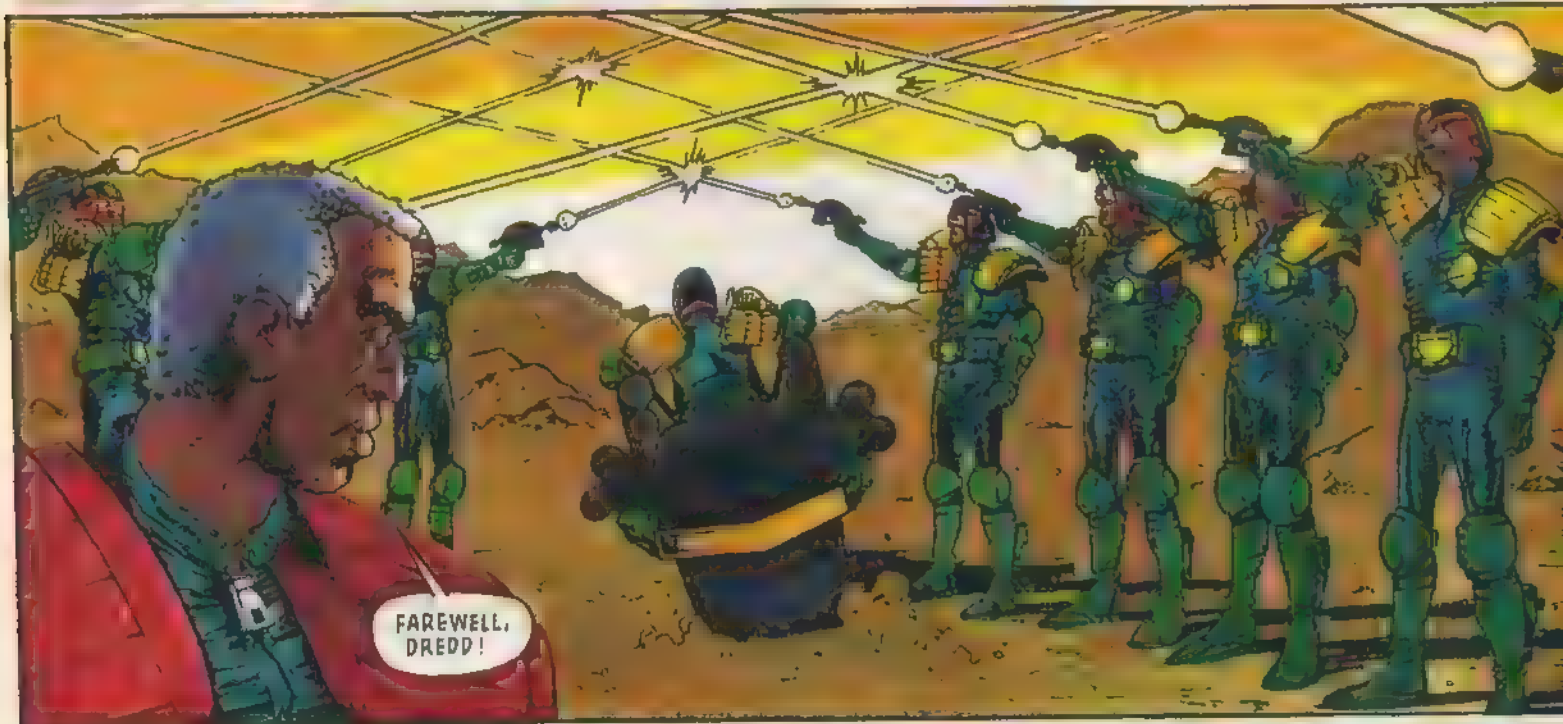
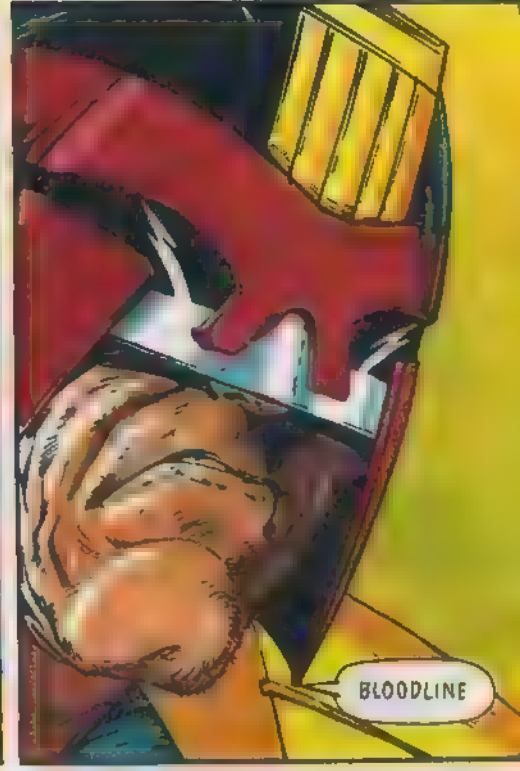
AND ONE DAY THEY'RE GOING TO BEAT YOU!

THE HARM COULD NEVER BE UNDONE. IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THAT.



PERHAPS, IN THE END, IT WAS NO MORE THAN A GESTURE.





HE'D BEEN GOOD, ALL RIGHT.
HAD KRAKEN. VERY GOOD.

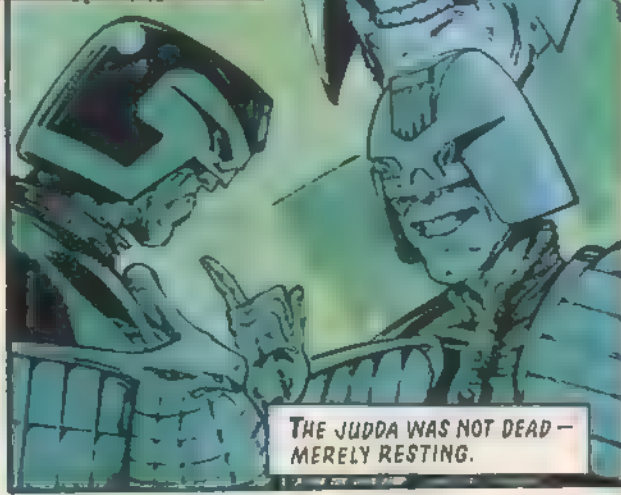


HIS MASK HAD SLIPPED
JUST ONCE.



YOUR TIME IS OVER, OLD MAN.

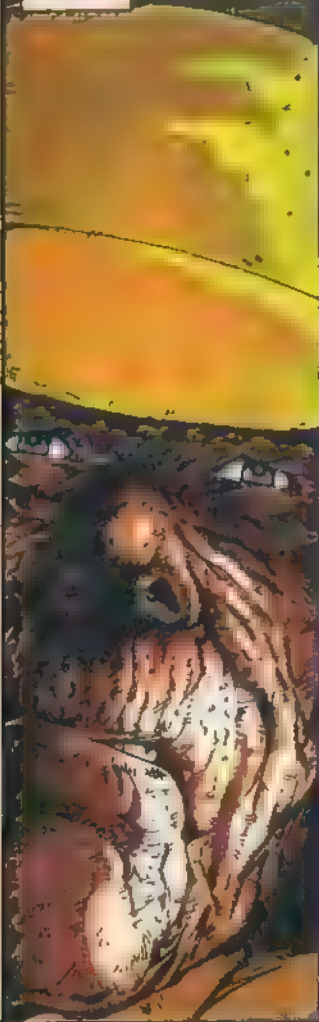
IN THAT ONE MOMENT
ALL THE CONTEMPT—
THE ARROGANCE—HAD
RISEN TO THE SURFACE
AND HE'D FELT THE
HATRED STILL
SMOULDERING BENEATH
THE MASK...



THE JUDDA WAS NOT DEAD—
MERELY RESTING.

AND NOW .

AND NOW MONTHS HAD
PASSED AND THE **HISSING
SISTERS** HAD COME AND
LEFT THEIR CALLING
CARD.



AND IF THEM, WHAT OF
THEIR TWISTED KIN ?



HAD THE CITY BEEN
SPARED ONE DISASTER—
ONLY TO BE OVERWHELMED
BY A **GREATER** ONE ?

WHAT FOUL DEEDS
WERE AFOOT IN
MEGA-CITY ONE ?

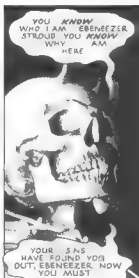


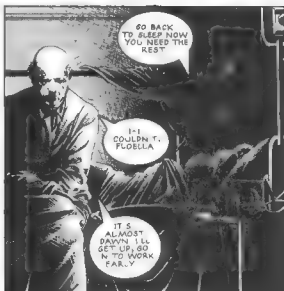


AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

AAAAAAAAAAAA!

THE
SCREAMING
SKULL
PART 1







THERE'S A
HEIST ABOUT
TO GO DOWN
AT THE A-GAE
FARM IN 'DUST-
ZONE 11 CAUTION
-EXPLOSIVES
INVOLVED

HANG
ON! LOOKS
LIKE WE GOT
SOMETHIN'
ELSE -



WELL?

HARD TO
SAY **MURDER**.
FOR STARTERS - BUT
THERE'S MORE TO IT
THAN THAT COULDN'T
QUITE TELL WHAT
THOUGH



I'LL
CHECK IT
MYSELF

SORRY
FALSE ALARM
THAT'S IT
EXCEPT -



"IF ANYBODY'S AT A LOOSE
END, THERE'S A COUPLE
BREAK 'N' SEVERAL LAWS
IN THE RAIN, RED TUNNEL."



EXCUSE
ME, SIR?

MY NAME IS
KALVIN KING.
AND I WANT TO
ASK YOU THE S
ALL-IMPORTANT
QUESTION -





Anderson PSI DIVISION



THE
WAGES
OF SIN
IS DEATH,
EBENEZER
STROUD!

THE SCREAMING SKULL

PART 2



L-LEAVE
ME ALONE.
GET BACK,
I TELL
YOU!

IRONIC. I CAME HERE TO TRY TO SAVE
A LIFE—BUT CALVIN KING DIED
ANYWAY, BECAUSE I MOVED HIM
ON WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED
IF ?



AN, WHAT THE DROKK! YOU MAKE
YOUR DECISIONS, YOU GOT TO
LEARN TO LIVE WITH 'EM.

PUT
IT DOWN,
CREEP!



I SAID
DOWN!



NOW
ASSUME
THE
POSITION!

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
IT WAS TRYING
TO GET ME—I
WAS ONLY
DEFENDING
MYSELF! I
NEVER HURT
A SOUL!



NO° TRY
TELLIN' THAT
TO THE LITTLE
FAT GUY IN LACE
PANTS LYIN'
OUTS,DE WITH
A HAMMER
EMBEDDED IN
HIS SKULL!

A
HAMMER
YOU
THREW'

SO
LET'S
HEAR IT
WHAT'S
YOUR
STORY?

IT...IT
WAS AN
ACCIDENT

THERE'S
THIS **SKULL**,
YOU SEE IT'S BEEN
HARASSING ME—IT
SAID MY SINS HAVE
FOUND ME OUT, AND
I'VE GOT TO MEET
MY DEATH!

IT'S LIKE
A **GHOST**.
FLOELLA—THAT'S
MY WIFE—SAYS
IT'S A HALLUCINATION,
CAUSED BY STRESS.
SHE WANTS ME
TO RETIRE—

WHOA!
BACK UP A
LITTLE

EXACTLY
WHAT
SINS HAVE
FOUND YOU
OUT?

N-NONE!
I'VE NEVER
DONE
ANYTHING
WRONG.

YOU'RE
ALREADY DOIN'
TEN YEARS LYIN'
TO A JUDGE IS
GOOD FOR
ANOTHER
THREE.

ALL
RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT!
I'LL TELL
YOU!

NOW
OUT WITH
IT, CREEP—
OR WOULD
YOU RATHER
I COME IN
AN **IT**?

ULP!

IT
HAPPENED A
LONG TIME
AGO,JUST AFTER
I SET UP IN THE
UNDERTAKING
TRADE...

"IT WAS MY VERY FIRST CORPSE—THE SON OF A SOUTH-SIDE MILLIONAIRE. HIS PARENTS WANTED HIS BODY TO LIE IN STATE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE HE WAS RECYCLED—"



YOU CAN SAFELY LEAVE HIM TO ME, SIR—MA'AM

"HE'D BEEN FATALLY CRUSHED BY A GRAND PIANO NOT A PRETTY SIGHT. CERTIFIED DEAD BY THE FAMILY ROBO-DOG



"ONLY, THERE'D BEEN SOME MISTAKE HE WAS STILL ALIVE.



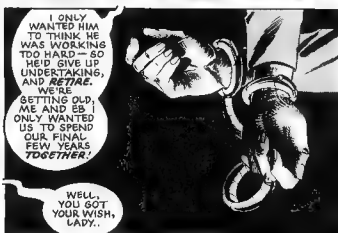
"MY FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO CALL FOR HELP. BUT THEN I THOUGHT—HE'S MY FIRST JOB. WHAT KIND OF IMPRESSION WOULD IT CREATE IF I HANDED HIM BACK ALIVE?"



"BESIDES, HE REALLY WAS IN A BAD WAY. I DON'T THINK THE DOGS COULD HAVE SAVED HIM. WHAT I DID WAS THE ONLY HUMANE THING IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES—"









40p

EXECUTION DUTY



THEY'D LOCKED HIM IN LAST NIGHT
TAKEN HIS WEAPONS

FIRST TIME THEY'D DONE THAT
IN ALMOST A YEAR

ODELL HAD BEEN
THE OLD MAN WAS
MORE UPSET
THAN HE WAS

WHEN YOU GET
OLD IT'S HARDER
TO RESIST THE
EMOTIONS

OMINOUS

JUDGE DREDD

BY LETHAL INJECTION PART ONE

CALM. HE MUST BE CALM

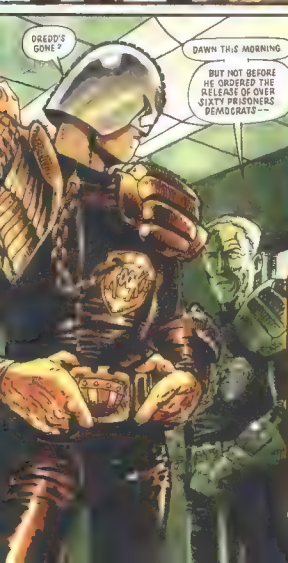
TONE WHAT TONE

LINE A-JOB

COUNTDOWN
Necropolis

5





"CADET KRAKEN REPORTING
AS ORDERED, SIR!"

KRAKEN, YOU HAVE BEEN EXAMINED
AND FOUND **UNFIT** TO TAKE UP
DUTIES AS A **JUDGE** OF MEGA-CITY
ONE DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO
SAY BEFORE I PROCEED?

IT'S A LIE! I DID
NOTHING WRONG!
NOTHING!

NO, SIR

"IT IS MY DUTY TO STRIP YOU OF
ALL MARKS OF RANK AND INSIGNIA
YOUR NAME WILL BE FORMALLY
POSTED AS **FAILED AND DISCHARGED**"

WHY DID I NEED
DO IT? WHY?

REMEMBER YOU
FROM THE
ACADEMY OF
LAW

MAY SAY
NOW SORRY I
AM WE...WE
REALLY THOUGHT
WE'D MADE IT
WITH YOU I
JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND

WORDS OF SYMPATHY HE
HARDLY HEARS THEM

SICK TASTE IN HIS
MOUTH LEAD WEIGHT
IN THE PIT OF HIS
STOMACH

CALM BE CALM

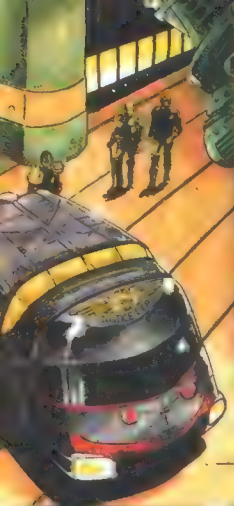
WHAT
HAPPENS
NOW?

YOU
COME WITH
ME

"THAT DOESN'T ANSWER
MY QUESTION"

NO REPLY

OM-NIGUS



"I'M... I'M SO SORRY, KRAKEN. YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS."

"I-I ARGUED AGAINST IT BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN."

"THEY FELT THAT CONSIDERING YOUR BACKGROUND, YOU COULD NOT BE SAFELY RELEASED INTO THE COMMUNITY. FRANKLY, THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU."

"AND THEN..."



"I'M TAKING YOU TO REZYK, KRAKEN! YOU'RE GOING TO BE TERMINATED!"

"YOU... CAN'T BE SERIOUS...?"



"I WISH I WASN'T..."

"THEY'VE REIMPOSED SENTENCE FOR YOUR PART IN THE JUDDA ATTACK - YOU'RE TO BE TAKEN TO A PLACE OF EXECUTION AND QUIETLY DISPOSED OF!"



"AND THAT'S IT? BANG?"

"INJECTION. ACTUALLY. AT LEAST IT'S QUICK AND PAINLESS. THEY HAVE A SPECIAL ROOM AT REZYK... ALL VERY TASTEFUL."

"OH, GRUD. WHAT AM I SAYING-!"

"AND THEN STRAIGHT ONTO THE CONVEYOR BELT? GOOD. NO WASTE."

THE WHOLE BUSINESS
IS A WASTE! YOU
COULDN'T BEEN ONE
OF THE BEST!

CAN THIS BE
HAPPENING?

IT'S INSANE!

GRUD!

DAMN DREDD! HE JUST COULDN'T STAND NOT TO BE
TOP DOG ANYMORE! HIS OWN CLONE-BROTHER AND HE'S
AS GOOD AS KILLED YOU - IT'S UNFORGIVEABLE!

JUDDA - HE WAS NO JUDDA!
NOT ANYMORE! HADN'T HE
PROVED - ?

GRUD!

CALM! BE CALM!

CONTROL!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

KESY

"I FAIL TO SEE WHAT YOU CAN
FIND TO LAUGH ABOUT -"

"IF I STILL SERVED JUDD I'D BE TRYING
TO MAKE AN ESCAPE NOW. ONE BLOW
AND YOU'D BE DEAD. "

PERSONNEL ONLY

"YOU WOULDN'T GET
FAR, KRAKEN "

"NO, BUT COULD GO
DOWN FIGHTING."

BUT BECAUSE I'VE
LEARNED - BECAUSE
I'VE PROVED I AM
FIT TO BE A JUDGE -
I GO QUIETLY TO MY
OWN EXECUTION

IRONIC, DON'T
YOU THINK?

HE'D CONSIDERED THE PROSPECT OF DEATH
OFTEN 'VIOLENT DEATH, DEATH ON THE
STREET'

IT HELD NO TERROR—MORE
OF A PROMISE: A GOOD DEATH—REWARD
FOR LOYAL SERVICE

BUT THIS...

KRAKEN, YOU HAVE BEEN
FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER
AND ACTS OF WAR AGAINST THE
LAWFUL AUTHORITIES OF MEGA-
CITY ONE. SENTENCE OF DEATH
BY LETHAL INJECTION HAS
BEEN PASSED

DO YOU WISH TIME TO
COMPOSE YOURSELF
BEFORE SENTENCE IS
CARRIED OUT?

CAN'T BE MUCH
OF A SOB
BY CRITICISM

LET ME MAKE IT
EASY FOR YOU

THIS ISN'T
NECESSARY

OH YES, IT IS

ESCAPE?

NO. I AM NOT NOW, EVEN
IF HE WANTED TO AND
WHERE WOULD HE GO?

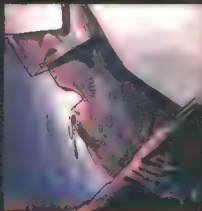
HE HAD NO LIFE
EXCEPT TO BE A
JUDGE

NO LIFE

THEY'RE WRONG,
YOU KNOW... I
WAS THERE—I
MADE IT—I
COULD'VE BEEN
DAMNED GOOD...

GLORY TO GLORY

SHOCK WAVE



TAKE WHAT
COMES

LIKE A
WUDDO



NEXT PROG
POST MORTEM

SUBJECT:
KRAKEN.

MEGA-CITY
ONE
BODY
RECYCL
PLAN

RES

SIGN THIS RELEASE
AND WE'LL GET HIM
ON THE CONVEYOR.

NOT THIS ONE.
TEKS WANT HIM -
EXPERIMENTATION.

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? FARGO, DREDD,
RICO, KRAKEN... THE SAME BLOODLINE.
THE SAME PEOPLE. YET SOME TURN
OUT RIGHT AND SOME...

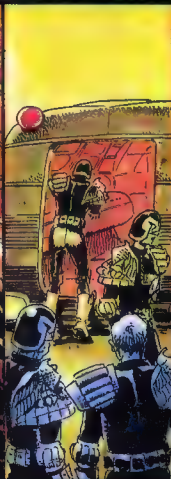
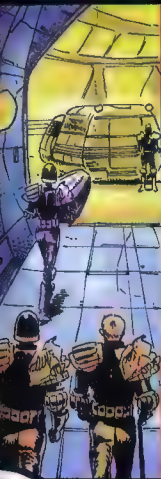
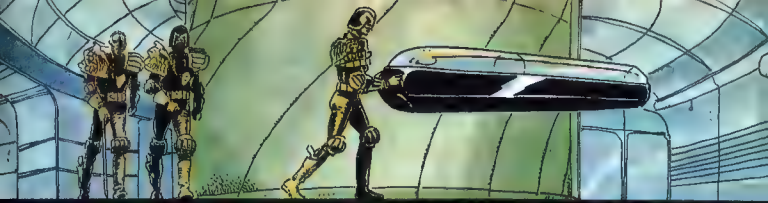
YOU
WONDER
WHY.

I EXPECT THAT'S
WHAT THE TEK BOYS
WOULD LIKE TO
FIND OUT.

SUBJECT HAS BEEN FORMALLY
TERMINATED IN ACCORDANCE WITH
THE LAWS OF MEGA-CITY ONE,
CHIEF JUDGE'S ORDER NUMBER
OH-FOUR-OH-FOUR STROKE NINE.

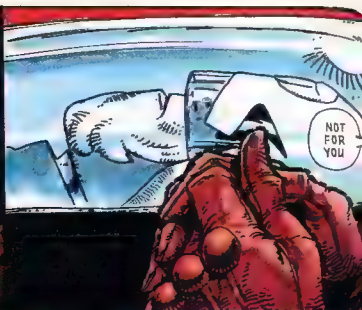
JUDGE
DREDD

BY LETHAL INJECTION PART TWO





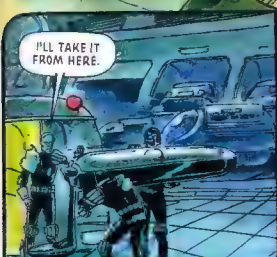
NO. LIFE WAS NEVER
GOING TO BE EASY...



NOT
FOR
YOU



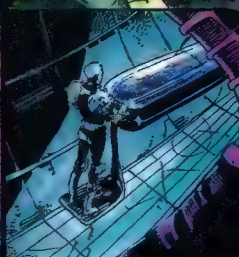
I'LL TAKE IT
FROM HERE.



I'LL TAKE IT
FROM HERE.



EVERYTHING WENT
WELL... NO, I'M CERTAIN
HE DIDN'T...



YES, AS SOON
AS POSSIBLE.



O...DELL...?



I'M...
ALIVE...?

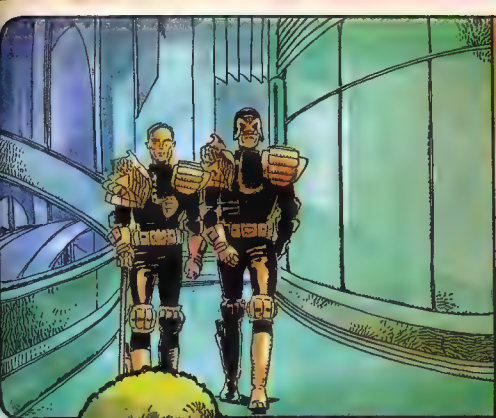
DON'T TRY TO GET UP
THE DRUG WILL TAKE
A WHILE YET TO
WEAR OFF



THERE'S A FRESH
UNIFORM HERE.
WHEN YOU'RE READY
THE CHIEF JUDGE
IS WAITING TO
SEE YOU.



I'M PROUD OF
YOU, SON



**CHIEF JUDGE
PRIVATE**



KRAKEN



NO DOUBT YOU'RE
WONDERING WHY,
KRAKEN...

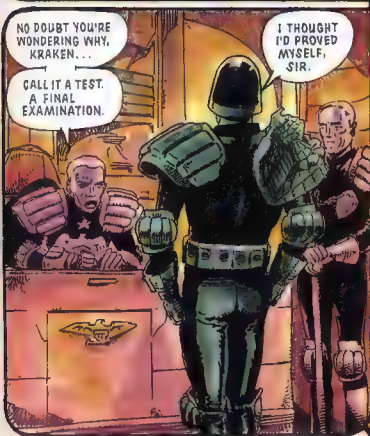
CALL IT A TEST.
A FINAL
EXAMINATION.

I THOUGHT
I'D PROVED
MYSELF,
SIR.

YES, YES... BUT WHEN A JUDGE AS
EXPERIENCED AS DREDD SAYS YOU'RE NOT TO
BE TRUSTED... WELL, WE HAD TO BE SURE.

WE SUBSTITUTED A
HARMLESS ANAESTHETIC
FOR THE LETHAL DOSE -
NOT EVEN THE STAFF AT
RESYK WERE TOLD
IN CASE THEY
INADVERTENTLY
GAVE THE GAME
AWAY.

IF YOU HAD BEEN
DISLOYAL - IF
YOU STILL
HARBOURED
RESENTMENT -
IF YOU HADN'T
BEEN OUR MAN -
WE'D HAVE FOUND
OUT THEN.





I DON'T KID MYSELF
I'D HAVE STOOD A
CHANCE AGAINST YOU.
YOU'D HAVE KILLED
ME BEFORE WE
REACHED RESYK.

ODELL PUT HIS OWN LIFE ON THE LINE
FOR YOU. BECAUSE HE BELIEVED IN YOU
NOW I TOO AM CONVINCED.



BY THE POWERS VESTED IN
ME I HEREBY APPOINT YOU
JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

THANK YOU, SIR!
I AM HONOURED!



YOUR BADGE

PUT IT ON.

BUT...
THIS
SAYS..

NEXT
PROG

BETTER DREDD THAN DEAD?

COUNTDOWN NECROPOLIS 3

ITEM! GANG SWEEP.
NIGGLI UNDERSKEDS.
SCHEDULED 2200 HOURS
PARTICIPATING UNITS
ASSEMBLE

ITEM! CHEM SPILL.
CENTRAL MUNCIE
EMERGENCY DIVERSION
IN OPERATION.

ITEM! REPORT OF
ARMY IN PROGRESS.
FILBERT HALT! NEAREST
UNIT ATTEND!

ITEM! CITIZEN
AMOK WITH FLENZER.
O'NEALLA'S EATER.E
NINETEEN DOWN

UNFFF!

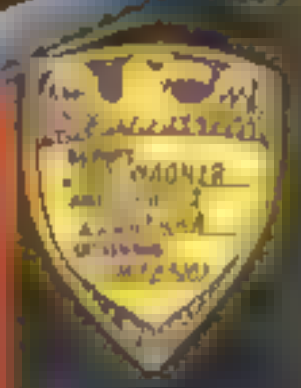
ITEM! STATUS ASSESSMENT
PERIOD ENDS TONIGHT.
APPEALS BY FR DAY LATEST

UNGGG!

BLOOD DONORS
REQUIRED.

JUDGE DREDD

RIGHTS OF SUCCESSION



RED

PROCEDURE

SUMMON MED-ASSIST
SECURE PERPS

CHECK IDS

SUBJECT NUNCE, GLADYS REETA
AGE 55 DORM 4, BOLGER DULT
REHAB
TWELVE PREVIOUS, EIGHT ARV

SERIOUS RE-OFFENDERS
COME DOWN HARD

SUBJECT NUNCE WANDA GLADYS
AGE 27 DORM 4, BOLGER DULT
REHAB
FOUR PREVIOUS, ALL ARV

MOTHER AND
DAUGHTER
TEAM, HUR?

CONTROL, YOU GOT TWO ARV ARTISTS
ON HOLD. WALPER ALLEY MESSAGE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE GETTING HOME. LET'S TRY THEM
APiece THIS TIME

WHILE
YOU'RE AT IT,
PICK UP THE
VICTIM
AS WELL

M-ME?
WHAT
FOR?

YOU COME WALKING
THIS AREA WITH
JEWEL-STUDDDED
KNEEPADS? YOU'RE
JUST ASKING FOR
TROUBLE, CREEP

NOW YOU GOT IT SIXTY
DAYS, INSTANTLY

GEEZ! WHY
WE HAFTA GET
DREDD?

YOU
SAID IT!

ITEM! MASS SUICIDE. TEMPLE OF
MAMOLATION NO SURVIVORS
BANNING ORDER ON SECT NOW
LIFTED

ITEM! LAS-GUNNER WORKING
XENDA HEIGHTS FIVE DOWN
NEAREST UNITS RESPOND

ITEM! JUVE RUMBLES IN PROGRESS
SECTORS B, 27, 143, 148, 199 VOICE
ACTIVATE FOR FURTHER DATA

THE VOICE OF THE CITY
SHOCKING, JARRING, INS STENT

FILTER ESSENTIAL DATA ONLY

CRUISING ADRENALIN PUMPING
EVERY NERVE END CHARGED

SCANNING THE CROWD

CREEP IN THE
ROADSTER -
LITTERING
SMALL CHANGE

FAT GUY AT THE ARMPIT
SHOP. TRYING TO LOOK
SMALL. WHAT'S HE UP TO?

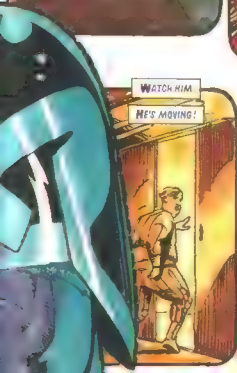
PICK UP THE WRAPPER AND
WAIT THERE, CREEP! I'VE
GOT YOUR NUMBER!

SUSPICIOUS BULGE
COULD BE PACKING

RIDE BY SLOW. GIVE
HIM THE STARE

WATCH HIM

HE'S MOVING!





HURRY IT UP!
DADDY'S HAND
RODE BY —



INSTANT JUSTICE

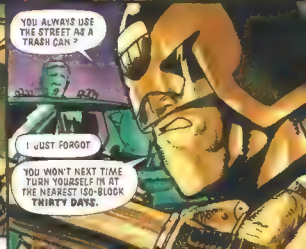


WRONG MOVE
PORKY!



YOU GOT TWO FOR
THE MEAT WAGON.
CONTROL!

ROGER! GO TO #A
CURBISHLEY COURT
JIVE WITH A KNIFE



YOU ALWAYS USE
THE STREET AS A
TRASH CAN?

I JUST FORGOT

YOU WON'T NEXT TIME
TURN YOURSELF IN AT
THE NEAREST ISO-BLOCK
THIRTY DAYS.

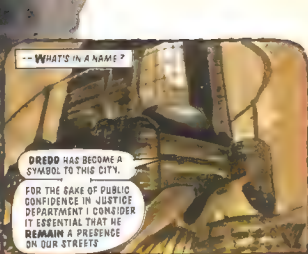


THE CITY'S JUMPING
TUNE IN, GO WITH IT,
BE PART OF IT

HIS CITY

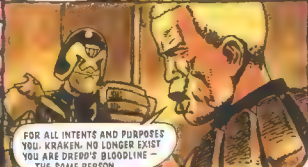
ANOTHER MAN'S
NAME BUT --

-- WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

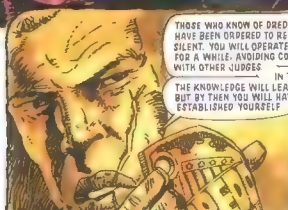


DREDD HAS BECOME A
SYMBOL TO THIS CITY.

FOR THE SAKE OF PUBLIC
CONFIDENCE IN JUSTICE
DEPARTMENT I CONSIDER
IT ESSENTIAL THAT HE
REMAIN A PRESENCE
ON OUR STREETS



FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES
YOU, KRAKEN, NO LONGER EXIST
YOU ARE DREDD'S BLOODLINE --
THE SAME PERSON

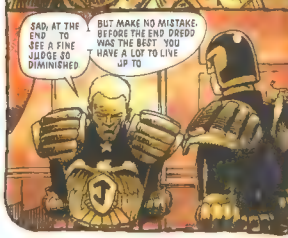


THOSE WHO KNOW OF DREDD'S GOING
HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO REMAIN
SILENT. YOU WILL OPERATE SEPARATELY
FOR A WHILE, AVOIDING CONTACT
WITH OTHER JUDGES

IN TIME
THE KNOWLEDGE WILL LEAK OUT
BUT BY THEN YOU WILL HAVE
ESTABLISHED YOURSELF

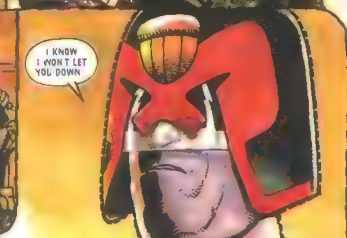


FROM THIS MOMENT ON,
YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD



SAD, AT THE
END TO
SEE A FINE
JUDGE SO
DIMINISHED

BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE.
BEFORE THE END DREDD
WAS THE BEST YOU
HAVE A LOT TO LIVE
JP TO



I KNOW
I WON'T LET
YOU DOWN



WHAT'S IN A NAME?
AUTHORITY - STREET CRED?

FINE. HE COULD LIVE WITH THAT

HIS NAME
JUDGE DREDD

HIS BY
WORTH

BLOODLINE

ARE YOU SURE
YOU'VE MADE
THE RIGHT
DECISION?

WHAT ABOUT DREDD?
HE WOULDN'T FAIL
HIS OWN CLONE
WITHOUT GOOD
REASON.

DREDD
IS GONE

HE WAS A GOOD JUDGE
YES BUT EVERYONE
GETS OLD. MINDS DJILL
JUDGEMENT ERODES

THAT'S WHY OLD COOGERS
LIKE ME GET SHOVED
UPSTAIRS - KEEPS US
OUT OF HARM'S WAY

IS THERE A REASON FOR
YOUR CONCERN? HAVE
YOUR PETS SEEN
ANYTHING?

NO...
NOTHING WE CAN
PUT OUR FINGERS
ON

THEN MY DECISION
STANDS THE
BLOODLINE MUST
CONTINUE

NEXT
PAGE LOVE IT TO DEATH!



WEEKLY COMIC MAGAZINE
40p
11 APRIL 1991

**BRIDE OF
DEATH!**



COUNTDOWN **2** Necropolis

Apt 2201
Dune Renaldo Block

Confidential Hotline,
"Ask Annie",
Homes and Humes Magazine
Dear Annie,

please help me. I think I am going out of my mind,
but just lately things have got so bad that I'm beginning to despair
for both of us.

Please, please do not print this letter on your problems
page. If Xena finds out I've told you about her she'll kill me.
You probably think I'm joking. I wish I was. You don't know Xena.
But perhaps I'd best start at the beginning...

JUDGE DREDD Dear Annie

PART ONE



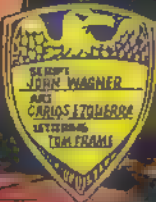
We used to have such a warm and loving relationship.
Then one night, a few years ago, a shadow came into
our lives...

OH, BABY...!

DING DONG!

IT'S NEARLY
FOUR O'CLOCK!
WHO COULD
THAT BE?

AH,
FORGET IT!





NOW WHERE WERE WE...?

MMMMmm...

I SMELL SMOKE...
CAN YOU SMELL SMOKE?

NOW YOU COME TO MENSH...

THERE'S SHOUTING OUT IN THE CORRIDOR! WHAT IF THERE'S A FIRE?

WE'D BETTER SEE -



DING DONG!
DING DONG!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!
I'M COMING!

GREETINGSSSS!

DEATH



**I HAYVE COME
TO JUDGGGE YOU!**

**THE
SSENTENCCCE
ISS DEATHHH!**

CHIPPP!

OH GRUD--!

LEAVE
HER ALONE,
DAMN YOU!

YOU TOO
SHALL PAY
FOR YOUR
WICKEDNESSSS!

N-N-NUH!

THERE THEY
ARE!

INCENDARIES!
RAPID FIRE!

IT ISSS TIME!
WE MUSSST GO!

DROKK IT! THEY 'PORTED
OUT AGAIN, CONTROL!

SHE'S STILL
ALIVE!
HELP HER!

Xena was in a coma for days in the block
hospital. Even when she did come out of
it she was distant, cold, withdrawn --
as if she was only half alive.



SHE APPEARS TO HAVE LOST THE USE OF THE RIGHT ARM, THOUGH WE CAN FIND NOTHING PHYSICALLY WRONG WITH IT... SHE COMPLAINS CONTINUALLY OF FEELING COLD.

IF ONLY WE KNEW MORE ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF CONTACT WITH THESE CREATURES.

GIVE HER TIME. THAT'S ALL I CAN SUGGEST.



DON'T WORRY, DARLING, YOU'RE ON THE MEND NOW. BEFORE LONG JUDGE DEATH WILL SEEM LIKE JUST A BAD MEMORY.

YOU'RE WRONG, CHIP...

JUDGE DEATH ISN'T BAD... HE'S GOOD...

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, HE-HE LOVES US... HE CAME TO PURIFY US, TO SAVE US - NOT TO HURT US...

HUH? AW, C'MON, XEEN -

SHE NEEDS PSYCHIATRIC HELP, THAT'S CERTAIN.

In time I was allowed to bring her home. Twice a week she saw the shrink, though the consultations didn't seem to do any good. Each day she grew more listless, more far away.

I tried to give her my love, but she would turn away, as if my touch had begun to repel her.

Can you imagine my torment, Annie, to lie with her each night, remembering the countless precious moments we had shared... and see beside me a stranger? To watch her day by day slipping further away from me...?



Then one night I woke and she wasn't there...



HUUH-?

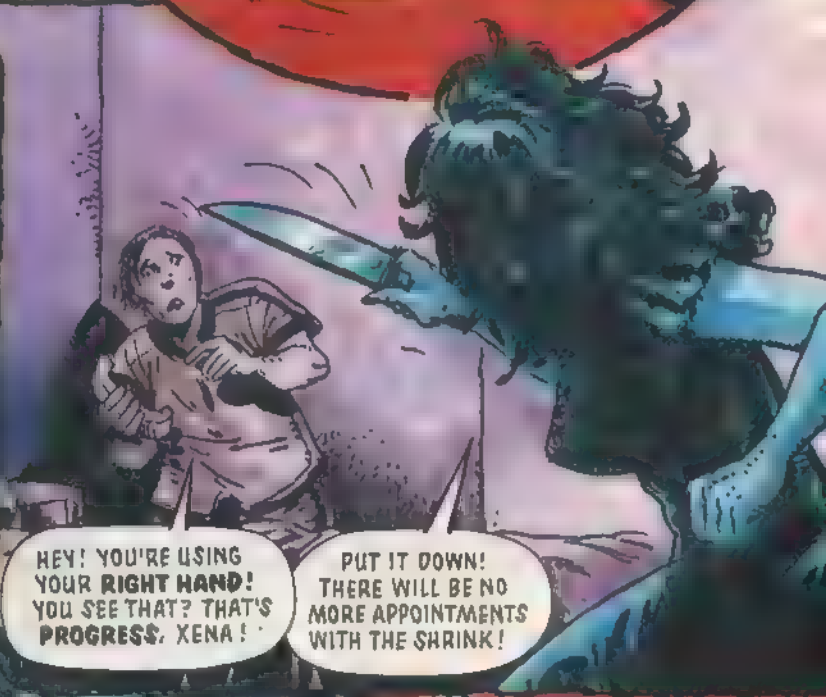


XENA!



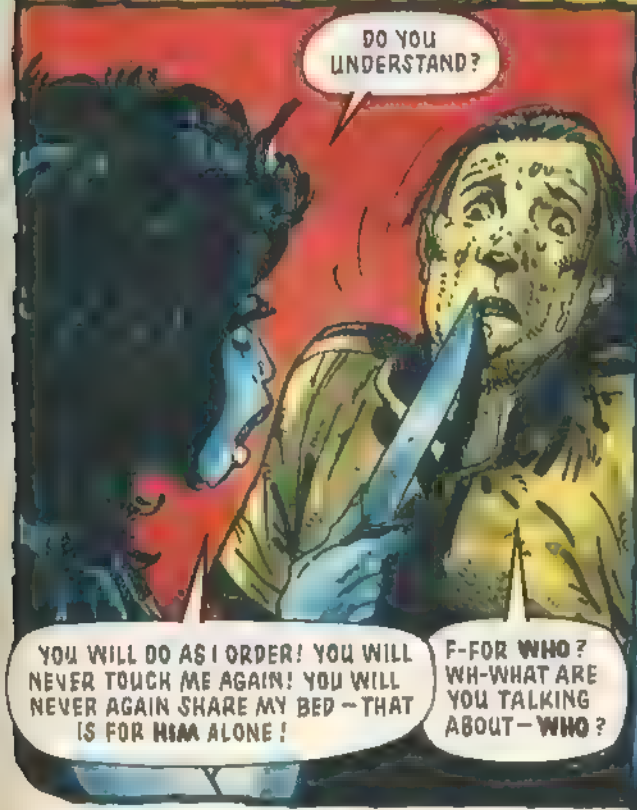
NEVER - NEVER TOUCH ME AGAIN!

JEEZ, XENA, I THINK I BETTER CALL THE SHRINK!



HEY! YOU'RE USING YOUR RIGHT HAND! YOU SEE THAT? THAT'S PROGRESS, XENA!

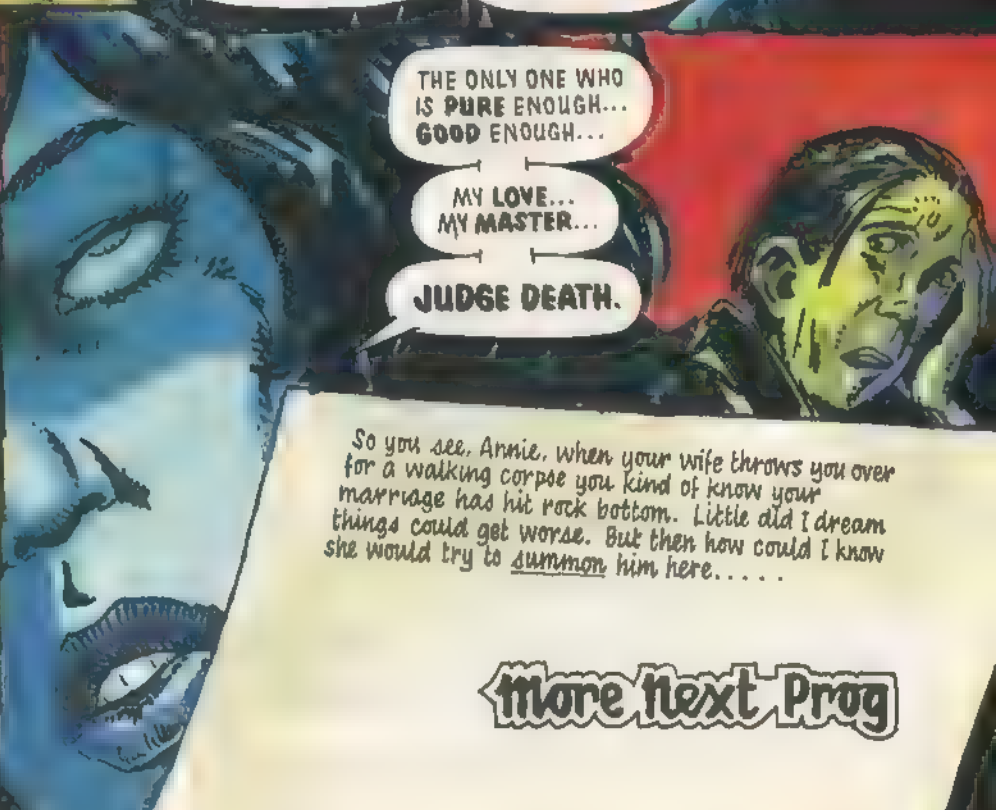
PUT IT DOWN! THERE WILL BE NO MORE APPOINTMENTS WITH THE SHRINK!



DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOU WILL DO AS I ORDER! YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH ME AGAIN! YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN SHARE MY BED - THAT IS FOR HIM ALONE!

F-FOR WHO? WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT - WHO?



THE ONLY ONE WHO IS PURE ENOUGH... GOOD ENOUGH...

MY LOVE... MY MASTER...

JUDGE DEATH.

So you see, Annie, when your wife throws you over for a walking corpse you kind of know your marriage has hit rock bottom. Little did I dream things could get worse. But then how could I know she would try to summon him here.....

more next Prog

UNCLASH

JUDGE DREDD

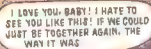
Dear Movie

As the days and months passed I watched my beloved Xena descend into madness. It was as if the touch of Judge Death had put a prison in her gradually spreading through her making her his creature. She continued to be able to use her right arm though it had grown withered and twisted. Her loveliness lessened, she decided to redecorate the apartment. I thought this was a good sign until I realised she was turning it into a shrine for him.

OH, MAYBE
WE SHOULD TRY
MARRIAGE GUIDANCE
OR SOMETHING?

COUNTDOWN

1



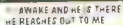
I LOVE YOU, BABY! I HATE TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS! IF WE COULD JUST BE TOGETHER AGAIN, THE WAY IT WAS



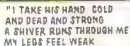
TOGETHER? HOW COULD YOU THINK I COULD EVER WANT YOU? I BELONG TO ANOTHER NOW



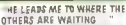
EACH NIGHT I CALL TO HIM, AND EACH NIGHT IN MY DREAMS HE COMES TO ME



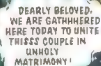
AWAKE AND HE IS THERE HE REACHES OUT TO ME



"I TAKE HIS HAND COLD AND DEAD AND STRONG A SHIVER RUNS THROUGH ME MY LEGS FEEL WEAK



HE LEADS ME TO WHERE THE OTHERS ARE WAITING



DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE GATHHERED HERE TODAY TO UNITE THISSE COUPLE IN UNHOLY MATRIMONY!



JOIN HANDSS, MY SSWEET!



BY THISSE ACT OF MERCCEY I MAKE THEEE MY BRIDE

IT'S JUST A DREAM, XENA! A SICK DREAM! IT CAN NEVER HAPPEN!

LOOK, I'VE CHECKED — **JUDGE DEATH** WAS CAST INTO **LIMBO** — AN EMPTY DIMENSION! THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN EVER BE BROUGHT BACK!

YES! ONE DAY HE WILL COME FOR ME! WILL BE THE BRIDE OF DEATH!

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

UMMM!

OH, JEEZ
GT STOP IT, XENA!

Her contact with Judge Death had awakened some terrible power in her. She could hurt me with a glance, twist my muscles until I screamed in agony. I couldn't stir, slave unable to do anything but watch helplessly as the mistress grappled tighter.

WHY DON'T YOU COME FOR ME? WHY?

YOU'RE ILL, XENA! YOU'VE DEVELOPED A MORBID OBSESSION AND IT'S DESTROYING YOU! YOU NEED TREATMENT! LET ME CALL THE SHRINK —

NO!

I'VE WARNED YOU! BREATHE ONE WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE AND I'LL KILL YOU.

IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

Y-YES!

Her eyes sank, her teeth rotted and the wailing cry of agony spread across her mind. She resembled nothing so much as a corpse.

BLOOD I NEED TO LOSE MORE BLOOD!

YES, MUST BE RIGHT FOR ME.

WHY DON'T YOU COME FOR ME? WHY?

Last night, Anne's things suddenly took a turn for the worse. Not after midnight the apartment suddenly grew cold. Listening outside Xena's door I could hear voices.



REACHHER OUT!
REACHHER!

I'M TRYING



IT'S HARD!

TRY HARDER!
YOU MUSTSST
HELP THERS!



ENO!



LOOK
IT'SSS
DUMBO!

GET LOSSEST!
THISSE DOESST NOT
CONCERN
YOU!

The words came from her mouth but that blood-curdling rias could never have even made by Xena.



WAGUL-?

SSSHERRR
BRLONGSSS TO
USSS NOW!



HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH



SLAM!



HELP USSE!

YOU'RE SO
FAR AWAY--

OH, XENA--!

For missing and waiting
stopped about 3 a.m.
This morning Xena was
surprisingly cheerful

DEATH THE
SISTERS OF
DEATH

JUDGE DEATH HASN'T GOT ANY SISTERS

YES HE HAS I SAW THEM THEY
PROMISED IF I HELPED THEM THEY'D
BRING US TOGETHER

THEY WANT TO USE ME AS A
BRIDGE TO THIS WORLD BUT IT
DIDN'T SUCCEED LAST NIGHT

MADE CONTACT
LAST NIGHT

CONTACT?

I SPOKE TO HIS
SISTERS

S SISTERS?
WHOSE
S SISTERS?

ING RENAL

THEY SAID I WAS JUST
THE RIGHT WOMAN FOR
HIM. THEY'VE BEEN
TRYING TO GET HIM TO
SETTLE DOWN FOR AGES

FOR
CRYING
OUT LOUD
XENA--

IT'S HARD -- I THINK IT MAY
TAKE A DEATH SACRIFICE TO
MAKE CONDITIONS JUST
RIGHT

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, CHIP
DEATH IS GOOD. THINK OF IT AS
AS A WELCOME RELEASE FROM THE
BURDEN OF YOUR WICKEDNESS

It's after ten now and the apartment
has turned cold as ice again. From
Xena's room I can hear the voices
rising. I don't understand what's
going on. Annee, but I'm afraid I'm
going to sneak out and post this letter
now. You appreciate a quick reply so
important as I desperately don't know
how much time I've got left.
Help me Annee. You're so good at
dealing with other people's problems.
Tell me what to do about mine?

Yours in desperation,
Chip J. Another

P.S. - I enclose a 50 cent coupon for
your Confidential Hotline service



SSSCRAWNY
LITTLE SSSPECIMEN!
HARDLY ANY LIIFFEE
IN HIM!

HE'LL
HAAVVVE
TO DO!

COME IT
IS TIME



N-NO!



YOU CAN'T RUN FROM
ME, CHID!

JNGGGG!



THERE, THAT'S
BETTER! YOU
CAN'T RUN!

COME, UP
ON THE ALTAR
HURRY NOW!



YOUR TORMENT WILL
SOON BE OVER, CHID!

P-PLEASE XENA
DON'T DO THIS
TO ME!



THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!

WE ARE
READYYY!
DO ITTTT!

X-X-X-XENA



DO IT
NOWWW!



YESSSS!



YESSSSSSSS



WE ARE ACROSSSS!

OH-P
WHAT KEY
DONE



YOU HAVE
DONE WELL!

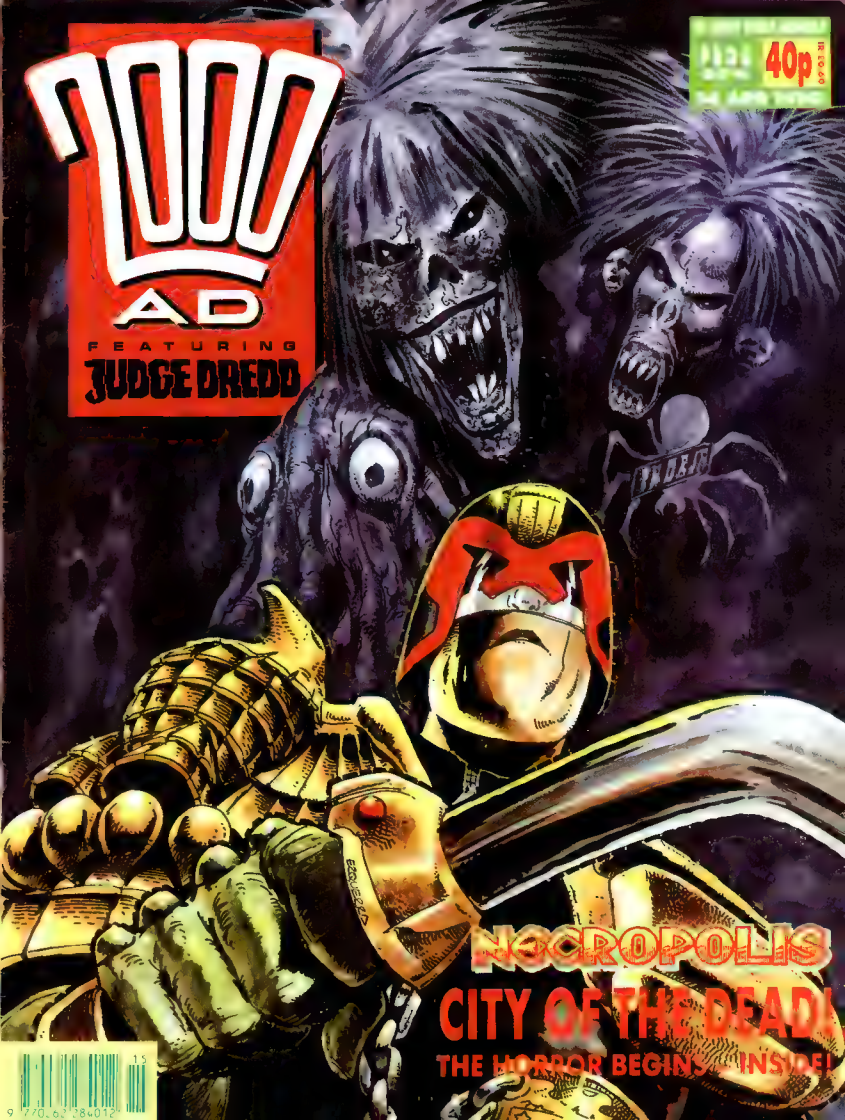
AND YOU
SSSHALL HAVE
YOUR REWARD!

NECROPOLIS!

2000 AD

FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

40p
100% RECYCLED PAPER



NECROPOLIS
CITY OF THE DEAD!
THE HORROR BEGINS INSIDE!



SOMETHING IN THE AIR TONIGHT...

... A BREATH OF EVIL PASSING OVER,
TOUCHING EACH NERVE AND SPINE...

IN THEIR BLOCKS BABES HOWL AND
CHILDREN WAKE SOBBING.

ON THE STREETS FELONS PAUSE IN
THEIR VILLAINOUS PURSUITS;
CITIZENS PULL THEIR WRAPS CLOSER
AND PONDER, INEXPLICABLY,
THEIR OWN MORTALITY. . .

EVEN HARDENED JUDGES FEEL A
SHIVER OF APPREHENSION, OF
DISQUIET-- A CHILL PRESENTIMENT
OF WHAT IS TO COME. . .

JUDGE DREDD
IN **NECROPOLIS**

DREDD FEELS IT.

A SIXTH SENSE... A LITTLE BUZZER
SOUNDING IN HIS BRAIN--

TROUBLE.

'CEPT THIS ONE'S
HITTING HIM
LIKE A
JACKHAMMER.

CONTROL-DREDD.

SUSPECT INTRUDERS
IN MY QUARTERS.
KEEP YOU
INFORMED.

NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY

ALL THE SAME. CAUTION...

NOTHING

TWO JACKHAMMERS

UH-HUH

INTERESTING

DEFINITE TWO
JACKHAMMER
JOB!

GREETINGSS!
WE HAVE BEEN
WAITING!

MOLOGRAM?

IMPLAUSIBLE

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I GOT HERE.
CONTROL, BUT IT LOOKS STRAIGHT OUT
OF THE JUDGE DEATH YEARBOOK!

YOUR
WEAPONSSS
ARE WASTED
ON USSSS!

YOU
CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOES NOT
LIVVE!

SSSS...
ISN'T HE THE
PRETTIEEEE
BOYYY...!

HE FALLS—

—LAWGIVER SKIDDING
ACROSS THE FLOOR...



SSSO
DESSPERATE TO
GET AWAY
FROM ME!

DON'T YOU FIND
ME AT ALL... TO
YOUR TASSSTE?

GIVE US A
KISS!
GIVE US A
KISS!



THE STENCH -

-BLOATED CORPSE -
HUMAN PUTRESCENCE!

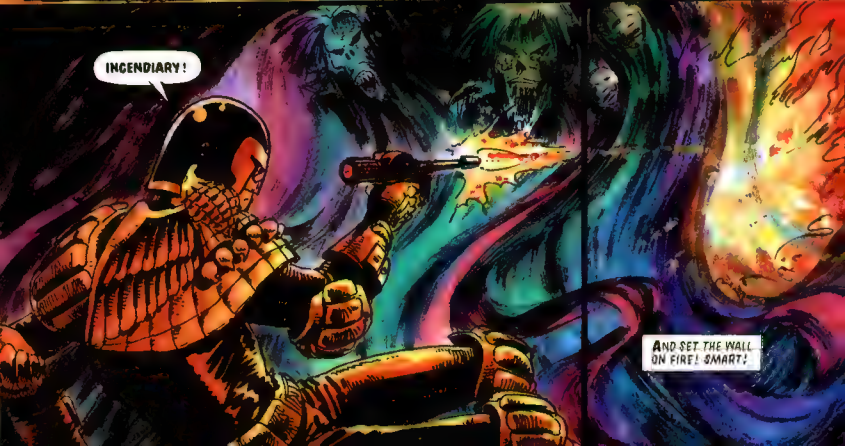
DROKK! LIKE
TRYING TO GRAPPLE
WITH SMOKE!



RETRIEVE LAWGIVER -

CONTROL! I COULD
DO WITH SOME
BACK-UP HERE!

HAA HAA HAA HAA HAA HAA



INCENDIARY!

AND SET THE WALL
ON FIRE! SMART!

ALSO NEED
A FIRE TEAM,
CONTROL!

I'M BACKING
OUT!

DO YOU \$\$\$UPPOSE I'M
NOT HISS TYPE?

PERHAPSS
HE DOESSS NOT
APPRECIATE YOUR
PEEFINER POINTSS,
SSSSSSSTER!

DON'T RUN AWAY!
I'M NOT JUSSST A
PRETTEEE FACCE,
YOU KNOW!

DESCRIPTION:
TWO ASSAILANTS,
PROBABLY FEMALE!
DEFINITELY NOT
HUMAN!

GRUD!



GOING MY WAY,
HANDSSOME?

VRMMMM
VRMMMM!

YOU TWO DON'T
GIVE UP!

NEXT PROG:
SISTERS, SISTERS...



BIKE:
TO ME!

JUDGE DREDD
IN NECROPOLIS

PART

2



BEEVES



SINCE WHEN
DID GHOSTS
DO THAT?



CONTROL! EVEN
BIKE CANNON DOESN'T
BOTHER THESE THINGS!
MAKING TACTICAL
WITHDRAWAL!

LIKE GETTING
OUT BUTTUS
'INTACTUS'!

ROGER!
BACK-UP ON
ITS' WAY!

ROGGGER!
BACK-UP
ON 'TSSSS
WAVV'!



RIDE 'EM,
BIG BOYVVV!

HAA
HAA
HAA
HAA

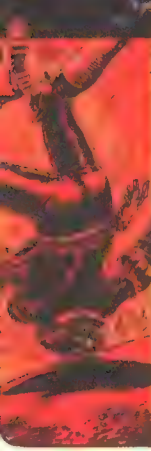




GUESSSS
WHO-000?



HHHHHHHHH!



KRRMP

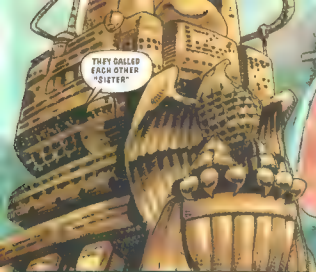


NNNNNNN

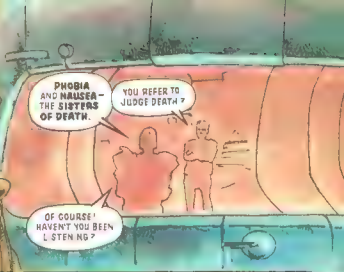


IT ISSS TIME
TO FORGET THE
CHILDISSEHH
GAMESS





THEY CALLED
EACH OTHER
"SISTER"



PHOBIA
AND NAUSEA -
THE SISTERS
OF DEATH.

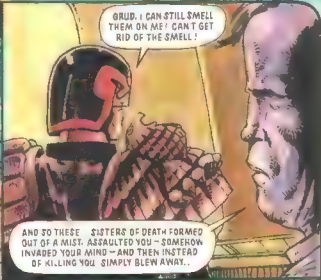
YOU REFER TO
JUDGE DEATH?

OF COURSE!
HAVEN'T YOU BEEN
LISTENING?



YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO
YOU? THE LIE DETECTOR
CHECKED OUT, DIDN'T IT?

YES



GRUD, I CAN STILL SMELL
THEM ON ME! CAN'T GET
RID OF THE SMELL!

AND SO THESE SISTERS OF DEATH FORMED
OUT OF A MIST. ASSAULTED YOU - SOMEHOW
INVADDED YOUR MIND - AND THEN INSTEAD
OF KILLING YOU SIMPLY BLEW AWAY.



THEY WANTED TO USE ME -
I SENSED THAT. "YOU ARE
OURS" THEY KEPT SAYING

I SEE



THAT WILL BE ALL
FOR NOW. YOU STILL
HAVE ONE MORE SESSION
ON THE MAGITRON FOR
THAT SKULL FRACTURE
I BELIEVE -



THE FIRST UNITS
ON THE SCENE SAW
NO ATTACKERS



DREDD'S QUARTERS WERE PRETTY BADLY BURNT —
BY HIS OWN HAND, I MIGHT ADD. THERE WERE SOME
SIGNS OF DISTURBANCE BUT AGAIN, NOTHING THAT
WOULD INDICATE THE PRESENCE OF ALIEN BEINGS

HIS STORY COULD BE A
RESULT OF THE CRASH

BUT THAT WOULDN'T EXPLAIN
THE DAMAGE TO HIS QUARTERS
THAT HAPPENED EARLIER

NO, THAT WOULD TEND TO
INDICATE SOME DEEPER
PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER



NO! I WILL NOT HAVE THAT! HE'S
BEEN ON THE STREETS OVER TWO
MONTHS NOW — HIS REPORTS ARE
EXEMPLARY!

SMENKER — WHAT'S
THE WORD FROM
YOUR PEOPLE?

WE SUSPECT THERE ~~WAS~~ SOME
JNNATURAL FORCE PRESENT
IN THE CITY LAST NIGHT



BUT DREDD'S STORY
COULD BE TRUE
THE SISTERS OF
DEATH MAY EXIST

NOT A PLEASANT
PROSPECT

FROM OUR POINT
OF VIEW IT MIGHT
BE BETTER IF
DREDD WAS
CRACKED UP

IT'S DIFFICULT TO BE DEFINITE. THERE'S
BEEN AN UNUSUAL DEGREE OF DISTURBANCE
IN THE PSIONIC FLUX FOR SEVERAL DAYS NOW.
NONE OF MY PSIS CAN GET A CLEAR FIX — IT'S
ALL COMING THROUGH LIKE SCRAMBLED EGG

MEET
PROD.

BRIDE OF DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO- POLIS PART 3

CHAPTER 9
Sub-section A:

The Lie as a Tool
in the Judicial
Process:

MOST OF THE OLD MAN'S
THINGS HAD BEEN LOST
IN THE FIRE, BUT THEY'D
SAVED THE "COMPARTMENT"...

...A LITTLE CHARRED
BUT STILL READABLE -
WITH DREDD'S OWN
TERSE NOTATIONS AT
THE SIDE.

53

The average citizen perceives
the judge as scrupulously honest,
incapable of falsehood - a
misconception which grants the
interrogator an invaluable
advantage. Never forget,
information obtained by
deception is as good
as any other kind.

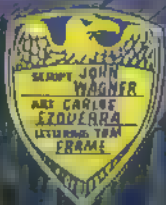
what
about the
BIG LIE?

We owe the
citizen no
obligation of
the truth.

SITTING UP LATE,
BROWSING...

ANYTHING TO DELAY
THE MOMENT.

THE BIG LIE...
WHAT DID HE MEAN?
IS THERE A CLUE IN
THAT FOR ME...?





LACK OF SLEEP IMPAIRING
OPERATIONAL EFFICIENCY.
REQUEST FOR SLEEP
MACHINE TIME DENIED.

POLICY STILL IN FORCE:
LIMITED CONTACT WITH
OTHER UNITS.

CAN'T MAKE
SENSE OF ANYTHING
ANYMORE - GOT TO
GET SOME SLEEP
TONIGHT...!

CAN'T TELL THEM
I'M IN TROUBLE...
THEY'D WANT TO
KNOW WHY - IT'D
BE THE END OF ME.

GOT TO HANDLE
IT MYSELF...

THREE BLACK BOMBS TO
KEEP AWAY THE FIENDS...

HE ISSSSS
THE ONE...

ROWDY
YATES



UNNNNNh!

AND YET HE
ISSSS NOT.

ONE MAN...
TWO SSSOULSSSS.

ONE
RESSSSSSSSSS

AND THE
OTHHHERRR—



POOR XENA...
SSSHHEEE ISS
REACHING THE
END OF HER
USSEFULNESSSS!

WE MUSSST
ACT QUICKLY
LEAST OUR
TIME BE CUT
SSSHORT!

RESSST,
BRIDE OF DEATHHHH...
SSSSOON YOU SSSHHALL
HAVE YOUR REWARD!

YOU SSSHHALL
HAVE YOUR REWARD!
OH YESSSS!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

SHE'S TRANCING!
DON'T TOUCH HER!

BLACK! MUSSST
HAVE MORE
BLACK!

PAINT THE
CITY BLACK!

ALL MUSSST
DIE!

CURSSSE
THISS UNIFORM!
HOW IT CHAFESSS
AND BURNSSS—!

AGEE!

UNNNN!

GET HER TO
MED-BAY!

NECROPOLIS—
WHAT DOES
THAT MEAN?

LITERALLY, "CITY OF THE DEAD"...
THOUGH WHETHER IT'S A
PREMONITION OR—

I'M NO EXPERT ON TRANCE
PAINTING. LET'S HOPE AGEE CAN
TELL US WHEN SHE COMES ROUND.

THE VOICE WAS JUDGE DEATH
ALL RIGHT - OR HIS SINNING
SISTERS. BUT IF ANY OF THE
CLAN WERE HERE... WELL,
YOU'D THINK I'D BE THE
FIRST TO KNOW.

AGEE'S BEEN HAVING
SOME GOOD RESULTS
LATELY, ANDERSON...

WHATEVER THE REASON,
IT'S THE FIRST SOLID
INDICATOR WE'VE HAD TO
BACK UP DREDD'S STORY.

SOMETHING'S
GOING ON...

R
O
W
D
Y
V

HE SLEEPS

AND ONCE MORE HE IS IN THE
HALLS OF JUDD. . .

KRAKEN!

KRAKEN!

KRAKEN!

KRAKEN!

NO...!

I'M NOT
KRAKEN!





TRAITOR!

YOUR BLOOD IS OUR
BLOOD — YET YOU
BETRAYED US!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND...
THE JUDDA — WE WERE
FINISHED! THERE
WAS NO HOPE —

YOU
BETRAYED
US!

IT WAS ALL
LIES, JUDD!

LIES! WHO ARE YOU TO KNOW TRUTH
FROM LIES — YOU WHO HAVE SOLD YOUR
SOUL TO THE GREAT DECEIVER?

THEY MUSSST BE
PUNISSSED!

DESSSTROY
THEM!

WHAT ARE THEY
DOING HERE?



WE SHARE THE SAME AIMS! THEY CAN HELP US!

COME, KRAKEN!
THERE IS STILL TO DO YOUR DUTY!
TAKE THE BLOODED BLADE! TURN
IT UPON THOSE WHO USE YOU!
WHO HAVE POISONED YOUR
MIND AGAINST US!



REVENGE!
DEATH TO THE
MEGA-CITY!



DEATH
TO THE
MEGA-CITY!



NO!



MUST'VE DUG MY
NAILS IN...



IT'S GETTING WORSE...
I... I TOOK THE BLADE
TONIGHT...
FOR JUST
A MOMENT I WANTED TO...



NO! DON'T
THINK OF IT!



DAMMIT, JUDD! WHY
CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME
ALONE! THIS IS WHERE
I BELONG NOW!

I'M NOT KRAKEN
ANYMORE! I'M A
JUDGE!

NEXT PROG. **COLD COMFORT**

JUDGE DREDD

IN NECRO-POLIS PART 4



NINE RENALD

HELLO, JUSTICE DEPT.?

YOU'RE THROUGH.

I, UH, WANT TO REPORT A SUSPICIOUS APARTMENT...

NAME?

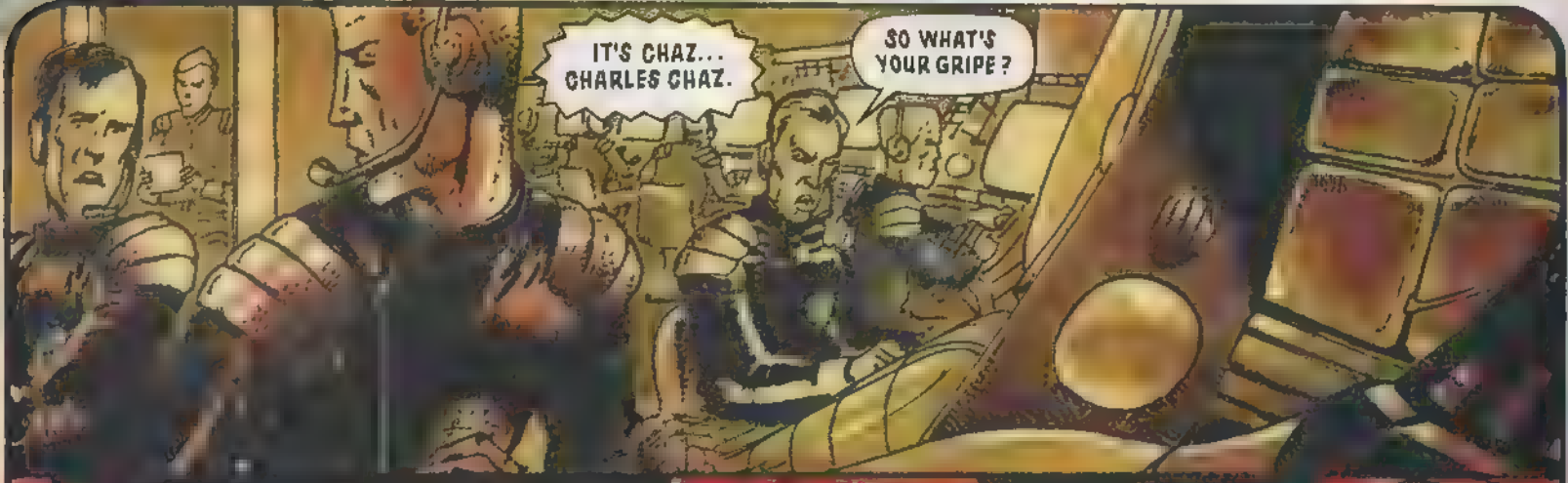


UH... DO I HAVE TO GIVE MY NAME?

PHONING FROM HOME, PAL?

UH... YES.

THEN WE ALREADY GOT YOUR NUMBER. WE GOT YOUR NUMBER, WE GOT YOUR NAME. STOP WASTING MY TIME.



IT'S CHAZ... CHARLES CHAZ.

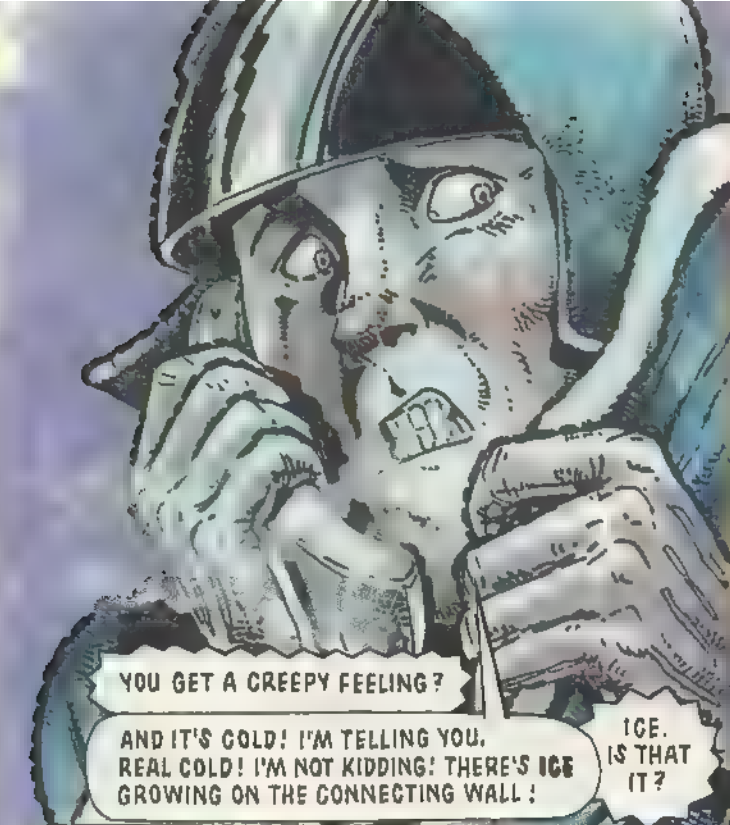
SO WHAT'S YOUR GRIPE?

IT'S, UH... IT'S THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR - THE LOWTHERS, CHIP AND XENA... THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON.

IN WHAT WAY?

SUBJECT: CHAZ, CHARLES JNR
 APT 2202 JUNE RENALD BLOCK
 AGE 44, HT 173, HA BR, EYES GR
 BL GR "D", TISCOD 9/3105, XIF
 CONVICTIONS: 4.7.06, SHOUTING
 [3M505]
 9.12.08, PDD
 [9M.REL 6.9.09]

WELL, THEY WERE ALWAYS KINDA FUNNY ANYHOW, BUT... WELL, EVERYTIME I WALK PAST THEIR DOOR NOW I GET A REAL CREEPY FEELIN'...



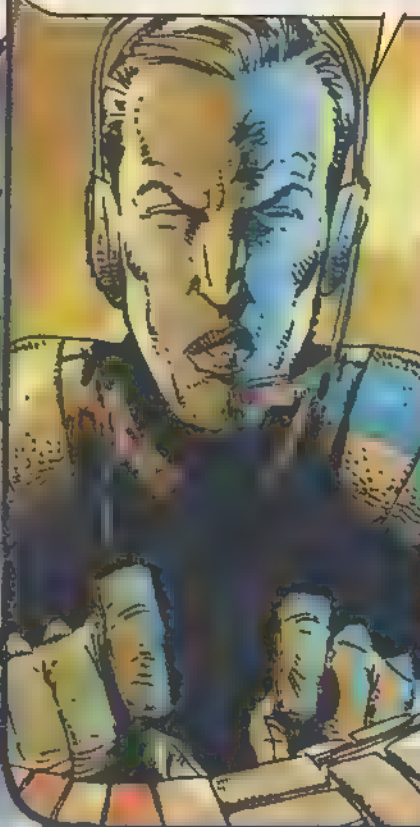
YOU GET A CREEPY FEELING?

AND IT'S COLD! I'M TELLING YOU,
REAL COLD! I'M NOT KIDDING! THERE'S ICE
GROWING ON THE CONNECTING WALL!

ICE.
IS THAT
IT?

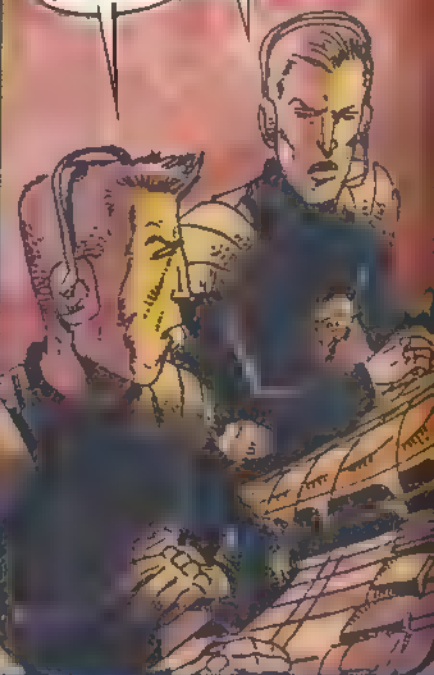
LISTEN, PAL. YOU GOT A HEATING PROBLEM CALL THE
BLOCK SUPER! I'M GIVING YOU AN OFFICIAL CAUTION.
NEXT TIME YOU THINK ABOUT PHONING IN YOU BETTER
HAVE SOMETHING MORE SOLID TO GO ON.

BUT-BUT-!

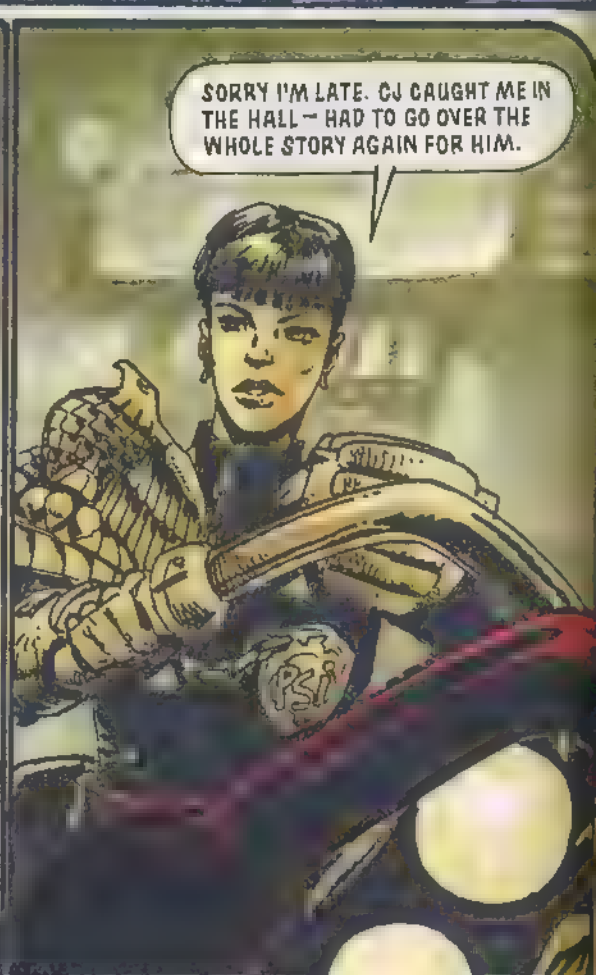
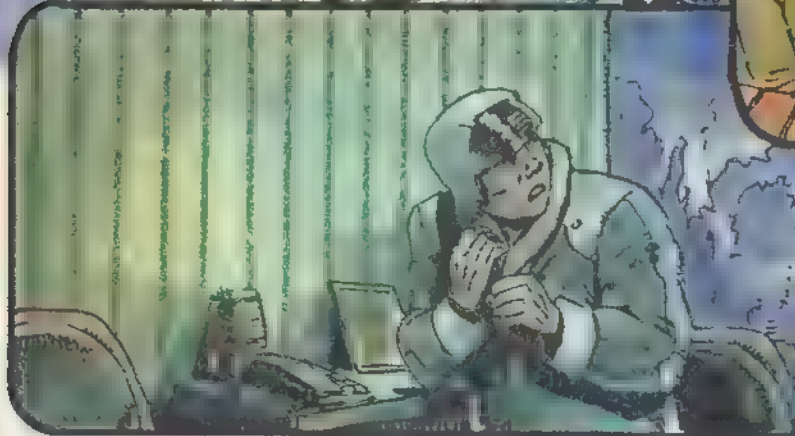


GUY HAD A
"CREEPY
FEELING."

TIMEWASTERS!



THE CITY'S
FULL OF THEM!



SORRY I'M LATE. CJ CAUGHT ME IN
THE HALL - HAD TO GO OVER THE
WHOLE STORY AGAIN FOR HIM.

YOU HEARD ABOUT IT, THEN?
WHOA, BROTHER! I NEVER
WANT TO GO THROUGH
THAT AGAIN!

THOUGH I DON'T SUPPOSE I GOT MUCH
CHOICE. WHEN A TRANCE COMES...

IT WAS WEIRD. NORMALLY
I'M JUST A SPECTATOR -
Y'KNOW, OUTSIDE, WATCH-
ING THINGS HAPPEN.
THIS TIME...

IT WAS LIKE... LIKE
IT WAS HAPPENING
INSIDE ME. I FELT -
NOT HATE... MORE A
KIND OF SICK,
MORBID LUST...

I CRAVED DEATH -
LIKE I WANTED TO
SLOWLY SQUEEEZE
THE LIFE OUT OF
THE CITY...

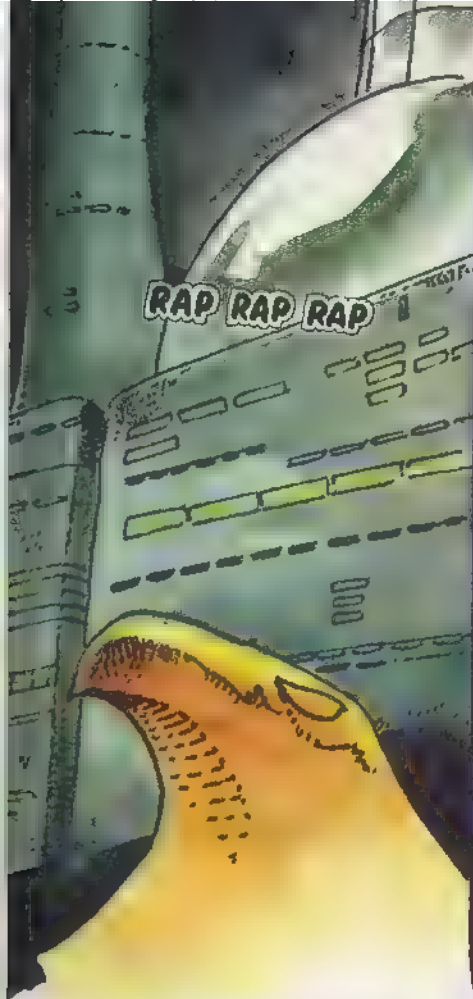
WAS IT LIKE THAT FOR YOU?
I HEARD THE **SISTERS** MADE
A PERSONAL APPEARANCE -
Y'KNOW, ACTUAL PHYSICAL
MANIFESTATION?

DON'T
TALK MUCH,
DO YOU?

SAY, YOU'RE YOUNGER
THAN I EXPECTED. YOU
HAD A **REJUVE** JOB
OR SOMETHING...?

WHERE
WE GOING
ANYWAY?
YOU SAID
YOU HAD A
HUNCH...?

D
U
M
S
R
E
M
A

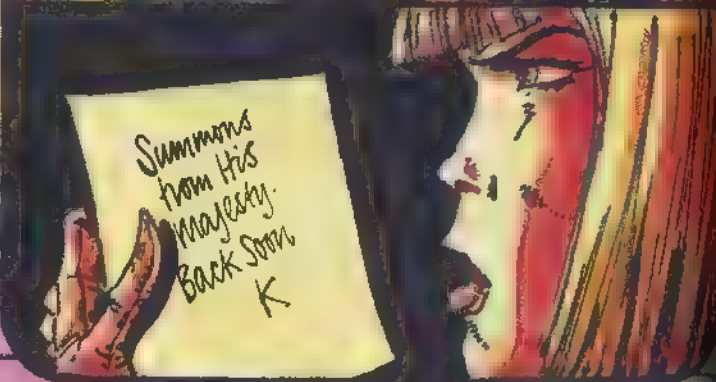


BIG CONFAB AT TWELVE O! SCHENKER
WANTS TO TRY AND NAIL THESE
SISTERS!

KIT?



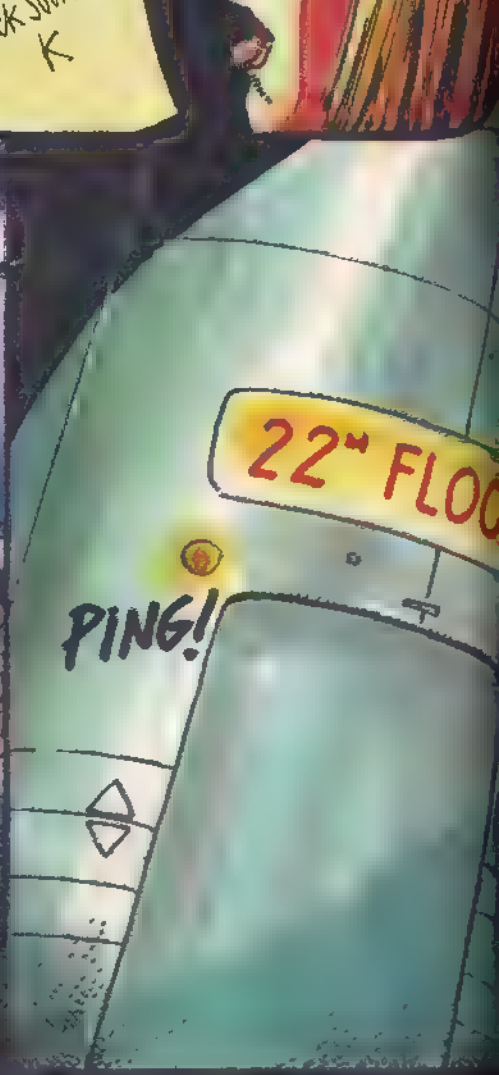
NO ONE
HOME...

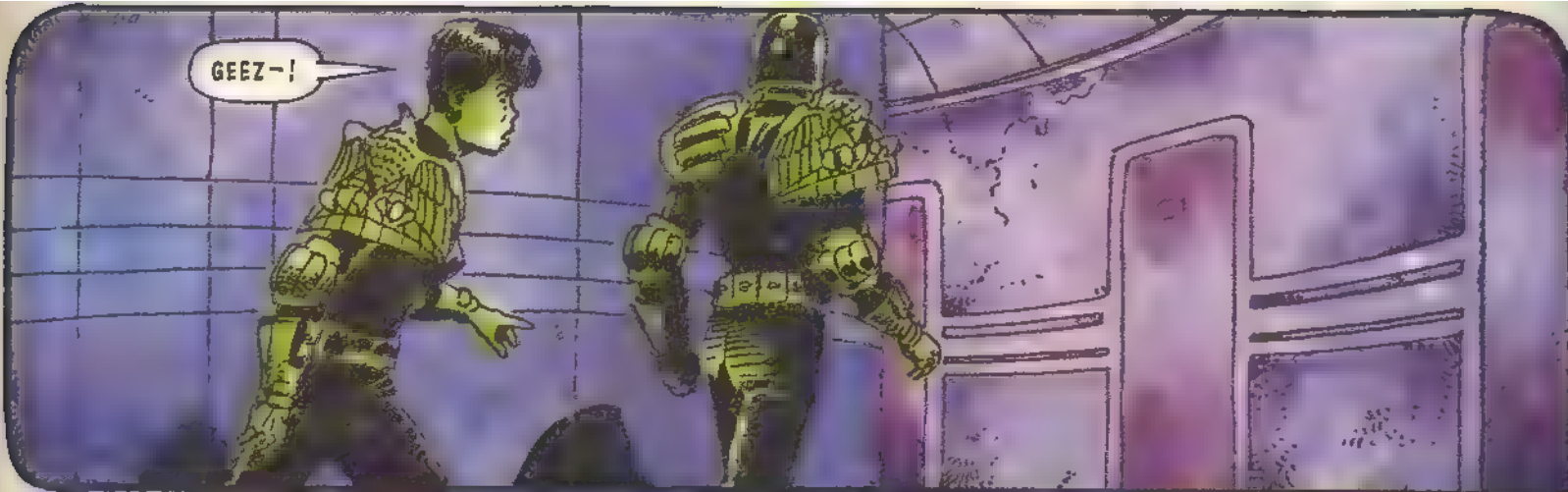


Summons
from His
Majesty.
Back soon
K

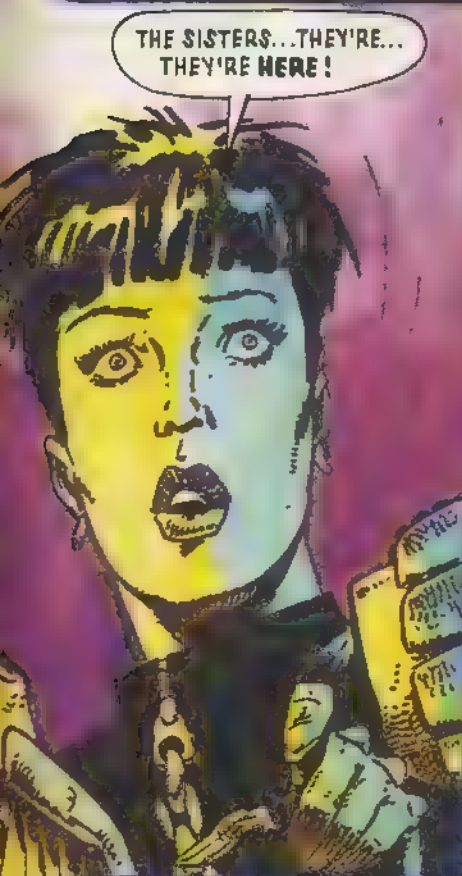


THERE'S
SOMETHING...
NOT RIGHT
ABOUT THIS...





GEEZ-!



THE SISTERS...THEY'RE...
THEY'RE HERE!



YES. I'M TAKING
YOU TO THEM!

WHAAT?

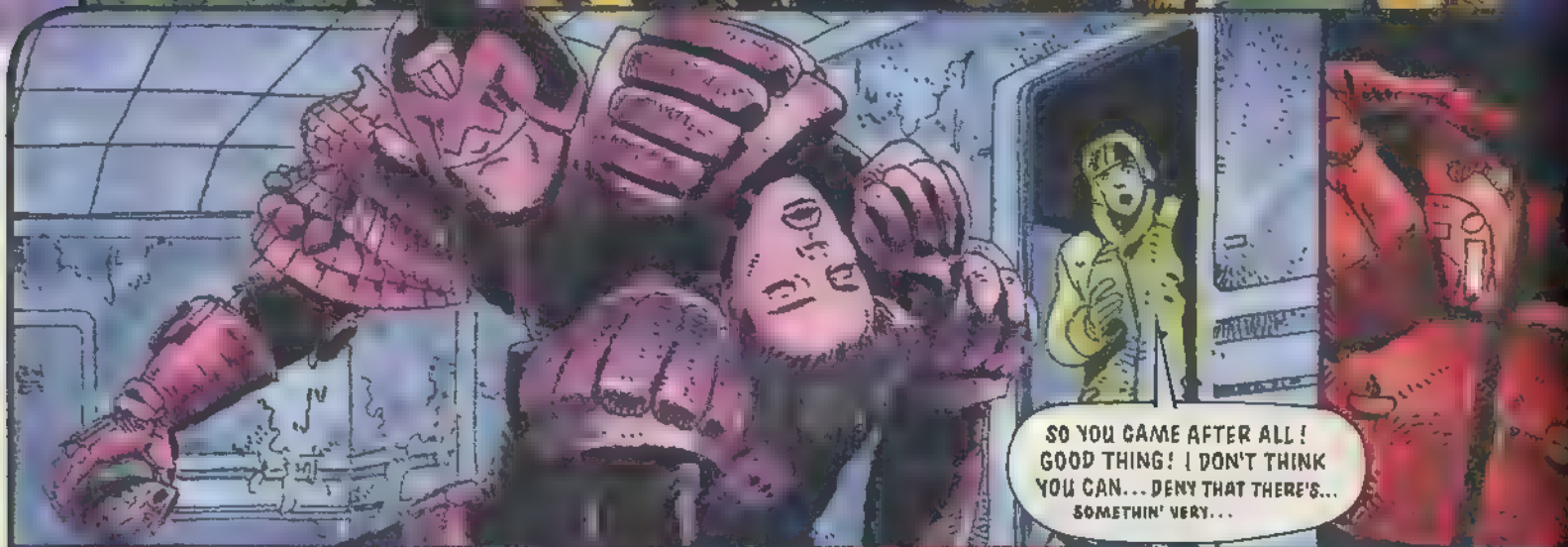
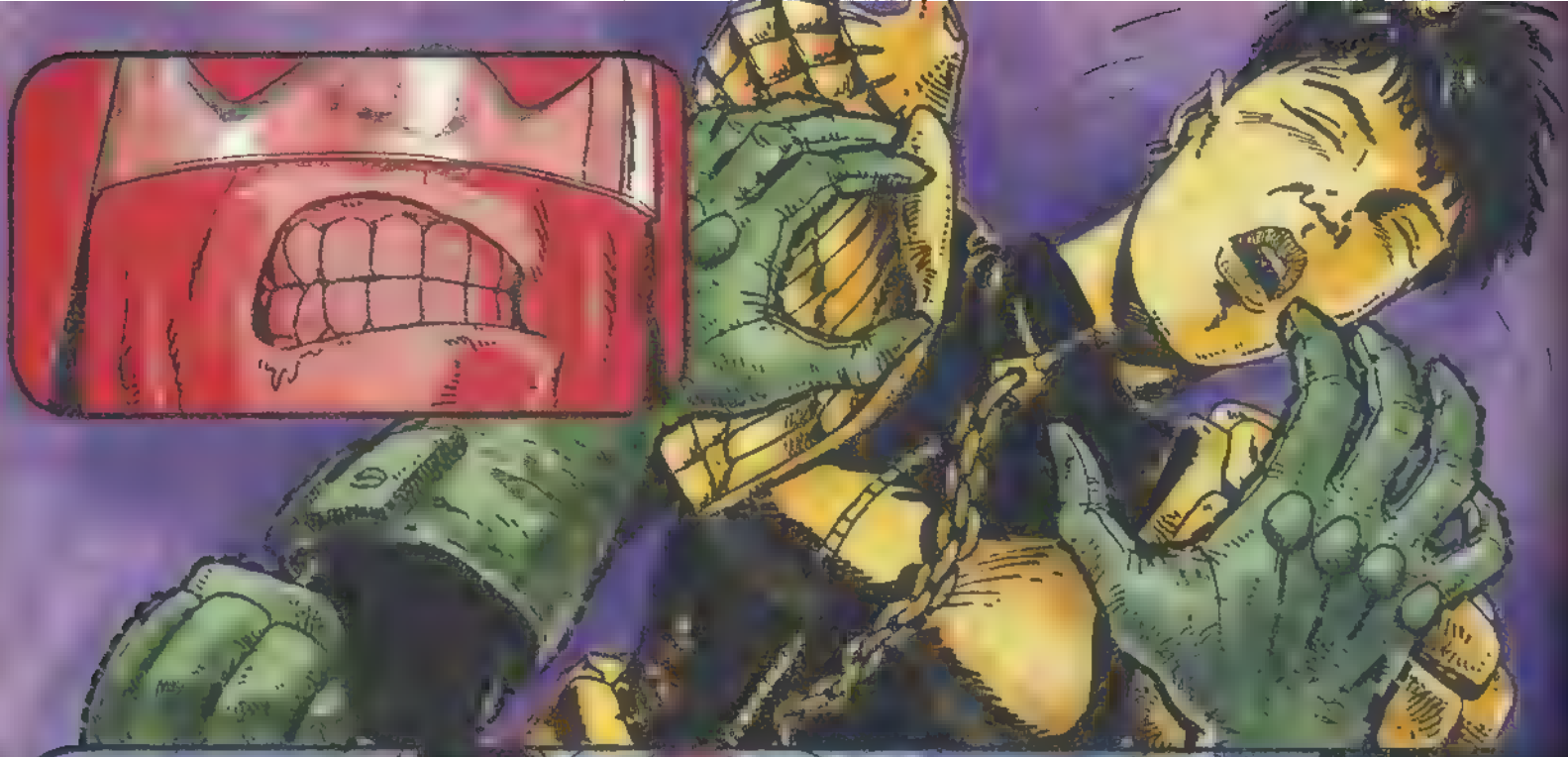
LISTEN, DREDD, IF YOU
THINK I'M GOING INTO
THIS WITHOUT BACK-UP
YOUR OUT OF YOUR TINY--

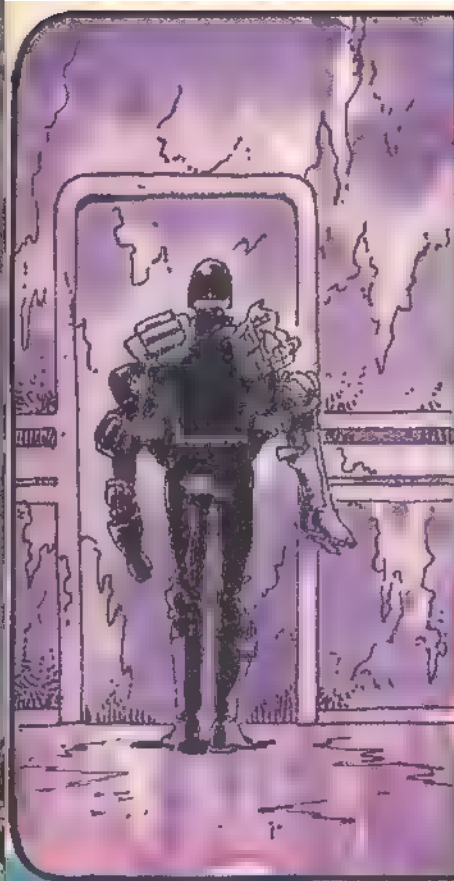


GRUD! YOU--
YOU CAN'T BE--



GGGRNNUUHHH





GREETINGGSSSS!

MORE NEXT PROG

2000 AD

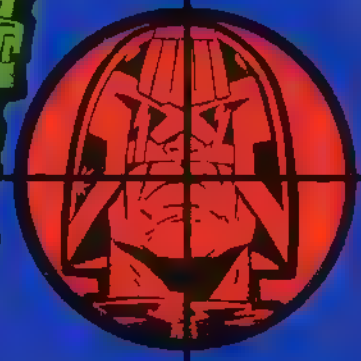
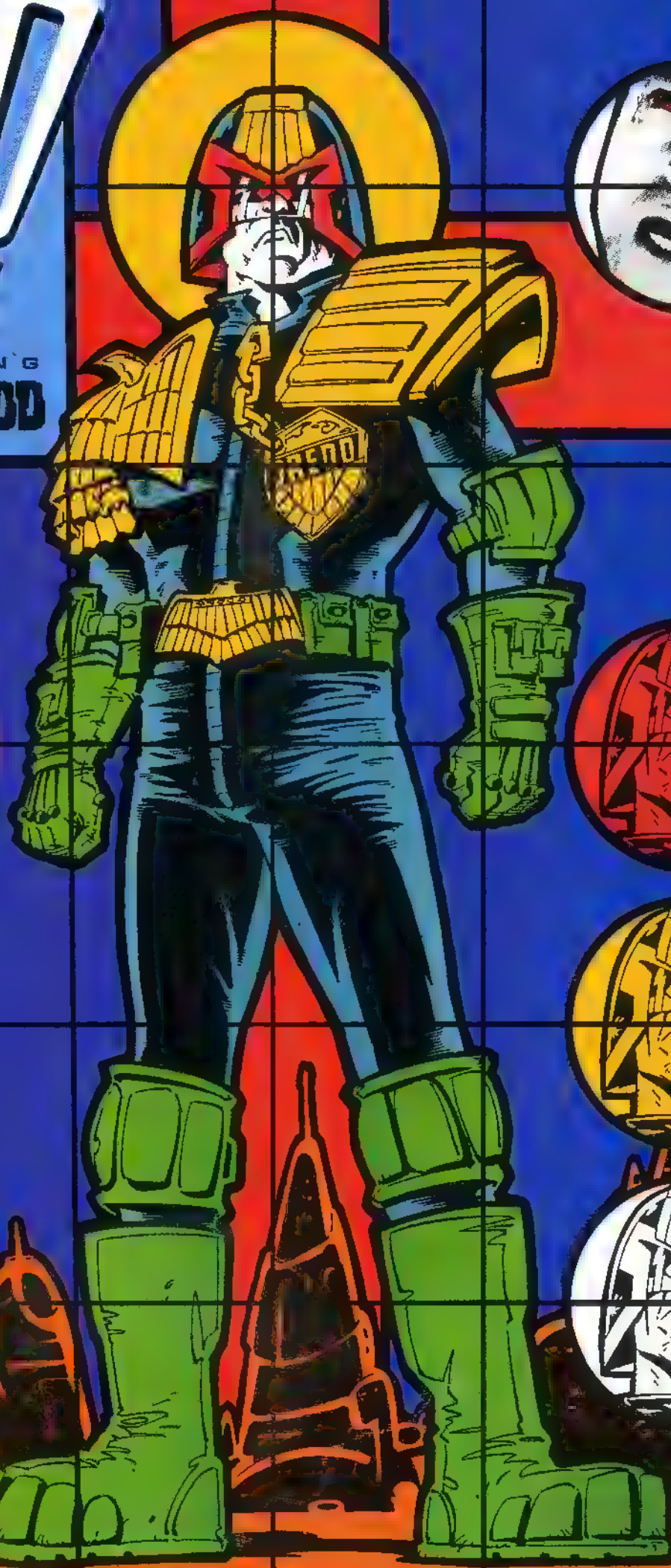
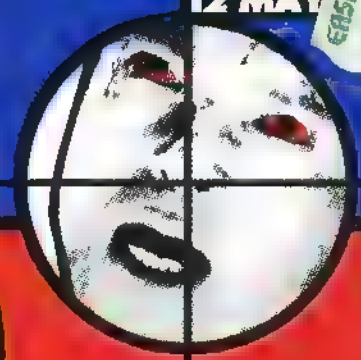
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

PROG
672

12 MAY

4
EASUM NEWS
1.95



LAW

David + Giner
1990



19

9 770262 284012

JUDGE DREDD

IN NECRO-POLIS

PART 5

UH... JUSTICE DEPT ?
THIS IS, UH, CHARLES CHAZ,
DUNG, UH, RENALDO BLOCK...
I, UH, CALLED A SHORT
WHILE AGO ABOUT, UH, THE
APARTMENT NEXT DOOR...

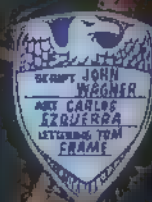
OH, YEAH...
THE GUY WITH
THE HEATING
PROBLEM.

YOU WERE WARNED
ABOUT WASTING OUR
TIME, CREEP !

HONEST, I-I DON'T WANT TO
BOTHER YOU - BUT I JUST SAW
JUDGE DREDD IN THE CORRIDOR -

HOORAY FOR YOU. WHAT IS IT, YOU
CLAIMIN' YOUR FIVE CRED\$?

NO! PLEASE!
YOU GOTTA
LISTEN! HE-HE
WAS CARRYING
ANOTHER JUDGE -
A W-WOMAN!
SHE-SHE LOOKED
LIKE SHE WAS
DEAD!



HE WAS GOING NEXT DOOR -
THE APARTMENT I TOLD YOU ABOUT!
HE GAVE ME A LOOK LIKE... LIKE...

I-I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO
KILL ME THEN AND THERE !

DREDD: Inlog: 1039
Loc: SEC 40, Webber
Stat: R5R

NOT A VERY
LIKELY STORY,
CITIZEN.

WHAT IS IT, YOU LONELY ?
NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO ?
OR YOU JUST GOT A
PATHOLOGICAL NEED TO
DO TIME ?

PLEASE! YOU
GOTTA BELIEVE
ME! THIS IS
SERIOUS!

IT'S
BEGINNING
TO LOOK THAT
WAY FOR YOU,
PAL !

TELL YOU WHAT, I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT
OF THE DOUBT HERE...

LET'S SAY YOU GOT A
MENTAL PROBLEM

LET'S SAY I PUT YOU
DOWN FOR A FEW
SESSIONS WITH THE
BLOCK SHRINK.

YOU'LL RECEIVE AN
APPOINTMENT IN DUE COURSE.
IN THE MEANTIME, I DON'T
EXPECT TO HEAR FROM YOU
AGAIN. IS THAT CLEAR?

I SAID, IS THAT
CLEAR?

Y-YES...

AW, JEEZ,
P-P-PLEASE,
JUDGE...

POW!
POW!
POW!

NNNNNNNN

WAKE, MY
PRECIOUSSSSSS

D-Dredd...?

GREETINGSSSS!

SHE LEFT
THIS NOTE -

*Summons from
His Majesty!
Back soon.
K.*

'HIS MAJESTY'?

DREDD.
THAT'S WHAT
SHE CALLS
HIM.

HMMM... THINK DREDD
MIGHT HAVE A LEAD ON
THE SISTERS?

COULD BE.
IT'S HIM THAT
MADE THE FIRST
CONTACT.

OKAY, WE'LL HAVE TO
START THE MEETING
WITHOUT HER.

AGEE'S BREAKTHROUGH LAST NIGHT WAS
THE FIRST CLEAR INDICATION WE'VE HAD.
I THINK WE CAN NOW BE CERTAIN THAT
THE SISTERS OF DEATH - IN SOME
FORM OR OTHER - DO EXIST.

SO WHY ARE WE HAVING
SO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING
A FIX ON THEM? WHY DID
WE FAIL TO PICK UP ANY
KIND OF WARNING?

IT'S TOUGH, RAVI. WE'RE JUST NOT
GETTING ANYTHING RIGHT NOW.

THERE'S CLEARLY SOME
EXTREME AND ABNORMAL
DISTURBANCE IN THE
PSIONIC FLUX.

YOU THINK THEY COULD
BE CAUSING IT TO
DISGUISE THEIR
PRESENCE?

PREW... THEY'D
HAVE TO BE
HYPER-
GENERATORS...

WHAT GETS ME IS, WHERE'S THE BODYCOUNT?
I MEAN, USUALLY WHEN DEATH AND HIS CREW
ARE ABOUT WE'RE PICKIN'EM OFF THE WALLS.
SO FAR - HOW LONG SINCE THE DREDD INCIDENT,
FOUR DAYS? - AND NOT ONE REPORTED DEATH.

YOU ALL RIGHT,
ANDERSON?

KIT... IT'S KIT.

SHE'S IN
TROUBLE!



OH DEAR
SWEET GRUD!



DREDD!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
TO ME?



POOR XXXENA...SSHHEE
FOUND USSS...SSHHEE
MADE THE BRIDGE BETWEEN
OUR WORLD AND THISSS...
BUT HER MIND ISS NOT
SSSTRONG ENOUGHHH...

...HER LIFE-FORCCCE
ISSS DRAINING FASSST...
SSOON SSHHEE WILL NO
LONGER BE ABLE TO
SSSERVE USSS...

THEN THE BRIDGE WILL BE
BROKEN AND WE MUSSST RETURN
TO THE DEADWORLD...

AND WE CANNOT ALLOW THAT!
THERE ISSS SSSO MUCH SSSTILL
TO DO HERE!



BUT YOUR MIND,
MY PRECIOUSSS...
SSSO MUCHH
SSSTRONGER !

N-NO -!

SSSSO MANY MORE
POSSSSSIBILITIESSSSS!

NO!

KIT!

NEXT
PROG° **THE WAY BACK!**



I-I CAN FEEL
THEM -- SQUIRMING
IN HER BRAIN!
FIGHT THEM, KIT!

YOU ARE
OURS!!!!!!

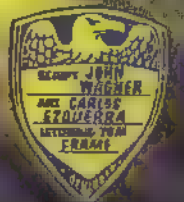
NO--!

FIGHT
THEM!

JUDGE DREDD IN NECROPOLIS



YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!



THEY'RE TOO STRONG! SHE
CAN'T KEEP THEM OUT!

WHO, ANDERSON?

THE SISTERS -

KIT!
OH GRUB...!

IT'S TOO LATE!
SHE-SHE'S GONE!

WHERE IS SHE? TRY
TO LOCATE HER!

IT'S NO GOOD...
I-I'VE LOST
HER...

SHE SCREAMED - AND THEN IT
ALL WENT DEAD... DEAD...

CONTROL!
PATCH ME
THROUGH TO
DREDD!

WHERE THE DARK JUDGES ACQUIRED DIMENSION TECHNOLOGY IS STILL A MYSTERY. PERHAPS AT ONE TIME THEY WERE TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED... MORE LIKELY OTHERS CHANCED TO BRING IT THERE - AND DID NOT LEAVE ALIVE, OF COURSE.

TECH
21

IN THE END WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO DUPLICATE THE MINIATURISATION OF THE DARK JUDGES' DEVICE. IN ANY CASE WE FELT IT BEST TO CREATE THE WARP WITHIN A STABLE PLATFORM ANCHORED IN THIS DIMENSION - LESS PRONE TO FALLING INTO THE WRONG HANDS.

JUDGE DEATH
AND HIS CRONIES -
COULD YOU USE
YOUR EQUIPMENT
TO BRING THEM
BACK?

GOOD GRIEF! WHY ON
EARTH WOULD I WANT TO?

I DIDN'T ASK YOU
IF YOU WANTED TO!
ANSWER THE QUESTION,
DAMMIT!

DROKK! GET A HOLD
OF YOURSELF!

MY... APOLOGIES,
DOCTOR. I'M...
UNDER A LOT OF
PRESSURE. I NEED
STRAIGHT
ANSWERS.

WELL, YES...
I SUPPOSE IT
COULD BE
DONE...

THE DARK JUDGES WERE HURLED INTO LIMBO. THE EXACT QUADRANTS WERE NOT RECORDED BUT THE DEVICES WERE ONLY CAPABLE OF WORKING WITHIN A NARROW SPAN... ONE WOULD SIMPLY HAVE TO EXPLORE UNTIL ONE FOUND THE CORRECT DIMENSION.

COULD THEY HAVE SURVIVED IN LIMBO?

THEY'RE ALREADY DEAD. HOW DO THEY SURVIVE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

GOOD POINT.

GRIEF! DO YOU SUSPECT SOMEBODY'S GOING TO ATTEMPT TO DO IT?

I DON'T KNOW...

I DON'T KNOW!

NNNNNNNN

WE CHOOSSSE WELL! THISSS ONESSS MIND ISSS FAR BETTER ATTUNED TO OUR NEEDSSSS!



POOR
XXXENA...

SSHHEE HASSS SSUFFERED FOR
US&S... AND THAT ISSS GOOD...
SSSUFFERING ISSS GOOD.

BUT NOW IT ISSS
ONLY RIGHT SSHHEE
SSHOULD HAVVE
HER REWARD.

OPEN YOUR EYES&S,
MY SSSWEETT&S

Y... You...

YOU'VE
COME...

NOTHINGG COULD
HAVVE KEPT ME
FROM YOUR SSSIDE,
FAITHFULLL ONE.



YOUR MOMENT HASSS
COME...LET ME TAKE
YOU TO MEE...TO HAVE
AND TO HOLD...TOGETHHHER...
FOREVVVVER.

SSSWEET BRIDE
OF DEATHHHH!



VERRRY
TOUCHHHING...

I DO SSSO
LLOVE A
WEDDINGGG!

TECH
21

SO IT'S
POSSIBLE...
THE DARK
JUDGES CAN
BE BROUGHT
BACK...

IS THAT WHAT
JUDD WANTS...TO
BRING DESTRUCTION
DOWN ON THE CITY...
REVENGE...?

...AND WHY NOT?
FITTING PAYMENT
FOR THEM, THE
GREAT DECEIVERS!

WHAT AM I
THINKING?

GRUD! MIND'S NOT
FUNCTIONING--SLEEP
DEPRIVATION! I DIDN'T
MEAN THAT!

JUDD... IT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH JUDD!
IT'S THE **SISTERS** - THE NIGHTMARES
STARTED AFTER **THEY** CAME! THEY'RE
TRYING TO MANIPULATE ME--

DROKK! EVEN BY COMING
HERE - FINDING OUT - I'M
PLAYING **THEIR** GAME...!

TECH
21

ATTENTION, DREDD!
WE HAVE A RELAY FROM
PSI-DIVISION --

DREDD - SHENKER!
WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOING
ON? WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO AGEE?

NEXT PROG:
**A FATE WORSE
THAN...**

DIDN'T CATCH THAT, SHENKER.
REPEAT.

JUDGE AGEE - A-G-E-E -
WHERE IS SHE?

WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK I'D KNOW?

GOOD GRUD, MAN, SHE WAS MEETING
YOU! SHE LEFT A NOTE -

FIRST I'VE
HEARD OF IT.

YOU MEAN - YOU
DIDN'T CONTACT HER?

AGEE... AGEE... SCAN YOUR
FUDDLED MIND...

THE GHOST OF A
MEMORY... A
FLEETING SHADOW
THAT VANISHES
AS YOU TRY TO
GRASP IT...

THE NAME
MEANS
SOMETHING,
BUT...

NEGATIVE.

WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM
ANYWAY?

ANDERSON JUST HAD A FLASH -
WE THINK THE SISTERS OF DEATH
MAY HAVE GOT TO HER!

DROKK!

SO... YOU ACCEPT
THEY WEREN'T JUST
A PRODUCT OF MY
IMAGINATION?

I'M AFRAID IT
LOOKS THAT WAY.
YOU SURE YOU
DIDN'T SEE AGEE?

POSITIVE

*Summons from
His Majesty!
Back Soon.
K.*

"HIS
MAJESTY"...

THAT DOESN'T
NECESSARILY
MEAN DREDD -
DOES IT?

WELL... NO... THAT'S
WHAT KIT CALLED HIM.
BUT... I SUPPOSE...

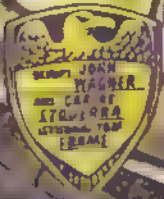
JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO- POLIS PART 7

IT COULD BE
THE KING OF
DENMARK FOR
ALL WE KNOW!
DAMN!

CONTROL! I WANT
AN APB OUT ON
JUDGE KIT AGEE!

ANY UNIT SIGHTING HER THIS A.M.
CONTACT ME, IMMEDIATE!
THAT'S A CODE 99 RED!

BELIEVE SHE MAY BE
BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY
THE SISTERS OF
DEATH!



CAN YOU FFEEL
THEM, SSSSTER?

TRAPPED ..
SSSCREAMING IN
RIGHTEOUSSSS
HATRED...

SSSTORING THEIR MALICE
IN THEIR BLACK HEARTSSS...

SSSTILL BEYOND
OUR REACHH...
BUT CLOSSSER.
CLOSSSER...



PATIENCE,
BROTHERSSSS.
WE HEED YOUR
CALL.

WE ARE
COMINGGGG.

THE TIME OF
NECROPOLISSSS
ISSS AT HAND!

REPORT IT!

THE NIGHTMARES --
THEY'VE GOT TO KNOW!

THEY CAN'T BLAME YOU NOW!
THE SISTERS -- THEY'VE BEEN
USING YOU!

IT'S YOUR DUTY TO
REPORT IT!

Aiiiiii

UNGG!

CRAAK!



DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU'VE LEFT IT TOO LATE ALREADY!

ON THE FLOOR!
ALL OF YOU!



SHOULD HAVE REPORTED IT DAYS AGO. IT WAS YOUR DUTY THEN!

DON'T TELL ME THIS IS FOR PERSONAL USE, CREEP!



YOU'VE ALREADY FOULED UP!
THAT'S ALL THEY NEED --
UNRELIABLE! YOU'RE OUT!

LOOK! IT'S
SNOWING!



CONTROL! YOU GOT SIX FOR
SHAKE-DOWN, ALLEY OF BAD-
FELLOWS LODGE 404. POSSESSION
WITH INTENT TO SELL. ASSAULT
WITH DEADLY WEAPON.
RESISTING ARREST ETCETERA.

SENTENCE DEFERRED PENDING
FULL INVESTIGATION.

MED-WAGON
REQUIRED.



OLD DREDD, HE WOULD HAVE
DONE HIS DUTY -- OH YES --

BUT YOU'RE NOT DREDD! YOU
NEVER ASKED TO BE DREDD!

WILCO! GO TO PALAIS
DE BOING, ROO WALK
NUDE ELDSTERS
BOTHERING
DOORDROID.



ALL YOU WANTED
WAS A CHANCE!

ANY OF YOU OTHERS EVEN
THINK OF HELPING THEM
YOU BETTER CANCEL
YOUR HOLIDAY PLANS.



NEAT
WORKER.

YOUNGER'N
I FIGURED
HIM FOR.

YOU'RE YOUNGER
THAN I EXPECTED
YOU HAD A REJUVE
JOB OR
SOMETHING...

DROKK!

LOYAL ORDER
OF
BADFELLOWS
LODGE 44

AGEE... NO! DON'T THINK IT!
YOUR MIND PLAYING TRICKS
AGAIN...

CONTROL! GOT TO
GET CONTROL!

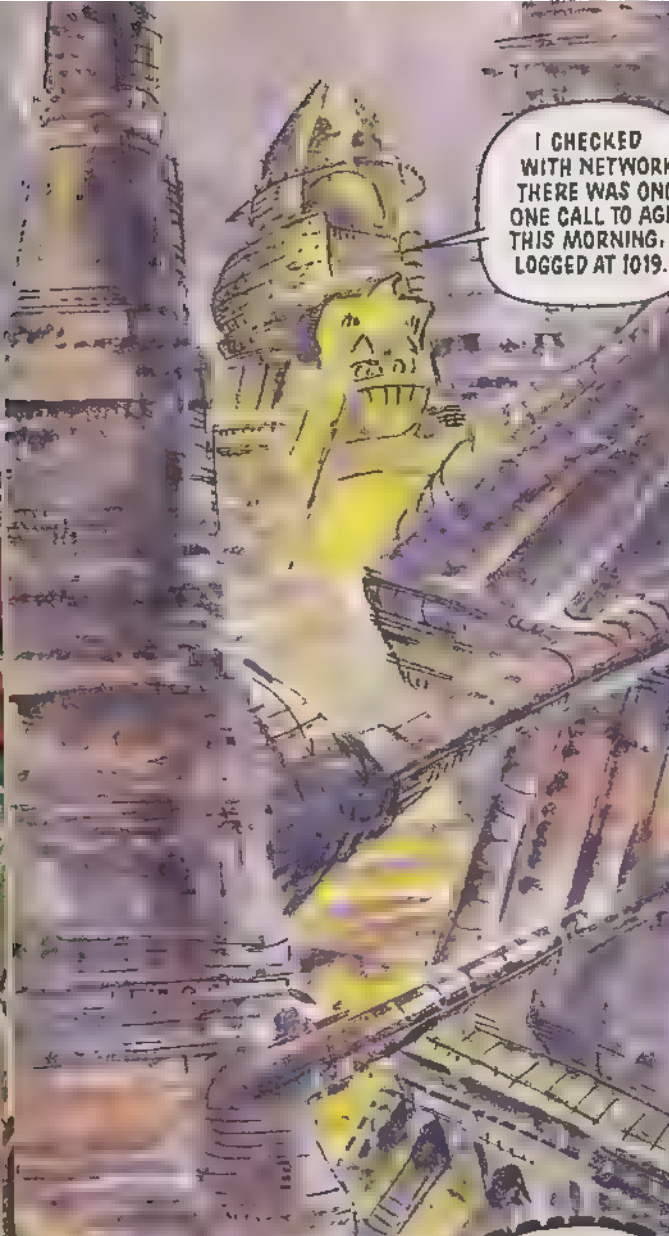
RED PILLS THIS TIME.
TO STAY AWAKE.

RED FOR RAGE!

BREAKING REGS RIGHT THERE!
UNFIT FOR DUTY!

BETWEEN THE NIGHTMARES
AND THE... PILLS...





I CHECKED
WITH NETWORK.
THERE WAS ONLY
ONE CALL TO AGEE
THIS MORNING,
LOGGED AT 1019.

SOURCE -
DREDD.

THEY'RE
SURE?

THEY DON'T
MAKE MISTAKES.

I DOUBLE-CHECKED
WITH OPS DREDD WAS OUT
OF CONTACT BETWEEN
1039 AND 1114 - ON RADIO
SILENCE. WHEREABOUTS
UNKNOWN

SO HE COULD
HAVE MET AGEE -

COULD NOTHING!
HE LIED!

NO!

AGEE

NEXT
PROG. **THE JIG'S UP!**

GRUD: WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

ACT LIKE A JUDGE, DAMN IT!

FOR ONCE, ACT LIKE A JUDGE

CONTROL: INFORM
PSI-DIVISION. I'M
TURNING MYSELF IN

BELIEVE I MAY BE
IMPLICATED IN THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF
JUDGE AGEE

JUDGE DREDD

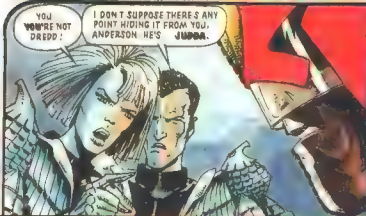
NECRO- POLIS

PART 8

DAMN YOU!

WHAT
DID YOU DO
TO HER?

ANDERSON: GET HOLD
OF YOURSELF!



YOU
YOU'RE NOT
DREDD!

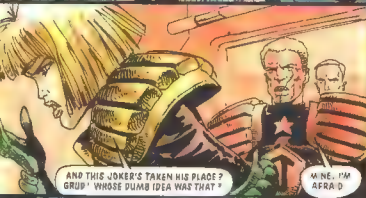
I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY
POINT HIDING IT FROM YOU,
ANDERSON. HE'S JUDDA.



ONE OF THE CAPTIVES FROM
THE JUDDA INCURSION --
DREDD'S BLOODLINE --
NAME OF KRACKEN.

WAIT. YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS? THEN DREDD --

GO ON THE LONG
WALK. ALL PRETTY
HUSH HUSH.



AND THIS JOKER'S TAKEN HIS PLACE?
GRUB? WHOSE DUMB IDEA WAS THAT?

WINE. I'M
AFRAID.



WELL --
WHAT DID
YOU DO WITH
AGEE?

I DON'T
KNOW.



I DON'T KNOW
IF I DID
ANYTHING.

TELL THEM ABOUT THE
SISTERS. THE NIGHTMARES...
ABOUT JUDD.

TELL THEM YOU'VE HARDLY
SLEPT FOR FOUR DAYS --
ABOUT THE PILLS --

YOU WERE CONFUSED - YOUR BRAIN WASN'T FUNCTIONING. YOU SHOULD HAVE REPORTED IT, BUT --

EXCUSES

LAME EXCUSES

NETWORK CONFIRMS ONLY ONE CALL MADE TO AGEE THIS A.M. LOGGED 1019. IT CAME FROM YOU.

I DON'T REMEMBER

I HAVE A VAGUE PICTURE OF AGEE BUT I CAN'T HOLD IT

WHATEVER ELSE I'VE DONE I HAVE CLEARLY FAILED TO CARRY OUT MY DUTIES AS A JUDGE OF MEGA-CITY ONE. I THEREFORE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE --

YOU ARRANGED TO MEET HER. WHY?

WHERE DID YOU GO? WHERE DID YOU TAKE HER?

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T REMEMBER!

YOU WERE LOGGED AT 1059 ON WEBBER, SECTOR 40. YOU NOTIFIED RADIO SILENCE. WHERE DID YOU GO?

BROKE UP AN ARM AT THE GROSSE CENTRE AND THEN I WAS CALLED TO THE SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY, CATHOPE STREET - ORTHODONTIST AMOK

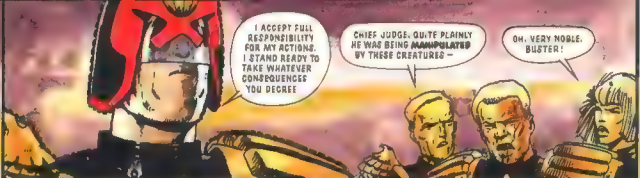
THE ARM HAPPENED BEFORE 1059 - YOU WERE LOGGED AT THE SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY AT 1114. THERE'S A 35 MINUTE GAP!

WHERE WERE YOU?

SO YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HER BADGE CAME INTO YOUR POSSESSION?

NO





I ACCEPT FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY ACTIONS. I STAND READY TO TAKE WHATEVER CONSEQUENCES YOU DECREE

CHIEF JUDGE, QUITE PLAINLY HE WAS BEING MANIPULATED BY THESE CREATURES -

OH, VERY NOBLE, BUSTER!

BUT YOU DON'T GET OUT OF IT THAT EASY. YOU MET KIT AGEE - YOU BETRAYED HER TO THE SISTERS OF DEATH - AND SOMEWHERE IN YOUR MIND IS THE MEMORY OF IT!

I'M GOING TO GET IT OUT!



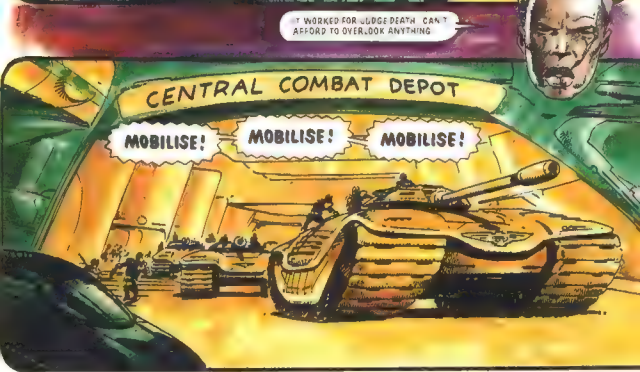
WE'LL START ON WEBBER STREET!

PLENTY OF UNITS BACKING UP H-WAGONS OVERHEAD. FULL ARMAMENT. BETTER ADD BOING.



BOING?

IT WORKED FOR JUDGE DEATH. CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK ANYTHING



CENTRAL COMBAT DEPOT

MOBILISE!

MOBILISE!

MOBILISE!

WEBBER STREET, SECTOR 40!
SISTERS OF DEATH!

WHO - ?

H-WAGONS' N POS TION
OVER WEBBER!

WHAT'S GO N' ON ?

THAT'S ANDERSON. ISN'T IT ?

WHO'S THAT WITH HER - DREDO ?

TELL YOU, IF WE FIND THESE
SISTERS YOU BOYS CAN GO IN
FIRST!

'KAY, YOU'RE ON WEBBER ...
YOU'RE CALL NG N -
WHAT DO YOU SAY ?

I DON'T KNOW,
ANDERSON!

LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN JOG YOUR
MEMORY.--

OH, BOY
YOUR BRAIN -

OH!! YOU ARE ONE CRAZY,
MIXED-UP KID -

YOU'RE SITTING ON
WEBBER. . YOU'VE
CUT THE ENGINE
YOU'RE WATCHING -
WAITING -

YOU'RE WAITING FOR
MORE. AREN'T YOU?

I DON'T -

SOMEONE'S COMING. . IT'S
HER! YOU'RE CALLING IN -
SOMETHING YOU WANT TO
CHECK OUT - ADOPTING
RADIO SILENCE

THAT'S A ROE
SEA LOGGED
1039

AGEE

WE'RE HEADING NORTH SHE'S
TALKING - I DON'T LISTEN

TURNING BURNT-OUT FACTORY
ON THE . ON THE RIGHT

THAT'S MILLARDS! LET'S GO!

WE'RE
MOVING:

SSSSSS THE GAME ISSS
UP. COME THE HOUNDSSSS
BAYINGG FOR BLOOD!

ALASSSS. WE
HAVVE NO BLOOD
TO GIVVE ..

FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVVVE
MORE THAN ENOUGHNN OF
THEIR OWN!

NEXT
PAGE

H-WAGONS, HOO-OOH!



IN SHOPS EVERY MONDAY
FREE 40p
ON 1 JAN 1990

LOCK & LOAD

MC-1'S FINEST HOUR

ISSN 0262-284X



23

9 770262 284012



SNAKE EYES!



YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!
IT'S THE LAW!

AW HEYYYY~!



IS THAT ALL FOR US?

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO- POLIS PART 9



THAT'S WHAT
I CALL
OVERKILL!





WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?



CONTROL - ANDERSON!
WE HAVE CONTACT!
REPEAT, CONTACT!



GETTING AWFULLY
DARK OUT THERE!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON.
MORE JUDGES THAN ..



GRUD ON A GREENIE!..!

DON'T HOLD THE FRONT
PAGE OF 'COVER GIRL',
CONTROL - THESE
TWO AIN'T IN.



GREETINGSSSSS!

GREETINGSSSSS!



MY EARS!



THOSE ABOUT
TO DIE - WE
SSSSSALUTE
YOUUU!

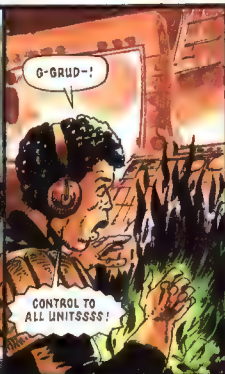
SSSSALUTE
YOUUU!

SSSSALUTE
YOUUU!

SSSSALUTE
YOUUU!

SSSSALUTE
YOUUU!

AHHHHHHH





HOLY MOLEY!
THIS IS SOMETHIN'
GET THE CAMERA,
HONEY!

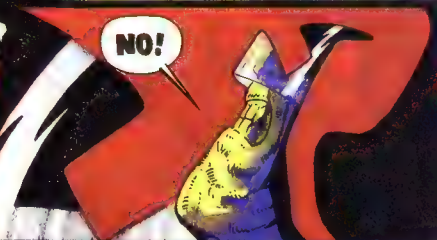


THEY'RE PLAYING WITH
YOU! IT'S ALL IN YOUR
MIND! YOU'VE GOT TO
BELIEVE ME—!

OH, GRUD! GRUD!



KRAKEN! YOUUU
BETRAYYYED
USSSS



NO!



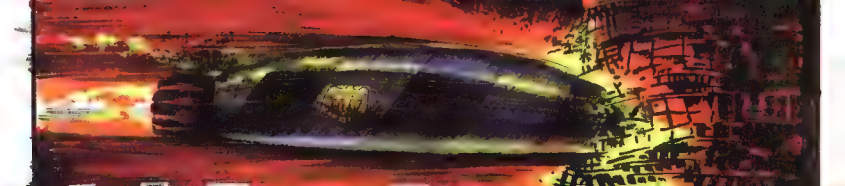
HURRY IT UP,
HONEY! HURRY!



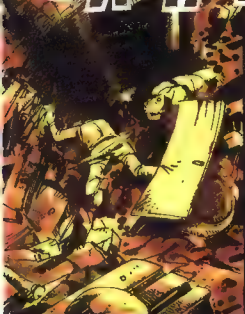
OH, MAN! WHAT
A PICTURE!

WE'LL BE
FAMOUS!
WE'LL SELL
THIS FOR
MILLIONS!





AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA





KIT...THEY'RE
DOING THIS
THROUGH KIT!

I'VE GOT TO
REACH HER!



YOU
SSSWORE
TO SSSERVE
USSS!

WE HHHAD AN
ARRANGGGEMENT!

NOT WITH ME!
IF YOU MADE ANY
DEALS IT WASN'T
WITH ME!



KRAKEN!
HEAR ME!

I'M...NOT
KRAKEN!



I CAN SEE YOU, KIT,
BUT... YOU'RE SO
FAR AWAY...!

LOCATE!
LOCATE!



KIT: YOU'VE
GOT TO
HELP ME!

NEXT
PROG **MIND GAMES!**

--BURNIN'.

INSTRUMENTS WON'T
RESPOND! WE'RE
COMING DOWN!

H-WAGON SWITCH
TO AUXILIARY!

EMERGENCY CODE
DOUBLE RE-AMM!

MED-WAGONS: WHERE
ARE THE MED-WAGONS?

OVERLORD ROBOT!
REPORT.
DEPLOY ROBOTS!

JUDGE DREDD NEGRO POLIS PART 10

WE ALREADY DEPLOYED
EVERYTHING WE GOT.
CONTROL! NOTHING'S ANY
GOOD AGAINST THESE
THINGS!

EEEARGH!



HEAVY 4, REPORT
STATUS:

FULLY OPERATIONAL, CONTROL
BUT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF
OPTIONS.



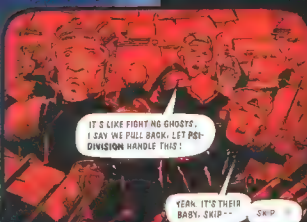
WHAT'S THE
MATTER,
SSSKIPPP?

BROKK



CREEPS ARE
DANCE!
CHHHHHH!

AHHHHH



IT'S LIKE FIGHTING GHOSTS.
I SAY WE PULL BACK, LET P&S
DIVISION HANDLE THIS!

YEAH, IT'S THEIR
BABY, SKIP--

SKIP



THEY'RE IN
CONTROL.

AHHHHH!



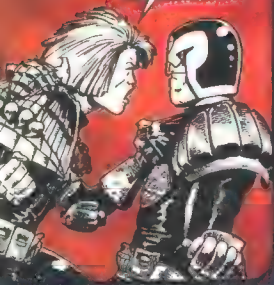
SSS SSSSK...PPP

GARSON! WHAT'S
GOING ON THERE?
REPORT!

INFILTRATORS
CONTROL! BUT
DON'T WORRY--



DAMN YOU, WHAT DID YOU
DO WITH HER? WHERE
DID YOU TAKE HER?



ANNNDERSSSSONNN!

YOU CAN'T FOOL
ME! I FEEL YOUR
FESTERING
FINGERS IN MY
BRAIN! I KNOW
YOUR GAME!



OUT OUT
DAMNED
SPOOKS!

CURSSSS
YOU,
ANNNDERSSSSONNN!



DUNC
DUNC

SSSSILLLENNCCCC

DUNC
RENALDO!

SHE'S IN
DUNC RENALDO -

WHAPP!

KILLLL
HHHERRR!

SSSSHHHEE'S THE
ONLYYY ONE WHO KNOWSSSS!
KILL HHHERRR!

IT'S NOT
NECESSARY!

KRAKEN!
I COMMAND
YOU!





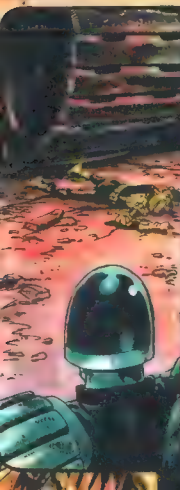
WE GOT MASS
INFILTRATION
HERE! THEY'RE
EVERYWHERE!

YOU'RE SHOOTING
AT JUDGES,
GARSON



YOU'RE
LYING!

WHAT IS T CONTROL—
YOU IN WITH THEM TOO?



SSHHHEEE 19999
BEYONDO YOUR REACHH



YOU HAVE A GREATER
TASSKK TO PERFORM

MAKE \$\$\$PEED—
KRAKENNN!

NEAT
PROG

RIDERS ON THE STORM!



HEAVY 4 IS OUT OF
CONTROL! ROBOT UNITS
NEUTRALISE!



JUDGESS OF MEGA-CCCITYYY ONE!

JUDGESS OF MEGA-CCCITYYY ONE!



YOU HHAVE HHAD BUT A TASSSTE
OF VHHAT,SSS TO COME

WE HAVVVE TODAY EMBARKED
JPON GREAT DEEDSSSS



THISS CITY
ISHHALL BE OUR
MASSSTERWORKKK!

MASSSTERWORKKK!

MASSSTERWORKKK!

MASSSTERWORKKK!

A TRIUMPHHH OF DESSSPAIR
OVER HHHOPE

DARKNESSS OVER
LIGHTTT

JUSSSTICOOE
OVER LIFFFE

WHY WAGGHHHETTY ADMIT HOW
GUILTTT - JOIN WITHHH LSSSSS!

TOGETHHHER WE'LL BUILD
NECROPOLISSSS!

THEY'RE GONE
CONTROL. JUST
VANISHED!

MED-WAGONS
GET MED-WAGONS
HERE!

WHERE THE HELL
ARE THE
MED WAGONS?

WHAT'VE
JONE?

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO- POLIS PART 11

NECROPOLIS CITY OF
THE DEAD
THEY MADE IT
SOUND LIKE A ONCE-IN-A-
LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY

I'M AFRAID
I MIGHT WELL
BE

CONTROL! ANDERSON
AND DREDD - WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO THEM?

NO INFORMATION, CHIEF JUDGE
IT'S ALL PRETTY CONFUSED
DOWN THERE



FIND OUT
THAT'S
PRIORITY ONE!



CODE X0317
SEARCH
NEGATIVE

TRY
AGAIN



THIS'S
MADNESS!

ON THE CONTRARY
IT'S THE SANEST
THING I'VE EVER
DONE



WAS MAD FOR A WHILE
THEY TWISTED ME -
SQUEEZED ME - BUT
KNOW MY DUTY

BUT IF YOU BR NG THEM
BACK TH-THOUSANDS
WILL DE

DISAGREE



YOU'RE SETTING YOUR
SIGHTS TOO LOW. ALL WILL
DE TOTAL ANNihilation ON
T'S THE BEST WAY

YOU'VE FLIPPED
DREDD! OUT OF
YOUR MIND -

DON'T CALL ME DREDD.
MY NAME IS **KRAKEN**!



DON'T CALL ME DREDDDD
MY NAME ISSS KRAKENNN!
PATHHRETICCC!

HOW SSSSMPLE A TOOO...SSS
THE HHHUMAN MIND! SSSO
EASSSY TO MANIPULATE



SSSOOONN MY
BROTHHERSSSS.



I'M TELLING YOU, DEAN
HE ORDERED US OUT AT
GUNPO NT

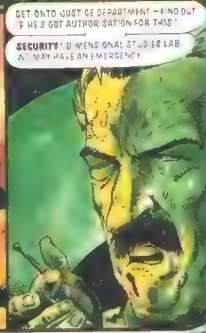


IT'S
BARRED



HE WAS HERE BEFORE
ASKING DOCTOR MUNN
ABOUT RETRYING
THE DARK JUDGES
FROM LIMBO

SWEET LARRY,
YOU DON'T
SUPPOSE—?



GET ONTO JUSTICE DEPARTMENT—FIND OUT
IF HE'S GOT AUTHORIZATION FOR THIS!

SECURITY'D MENS ONAL STUDIOS LAB
N' MAY HAVE AN EMERGENCY



HHHHRRRRYYYY

KEEP TRYING
SPEED T UP



CHIEF JUDGE! WE MAY
HAVE LOCATED DREDD!

RESEARCH LAB AT
TECH 21 HE'S
APPARENTLY BLOCKED
IT OFF - HOLDING A
DR MUNN HOSTAGE
SOUNDS LIKE A
HOAX CALL TO ME

MUNN GOOD GRUB
BELIEVE IT!

ALL AVAILABLE UNITS
EMERGENCY CODE DOUBLE
RED! I'M AUTHORIZING
TERMINATION

DAMMIT
I'M ORDERING IT!
STOP DREDD AT
ALL COSTS!

WHAT HAVE
UNLEASHED?

HHHHURRRYYY

IF YOU'RE
STALLING ME -

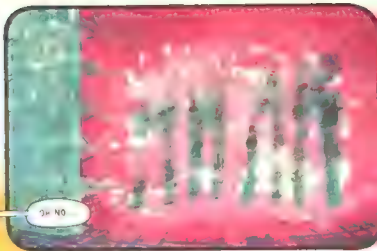
T-IT'S NOT MY
FAULT! WE'RE
SEARCHING BLIND -
IT-T COULD
TAKE DAYS . . !

IT BETTER NOT
TRY AGAIN!



YOU-
YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY
WITH THIS -

OH NO



I CAN'T LET
THIS HAPPEN .



OH BOY

NICE ONE
DR MUNN



GREEEEETINGSSSSS!

WE HAVVVE COME
TO JUDGGGE YOU!

NEXT PAGE

JUDGEMENT DAY!

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

PROG
652

40p

11 NOV 1983



JOHN FALCONER



THE DEAD MAN



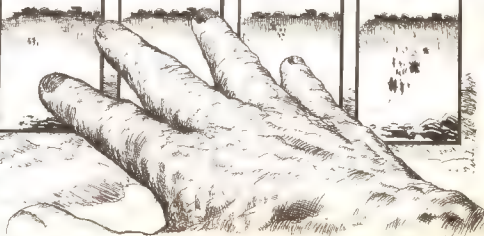
WAD
KULFUPLEY
J. RIDDIMY
JACK POTTER

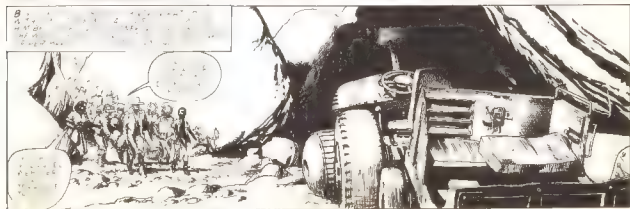


IT WUZ ME WHO FOUND
THE DEAD MAN. FUZZY
GREE, SEZ HE FOUND HIM
TOO COS HE WUZ THERE
BUT IT WUZ ME

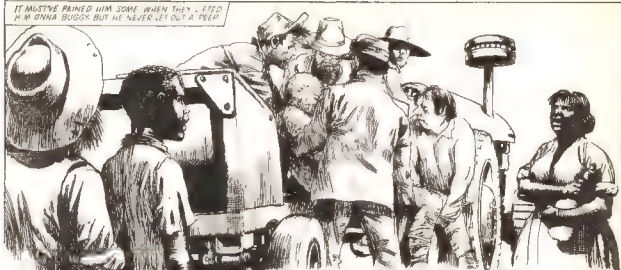






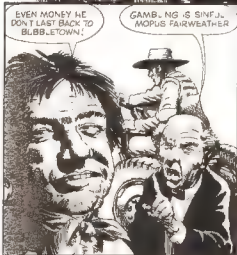


IT MUST'VE PAINED HIM SOME WHEN THEY KILLED
HIM ONNA BUGGY. BUT HE NEVER LET OUT A DEEP



EVEN MONEY HE
DON'T LAST BACK TO
BLBBLETOWN!

GAMBLING IS SINFUL
MOPUS FAIRWEATHER



ME WAS PRAYING FOR HIM. DUNNO WHY. HE'S
KINDA DIED. TOLD HIM BEING ME WHO FOUND HIM

REPENT. FASTERING
SORE OF HIM MAN. Y

GET THE
"RAIL" MAN
OVER ME



WHAT I DON'T KNOW
THEN BUT WHO HE WUZ-
OR WHY HE **HAD** TO
STAY A LIE

AND NEVER IN MY
OF THE **EVIL** HE
WOULD BRING DOWN
A...



Who is the
Dead Man?

I REMEMBER THE FIRST
TIME I FELT THE TERROR
I GUESS YOU NEVER GET
OVER THINGS LIKE THAT
LIKE THEY WUZ BRANDED
ON YOUR BRAIN THEY
BECOME PART OF YOU.
THEY CHANGE YOU. AND
AFTERWARD NOTHING IS
EVER THE SAME

**SO I REMEMBER
IT CLEAR AS DAY
THOUGH I WUZ
NIGHT WHEN I CAME
THE FIRST NIGHT
WE BRING THE
DEAD MAN
HOME...**

I REMEMBER THE FIRST
TIME I FELT THE TERROR
I GUESS YOU NEVER GET
OVER THINGS LIKE THAT
LIKE THEY WUZ BRANDED
ON YOUR BRAIN THEY
BECOME PART OF YOU.
THEY CHANGE YOU. AND
AFTERWARD NOTHING IS
EVER THE SAME

**SO I REMEMBER
IT CLEAR AS DAY
THOUGH I WUZ
NIGHT WHEN I CAME
THE FIRST NIGHT
WE BRING THE
DEAD MAN
HOME...**

THE
DEAD
MAN
PART TWO



THE
DEAD
MAN
PART TWO

HE WON'T SEE MORNIN', THAT'S FOR SURE

ONE TOUGH CUSTOMER TO HAVE LASTED THIS LONG

HE WON'T SEE MORNIN', THAT'S FOR SURE

ONE TOUGH CUSTOMER TO HAVE LASTED THIS LONG

I COULD NEVER STOP CALLING HIM THE DEAD MAN. I SPOKE COS BY RIGHTS HE REALLY SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD. NOBODY SURVIVES THE KINDA INJURIES HE HAD. NOT OUT HERE IN THE CURSED EARTH.

SEE THEM MARKS ON HIM.

WV
AD

WOLFE
KATZ
JACK POTTER

I COULD NEVER STOP CALLING HIM THE DEAD MAN. I SPOKE COS BY RIGHTS HE REALLY SHOULD'VE BEEN DEAD. NOBODY SURVIVES THE KINDA INJURIES HE HAD. NOT OUT HERE IN THE CURSED EARTH.

SEE THEM MARKS ON HIM.

WV
AD

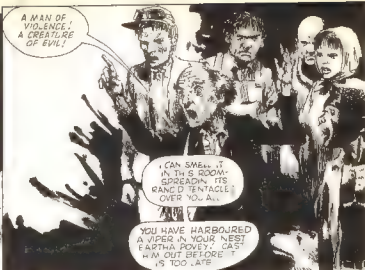
WOLFE
KATZ
JACK POTTER





BULLET SCARS
IF EVER SEEN
'EM!

THIS FELLER'S
NO STRANGER TO
TROUBLE.



A MAN OF
VIOLENCE!
A CREATURE
OF EVIL!

I CAN SMELL IT
IN THIS ROOM!
SPREADING ITS
RANCID TENTACLE
OVER YOU ALL!

YOU HAVE HARBOURED
A VIPER IN YOUR NEST
EARTHA POVEY. CAST
HIM OUT BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE.



CORDIN' TO YOU
EVERYBODY'S A
CREATURE OF EVIL,
MR LARKIN.

MAYBE HE IS A WRONG 'UN
BUT F HE AINT GONNA
LAST TIL MORNIN, DON'T MATTER
MUCH EITHER WAY. IN THE MEAN
TIME **WE'D** BE WRONG F WE
DIDN'T TRY AN MAKE HIS DYN
A LITTLE EASER.

CAST
HIM OUT,
SAY.



NO, I'M
CASTIN' **YOU**
OUT!

ALL YOU CAN
JUST CLEAR J. A
HERE AN' GIVE THE
MAN SOME
PEACE.



YOU'RE BRINGIN'
DOOM TO US ALL
EARTHA POVEY.

HOLY
LARRY'S
GETTIN'
HORSE.

HIS WIFE
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
HIM, POOR SOUL.



DOOOOOOM!

IF WE'D KNOWN
ABOUT THE FEARFUL
THINGS THAT WERE
TO BEFALL US, MAYBE
WE'D HAVE LISTENED
TO HOLY LARRY

BUT WE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN--COULDN'T
EVEN IMAGINE. NOBODY COULD.

I KNOW
YOU!

SERVANTS
OF EVIL.
I KNOW
YOU!

HE'S
FEVERISH

WHAT
DEVILMENT
IS AFOOT?

DOG??

Grrrrrrrrrr

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
BOY?

SOMETHIN'S
SCARED HIM--

GRRRRRRRRR!

DAMN YOU,
I WON'T!
HUUHHH!
-DE FOR YOU

JESUS,
HARV, WHAT
IS IT?



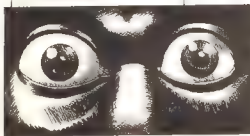
I WAKE
UP

IT WAS THERE
IN THE ROOM

LIKE A SHADOW
PASSING OVER ME
- **THROUGH ME** -
TAKEN MY BLOOD
TO CE



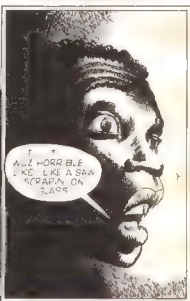
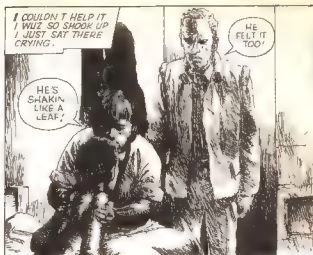
FOR A MOMENT I FELT I WAS
LOOKING INTO THE VERY PIT
OF NICKEDNESS



DOWN AND DOWN, DEEPER AND DEEPER
AND DARKER AND MORE FULL OF PURE BLIND
EVIL THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE



THAT'S ALL



TWO DAYS LATER THE FEVER BROKE. MAM SAID THANKS TO GOD AND GREASEPLANT
JEWEL IT LOOKED LIKE THE DEAD MAN WUL GONNA PULL THROUGH

YOU HEAR
ME IN
THERE,
EARTHA
POVEY?
REPENT!

REPENT!

REPENT
SA

HE'S COMIN'
ROUND AGA N. YASSA.
GET ME THAT SOUP
BOWL.

YOU HAVE
TAKEN THE
VIPER INTO
YOUR OWN
NEST

HE'S TAKIN'
SOME THIS
TIME

WHERE
AM I?

BLBBLETOWN, WEST OF ACID
RIVER - BOUT FORTY KAYS NORTH
OF NANCHUK

WHAT'S YOUR NAME,
STRANGER? HOW'D
YOU COME TO BE
IN THIS MESS?

DON'T...
KNOW

YOU DON'T
KNOW

NOTH NG...

NEXT PROG

Trail of the
DEAD MAN

THE DEAD MAN

PART 3

MORE THAN A WEEK WENT BY AND THE **TERROR** THAT VISITED US THAT NIGHT DIDN'T COME AGAIN NEAR EVERYONE IN BUBBLETOWN HAD FELT IT ME COULDN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND

AT NIGHT I'D STAND LISTENING AT THE DOOR WATCHING FOR THE SHADOWS ONCE OR TWICE I THOUGHT I COULD HEAR IT SCREAM— FAR AWAY IN THE DISTANCE— AND MY KNEES WOULD GO WAK AND THE SHADOWS WOULD COME BACK AGAIN

THERE'S NOTHING THERE, BOY

I NEVER FELT NOTHING SO DOWN RIGHT **EVIL**, PAD

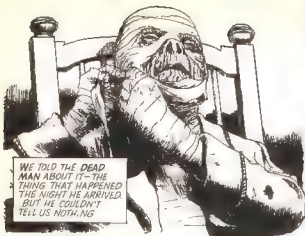
THERE'S THINGS IN THIS WORLD MORE TERRIBLE THAN WE COULD EVER IMAGINE YASSA. MOST TIMES ORDINARY FOLK LIKE US ARE LUCKY AN THEY JUST PASS US BY

I GOT THE FEELIN' IT WUZ LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN

STILL IS OUT THERE SOMEWHERE

OR SOMEONE





WE TOLD THE DEAD MAN ABOUT IT—THE THING THAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT HE ARRIVED BUT HE COULDN'T TELL US NOTHING



THE DEAD MAN COULDN'T TELL US NOTHING ABOUT NOTHING...



THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' YOU REMEMBER ABOUT YOUR PAST—SOMETHIN' THAT WOULD AT LEAST GIVE US A CLUE!

IT'S A BLANK.

YOU SAID THINGS WHEN YOU WUZ FEVERED... SOME THIN' ABOUT "SERVANTS OF EVIL"—AN' "DEVILMENT AFOOT"—AN' THEN YOU SHOUTED "I WON'T DIE FOR YOU"...

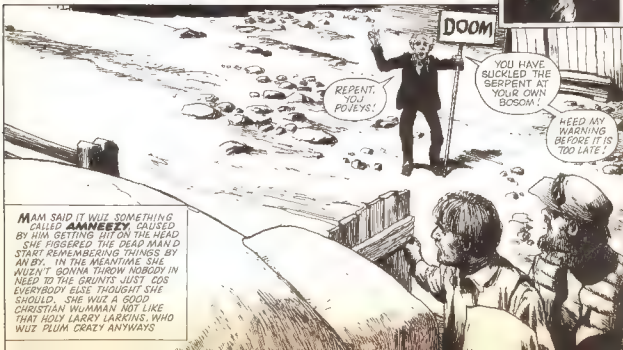
THAT MEAN ANYTHIN'?



"I WON'T DIE FOR YOU."

NOTHING.

NOTHING AT ALL.



REPENT, YOU POJEYS!

YOU HAVE SUCKLED THE SERPENT AT YOUR OWN BOSOM!

NEED MY WARNING BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

MAM SAID IT WUZ SOMETHING CALLED **AMNEEZY**, CAUSED BY HIM GETTING HIT ON THE HEAD SHE FIGGERED THE DEAD MAN'D START REMEMBERING THINGS BY AN BY. IN THE MEANTIME SHE WUZ'N' GONNA THROW NOBODY IN NEED TO THE GRUNTS JUST COS EVERYBODY ELSE THOUGHT SHE SHOULD. SHE WUZ A GOOD CHRISTIAN WOMMAN NOT LIKE THAT HOLY LARRY LARKINS, WHO WUZ PLUM CRAZY ANYWAYS







"ON THE ROAD MAN OUT
TO WHERE HE WAS. HE SAID
THAT DAY. HE SAID THE
REBELS GOT HIM WITH A BOMB
SOMEWHERE. HE SAID
ABOUT 10 BY THE NORTH
PASTURE. NANA SAID HE
SHOULD BE GOING TO
NANA'S. HE CAME TO MEET
FOR AT LEAST A MONTH AND
LET THE GEESE. HE WAS
ON THE JOB."

"BUT HE WILL LEAD IT IN SOME
PLACE THERE. ALL THE
GEESE WERE IN THE PLACE."



"THAT'S
WHERE YOU
WUZ LYN."

"GRABBED AT
THE SBC LEARD
AND YOU
INSTEAD."

"AND THERE
WAS NOTHING
ELSE HERE
JUST ME?"



"THERE WUZ DRAG MARKS
LEADING OUT IN THE
ROCKY GO. BUT
THERE WAS NO FELLOW
IMAGINE HERE."



"EVERYTHING MUST
BE STILL SOMEWHERE
IN MY HEAD."

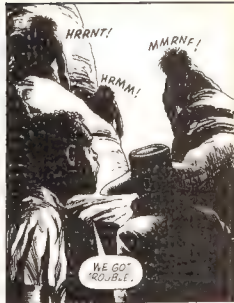
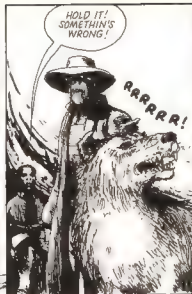
"I COULD
FIND OUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO ME
MAYBE IT WOULD
HELP UNLOCK THE
REST OF IT."



"WHAT ABOUT
THE DOGS? ARE
THEY DEAD?"



"HE'S GOT
SOMETHING."





THE DEAD MAN

PART FOUR



KEE RIPLEY
JOHN BODDIE
JACK RITTER



THERE WUZ AT LEAST
EIGHT OF THEM TO
TWO OF US. I FIGGERED
WE WUZ GONERS FOR
SURE

BUT WUZ TO
LEARN SOME
THIN ABOUT THE
DEAD MAN
THAT DAY

HRAA!!!

UNGGG!

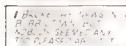
SPAK!

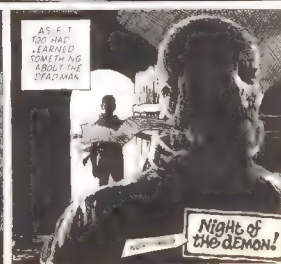
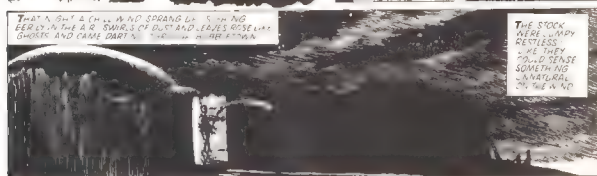
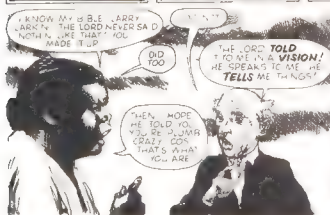
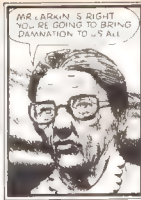
HRNNNN

DOG DOG.
RUN HOME
GET PAD









I HAD A
NIGHTMARE.

I WUZ IN A TUNNEL. IT GOT
NARROWER AND NARROWER.
THERE WUZ BODIES, BODIES
ALL AROUND. I WUZ RUNNING
SCARED.

SOMETHING
WUZ AFTER
ME.

I COULD HEAR
ITS FOOTSTEPS
BEHIND ME.

GROWING
LOUDER,
QUICKENING,
HURRYING
AFTER ME.

PARTS

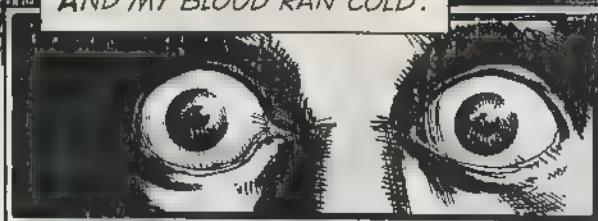
HANDS REACHED
UP, GRABBED ME
DEAD HANDS.

I STRUGGLED,
BUT I COULDN'T
GET AWAY.

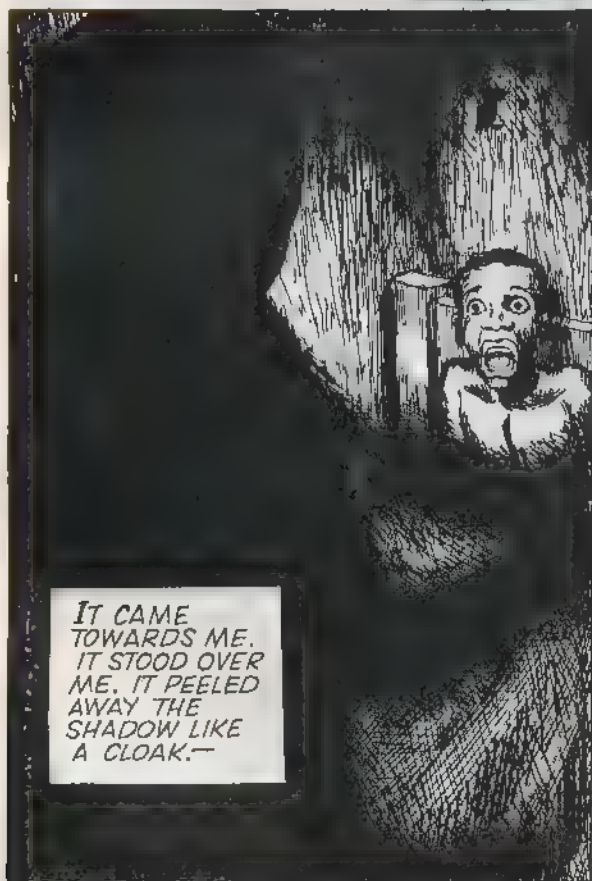
AND IT WUZ COMING—
THE SHADOW— LOOMING,
LOOMING OVER ME...

I WOKE
UP

AND MY BLOOD RAN COLD.



IT WUZ THERE — IN THE ROOM.



IT CAME
TOWARDS ME.
IT STOOD OVER
ME. IT PEELED
AWAY THE
SHADOW LIKE
A CLOAK.—



IT WUZ A WOMAN — THE
BEAUTIFULEST WOMAN I
EVER SAW.

SKIN WHITE LIKE
CHALK. HER EYES GLOWED WITH
A TERRIBLE BLACK FIRE.

SHE
SPOKE
TO ME.

YOU KNOW,
DON'T YOU,
BOY...?



SHE
TOUCHED
ME.

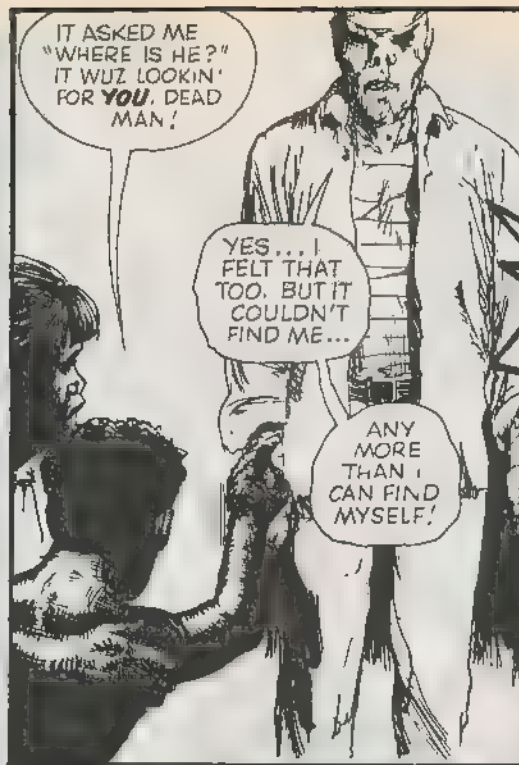
WHERE
IS HE...?

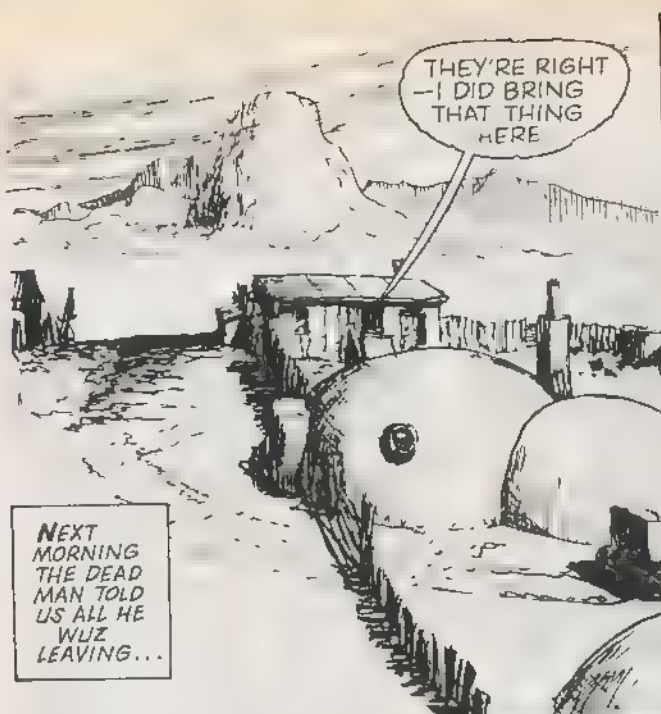
WH-WHAT?
WHO-?

YOU'LL TELL
ME, WON'T YOU,
BOY?

COLD,
LIKE THE
FINGERS OF
A CORPSE...

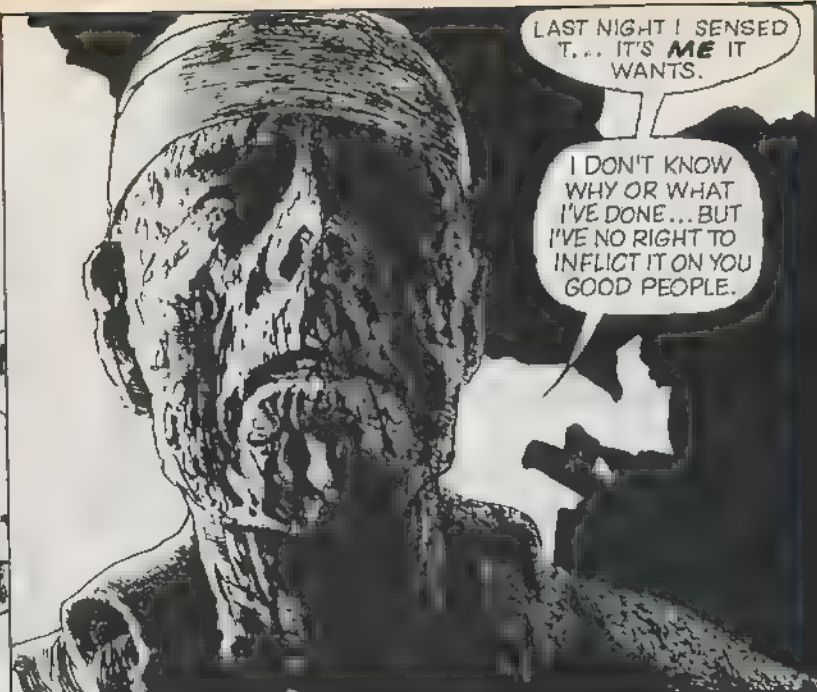






THEY'RE RIGHT
—I DID BRING
THAT THING
HERE

NEXT
MORNING
THE DEAD
MAN TOLD
US ALL HE
WUZ
LEAVING...



LAST NIGHT I SENSED
T... IT'S **ME** IT
WANTS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHY OR WHAT
I'VE DONE... BUT
I'VE NO RIGHT TO
INFLECT IT ON YOU
GOOD PEOPLE.



HE FIGGERED IF HE COULD FIND OUT
WHAT'D HAPPENED TO HIM IT WOULD
ALL COME BACK. HE AIMED TO
RETRACE HIS STEPS...

I'VE **GOT** TO KNOW
I'VE GOT A FEELING
IT'S .. IMPORTANT

COULD BE
RIGHT THERE,
DEAD MAN THERE'S
SOME MIGHTY
POWERFUL FORCES
AT WORK.



I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS ANIMAL.
YESTERDAY I FELT SURE HE'D
PICKED UP MY TRAIL

HE WUZ
ONTO SOME-
THIN', NO
MISTAKE!



I'M SORRY... KNOW YOU
NEED 'IM, BUT **DOG** WON'T
GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT
THE BOY AN' YASSA SURE
AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERES.

AW,
MAM!

I UNDERSTAND

SO MAM
PACKED HIM
SOME EATS AND
WHAT SUPPLIES
WE COULD SPARE
AND PAP GAVE
HIM A RIFLE AND
DREW HIM UP A
MAP...

FIGGER WHAT-
EVER HAPPENED
TO YOU HAPPENED
OVER ACID RIVER
WAY.



THIS STRETCH OF
FOREST HERE, THAT'S
GRUNT COUNTRY
DON'T GO NEAR IT 'LESS
YOU HAVE TO,

THERE WUZN'T NO
EXCESS OF FRIENDLY
FACES THERE TO SEE
HIM OFF.

FESTERING SON OF
SATAN! NEVER DARKEN
OUR LIVES AGAIN!

AMEN,
LARRY!

OKAY, DOG,
COAST IS
CLEAR -

I HAD TO CUT
THROUGH THE
CORNFIELDS AND
KEEP LOW SO
NOBODY WOULD
SPOT ME -

DIDN'T CATCH UP WITH HIM TILL
HE WUZ AT THE ROCKS WHERE
WE FOUND HIM

HEY,
DEAD
MAN!

MAM CHANGED
HER MIND -
FIGGERED WE'D
BETTER COME
WITH YOU
AFTER ALL.

YOU'RE
SURE
BOY?

I WOULDN'T
LIE TO YOU!

SCARED AS I
WUZ OF THE
TERROR, IT
SOUNDED LIKE
TOO GOOD AN
ADVENTURE
TO MISS.

FOOL THAT I WUZ.

YASSA!

YASSA!

**NEXT
PROG**

**RETURN of
the GRUNTS!**

BY NOW THE DEAD MAN'S
TRAIL HAD GONE PRETTY
COLD. MORE THAN ONCE
DOG LOST IT.

THE DEAD M'AN

Part 6

THEN WE'D JUST HAVE TO SIT AND WAIT WHILE
HE SNIFFED IT OUT AGAIN. HE WAS GONE MORE THAN
TWO HOURS ONCE, BUT HE ALWAYS CAME BACK WITH IT.

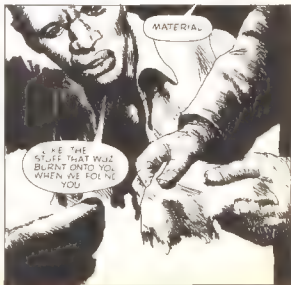


HE'S GOT
SOMETHIN'.



MATERIAL.

WE THE
STUFF THAT WUZ
BURNT ONTO YOU
WHEN WE FOLNE
YOU



THAT FIRST
NIGHT WE
CAMPED OUT
IN THE OPEN
WE TOOK TURNS
WATCHING FOR
GRUNTS

ME AND MORE WARRIORS ARE
THE TERROR BUT NOTHING
NOT THAT LIGHT

THEM BURNS STILL
PAININ' YOU SOME
DEAD MAN?

SURE

MAMA'S GRACE-
PLANT... EATS THE
THING ABOUT IT?

WE DO NOT
NO... WHY
YOU NO HER
GAVE NO NO
FEELS SOMETHING

WE
TALK IN
SO MANY
WORDS.
NO

TOMORROW
YOU GO BACK

ONLY

SAY IT A
FEW TIMES

WHY NOT ME
DOES YOU
NO CHANCE OF
NO... OUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO
YOU?

YES

YES

I GUESS THAT
MUST HAVE CON-
VINCED HIM COS
NEXT MORN'NG
HE NEVER SAID
ANYTHING ABOUT
TAKING ME BACK

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T COS
THAT DOG WHO SNIFFED
OUT THE GRUNTS THAT DAY

SOMETHIN'
WRONG

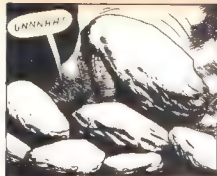
GRRR!

SNIFF!

SNIFF!

CALL A ON
A DEAD
MAN



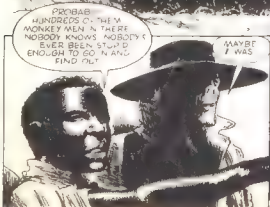




MUSTA BEEN SOMETHIN' MIGHTY POWERFUL DRIVIN' YOU ON



YOUR FATHER MENTIONED



MAYBE I WAS



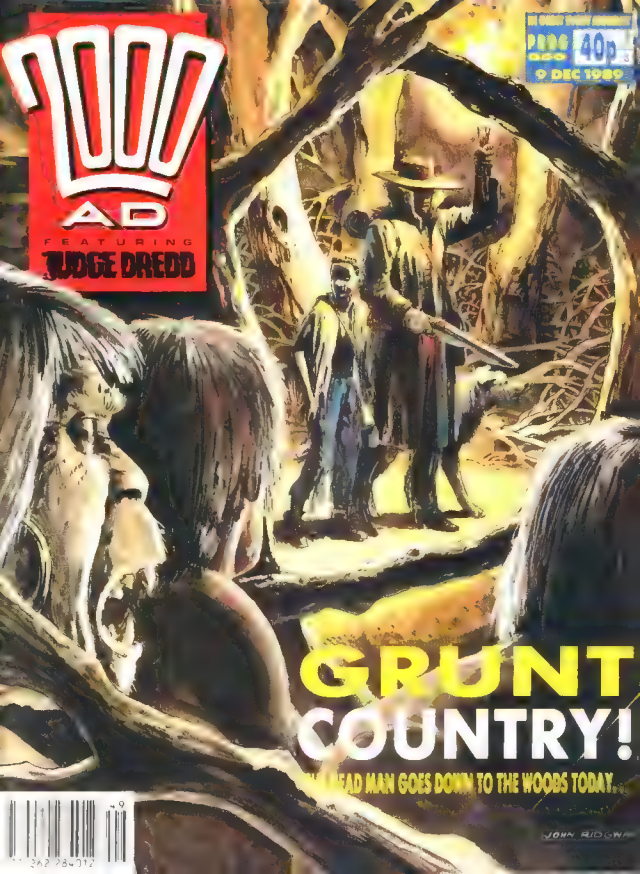
THAT WUZ WHERE WE'D HAVE TO GO

NEXT
PAGE

Night in Grunt Wood



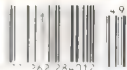
DE ORDER TODAY! AVAILABLE
PRG 40p
9 DEC 1989



GRUNT COUNTRY!

THE DEAD MAN GOES DOWN TO THE WOODS TODAY.

JOHN RIDGWAY



262 284 012

THE DEAD MAN

PART SEVEN

IT WUZ A MISTAKE GOING INTO GRUNT WOOD, BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE NO CHOICE. THAT'S WHERE THE DEAD MAN'S TRAILLED. IF WE WERE EVER TO FIND OUT WHO HE WAS, AND WHY THE TERROR WAS SEARCHING FOR HIM - WE HAD TO GO IN.



HE'S LUDJAN. THEN
FACE OF DEATH - SAME AS
YOU WUZ WEARIN

YES, WE
BEEN HERE
BEFORE

IT'S COMIN'
BACK

HAVE
A PICTURE
A MEMORY
WAZED

WE
TWERING
BOTH
BODIES

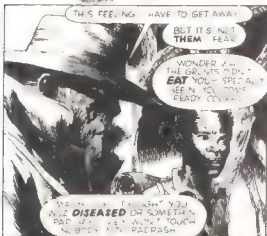
WE NEEDING
A HEAD-ENTRY
TED BUT

"SOMETHING'S
DRIVING ME
WE GOT TO
KEEP GOING!"

I'VE GOT
TO GET
AWAY

"TORCHES—FACES
FACES SWIMMING
AROUND ME

"I RECOIL FROM THE FLAMES
I MUST KEEP MOVING!"



THIS FEELING HAVE TO GET AWAY

BUT IT'S NOT
THEM FEAR

WONDER IF
THE GRANTS WOULD
EAT YOU—SPECIAL
SEE N YOU COME
READY COULD

HE... I THOUGHT YOU
WUZ **DISEASED**
DAD... I WUZ A TOUCH
N BORN IN PARRASH

BUT WHATEVER PROTECTED
THE DEAD MAN THAT NIGHT
WUZ N'T WORKING FOR US
THIS TIME



EACH STEP TALKS SKEEPER
AND DEEPER NO GRUNT
WOOD... KELL TELL NO MY
SELF T WASN'T FAR TO GO

SUDDENLY THE WOOD FELL...
JUST OUR FOOTSTEPS... AND DOG
GROWLING LOW... THE HAIRS ON
MY NECK BRISTLED



I CAN
YOU FEEL EM
DEAD MAN?

THE EYES?

IF WE'RE A
ARO... NOUS WATCH...
S... WONDER ANY
THE... AN T
A... ASKED?

YOU RECKON
LY KNOW YOUR
REF WITH THE REEF?
RECKON THAT'S T
DEAD MAN?

RECKON
N





THE DEAD MAN WUZ
HANGING THERE LIKE
A PLUM RIFE FOR
PLUCKING, BUT EVEN
UPSIDE DOWN HE
WUZ'N'T NOBODY'S
PLUM—

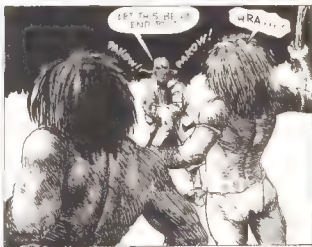
HUURR!

HUURRR!

NOW HE MANAGED TO
HOLD ON TO THE RIFLE
I'LL NEVER KNOW

HAVEN'T
YOU CREATURES
LEARNED—?





NEXT
PAGE

Terror of Grunt Wood



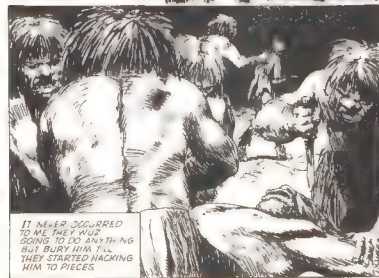
THE DEAD M'AN

PART EIGHT





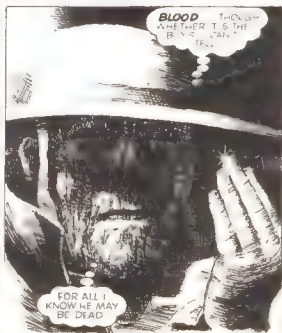
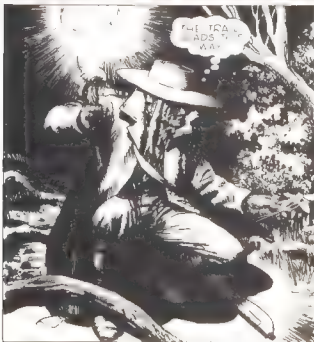
THE GRUNTS
BROUGHT BACK
ONE OF THEIR
OWN, SHOT BY
THE DEAD MAN



IT NEVER OCCURRED
TO ME THEY WUZ
GOING TO DO ANYTH'NG
BUT BURY HIM. TIL
THEY STARTED HACKING
HIM TO PIECES

THEN I KNEW WE WUZ
IN REAL TROUBLE.









O-O-OHHH
M-MOLEY!



I'M SORRY, MAM!
M SORRY, PAP!
NEVER DOUGHTA
MA'D LEFT
YOC...

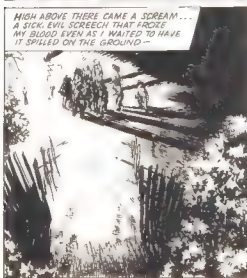


YEA THOUGH I
WALK THROUGH THE
VALLEY OF THE
SHADOW OF DEATH
I WILL
M...



NNUHHH?

THE SAME
SOUND THAT
HAD TURNED
ME TO JELLY
ONLY TWO
NIGHTS
BEFORE -



HIGH ABOVE THERE CAME A SCREAM...
A SICK, EVIL SCREECH THAT FROZE
MY BLOOD EVEN AS I WAITED TO HAVE
IT SPILLED ON THE GROUND--



THE GRANTS RAN

NUH!

NUH!



ME, I WANTED
TO FALL DOWN.
TO BURY MY
HEAD TO HIDE -



BUT WHEN
THAT WAS
GIVEN



YASSA!!!



OH GEEZ
OH GEEZ!

RUN,
DOG!



RUN!



COLD NIGHT IN HELL

next
craig

I PAN

THE DEAD M'AN

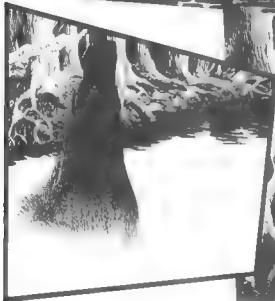
Part Nine

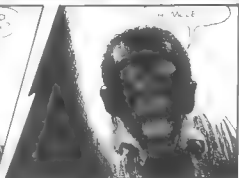
TERROR
DEFERRED

G
E
W
F
P
N



W
AD
NEED A KEY
FOR
JOHN ANDERSON
TRANSLATION
JACK POTTER





IT STOOD OVER ME
COULD HEAR ITS
BREATH HISsing
COULD FEEL ITS EYES
BURNING INTO ME

I WANTED TO RUN BUT
MY LEGS WOULDN'T MOVE
I KNEW I WAS GOING TO DIE

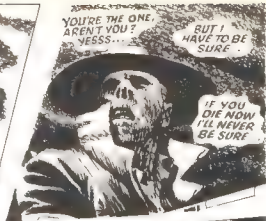
LET OLTA HERE DO IT
SAVE YOURSELF

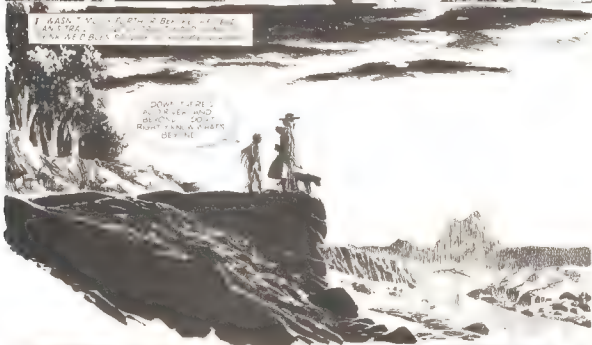
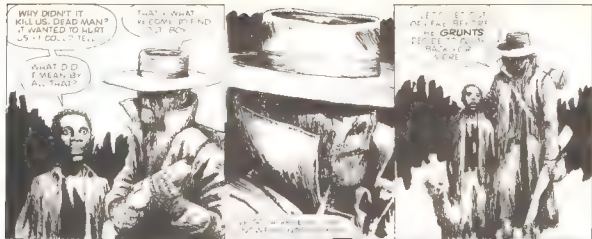
NO

LEAVE ME ALONE

YOU-!

BDDOW!





ACROSS the ACID RIVER!

IT RAINED HARD THAT NIGHT THE WATER PERCOLATED
DOWN THROUGH THE HILLS AND FILLED ACID RIVER
OVER THE TOP OF THE STONE BRIDGE

MY PAPA SAYS
IT'S CHEM POOLS IN
THE HILLS TURNS THE
RIVER BAD

THE DEAD M'AN

PART TEN

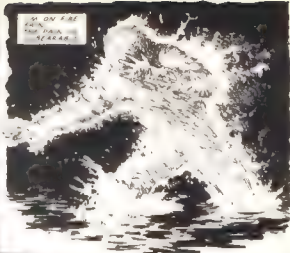
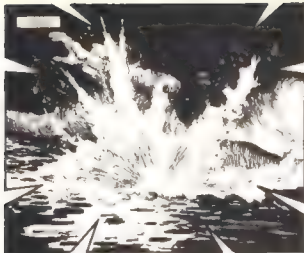
WATCH

LOOK AT
HER BUAN
THAT'S ONE
STICK OR DOG
AINT GONNA
FETCH

YEE, REMEMBER
I'VE BEEN
HERE

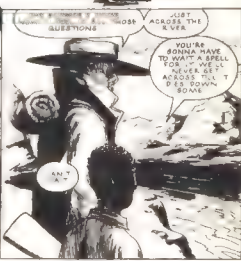
WA
RUNNING—
STUMBLING
THROUGH
IT

A SMELL—
BURNING— MY
FEET
BURNING



BUT
THERE'S
SOMETHING
STRONGER—
DRIVING
ME ON

I CAN'T BE
I AM NOT
DIE

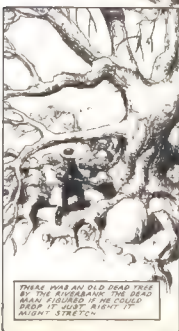


THAT'S THE ONLY
QUESTION
THAT'S THE ONLY
QUESTIONS

JUST
ACROSS THE
RIVER

YOU'RE
GONNA HAVE
TO WAIT A SPELL
FOR IT WE'LL
NEVER GET
ACROSS TILL
DIE DOWN
SOME

ANY
A

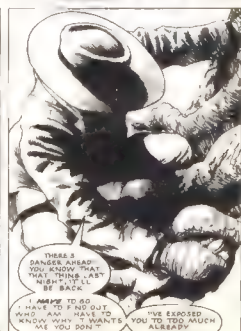


THERE WAS AN OLD DEAD TREE
BY THE RIVERBANK THE DEAD
MAN FIGURED IF HE COULD
DROP IT JUST RIGHT IT
MIGHT STRETCH



THIS
IS AS FAR
AS YOU GO,
BOY

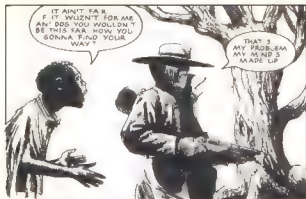
WHAT
BUT
WHY



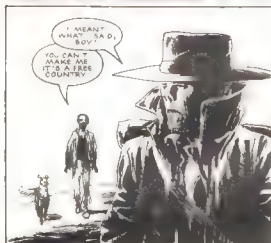
THERE'S
DANGER AHEAD
YOU KNOW THAT
THAT THING LAST
NIGHT, IT'LL
BE BACK

I AM HERE TO GO
I HAVE TO FIND OUT
WHO AM I HAVE TO
KNOW WHY I WANT
ME YOU DON'T

I'VE EXPOSED
YOU TO TOO MUCH
ALREADY







WHY DID GO? WHAT DAMNED FOOL NOTION MADE ME SO EAGER TO RUSH HEADLONG INTO DISASTER?





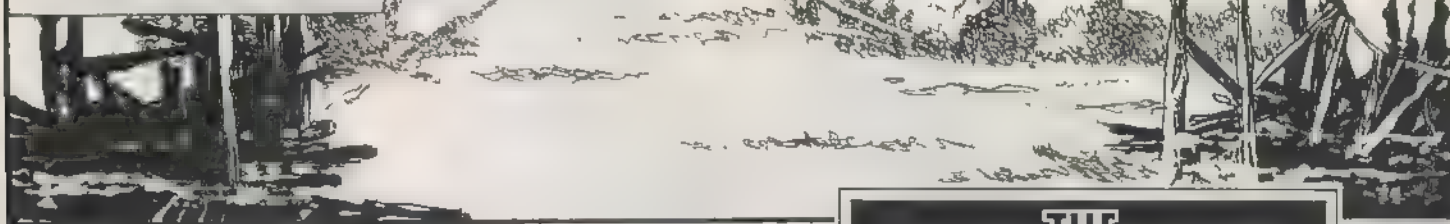
AND I KNEW THAT THIS WAS WHERE WE WOULD FIND OUR ANSWERS

AND MORE



NEXT PAGE **REVELATION**

JUST OUTSIDE CROWLEY DOG LAY DOWN AND WOULDN'T GO NO FURTHER. HIS HACKLES WERE UP AND HE WAS WHINING LIKE SOMETHING SICK. HE WAS SCARED, GOOD AND SCARED



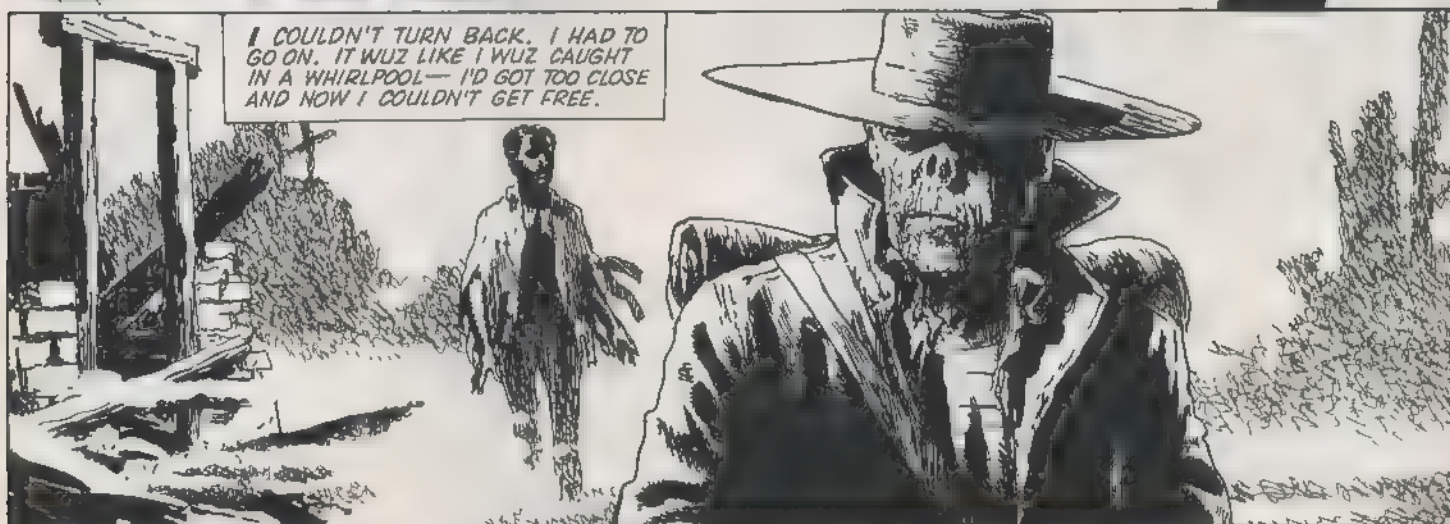
HE COULD SMELL IT... THE EVIL WAITING FOR US THERE.



THE DEAD MAN

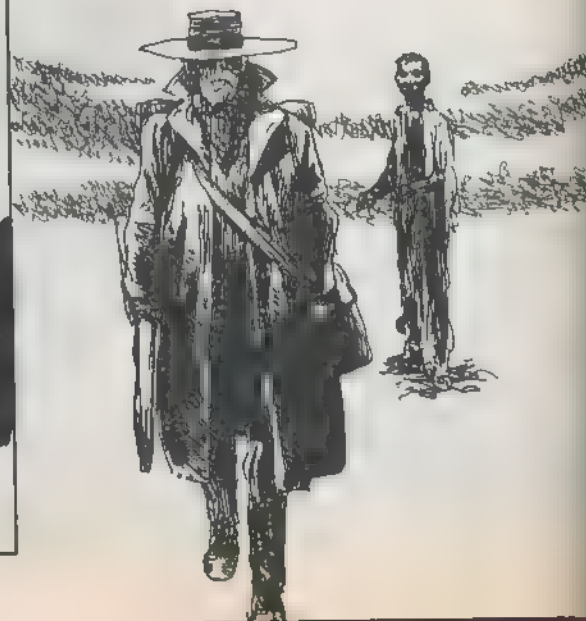
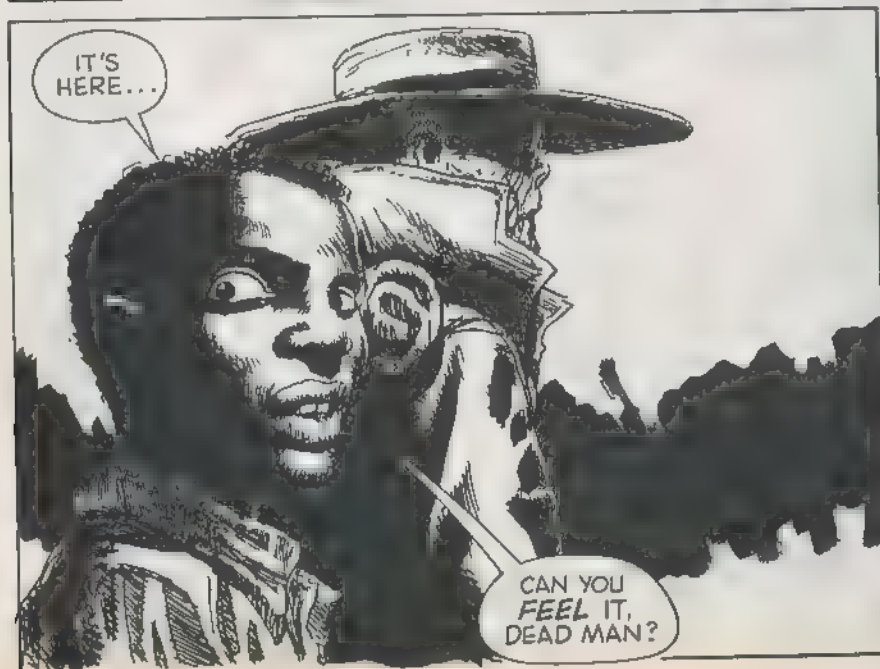
PART ELEVEN

I COULDN'T TURN BACK. I HAD TO GO ON. IT WUZ LIKE I WUZ CAUGHT IN A WHIRLPOOL— I'D GOT TOO CLOSE AND NOW I COULDN'T GET FREE.



THE DARKNESS WUZ PULLING ME, DRAWING ME IN, IN, TOWARDS ITS VERY HEART.

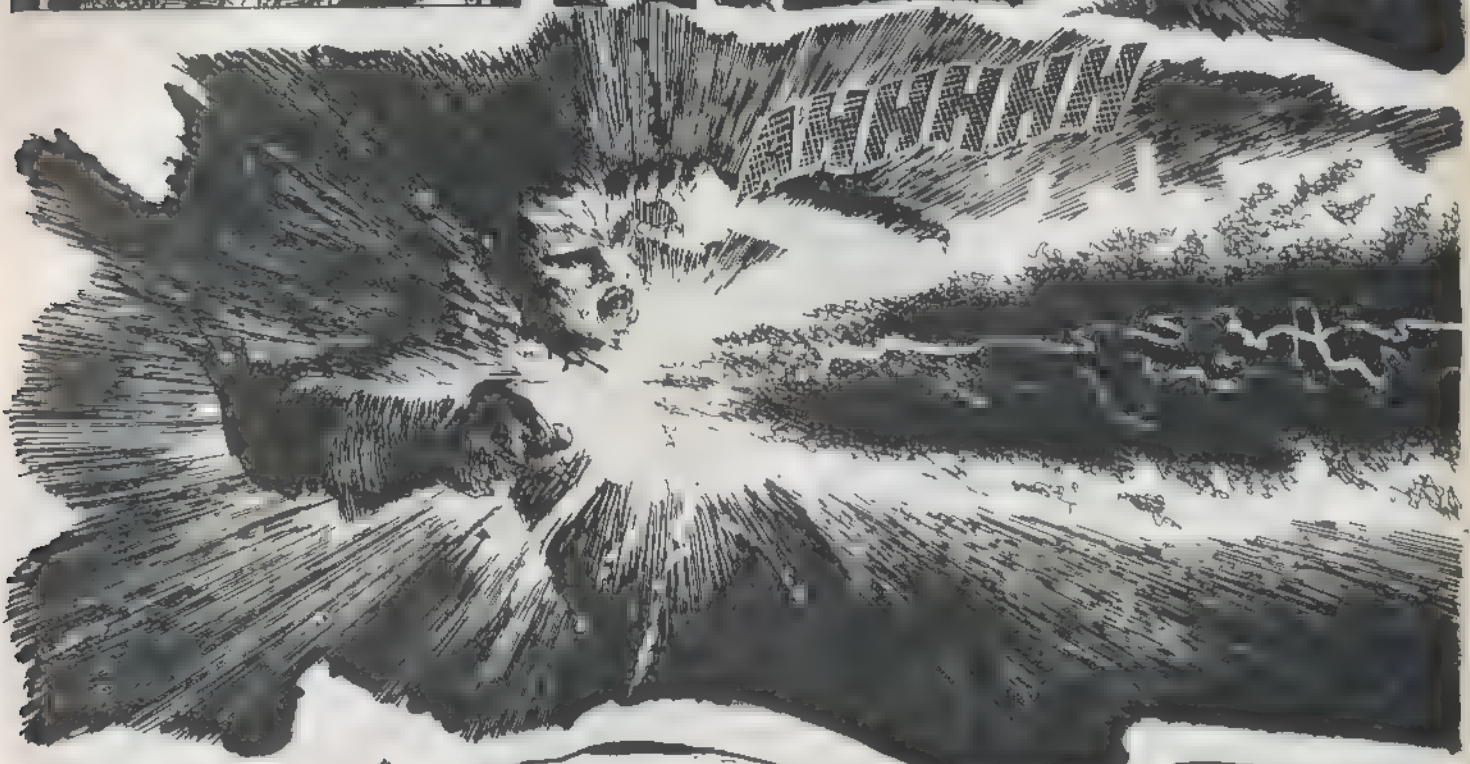




AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

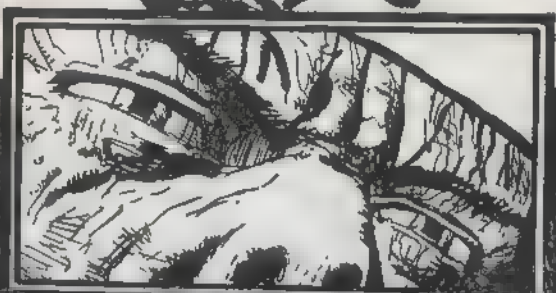
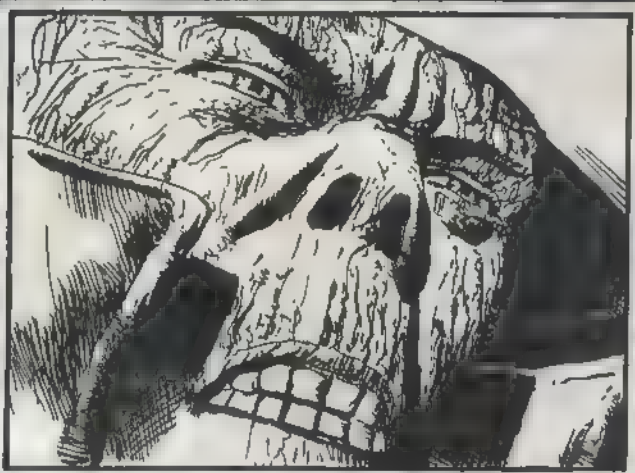
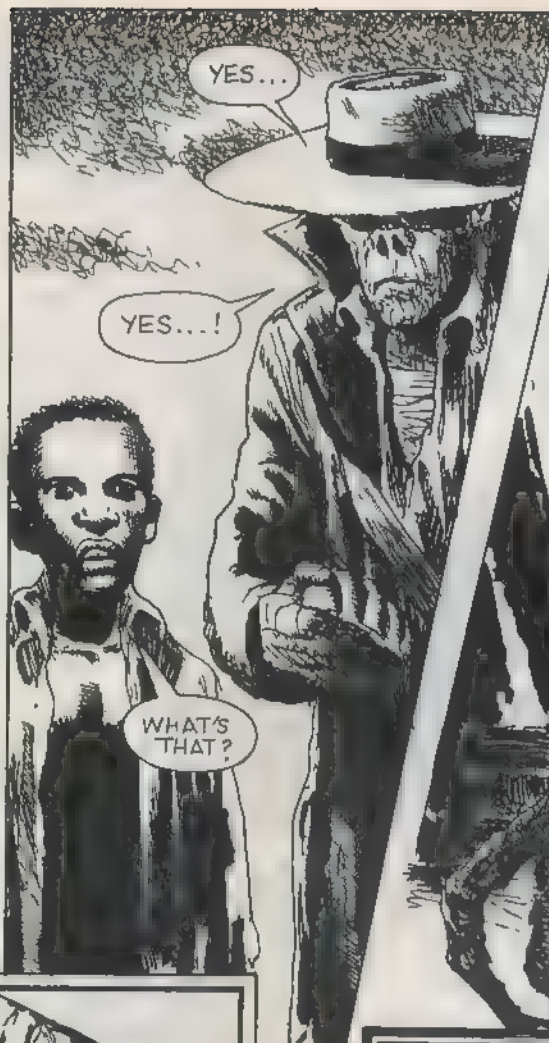
THE DEAD MAN
HARDLY SEEMED
TO KNOW I WUZ
THERE ANY MORE.

HE WUZ CAUGHT UP IN HIS
OWN PRIVATE NIGHTMARE.



DAMN
YOU!

I WON'T...
DIE FOR
YOU!

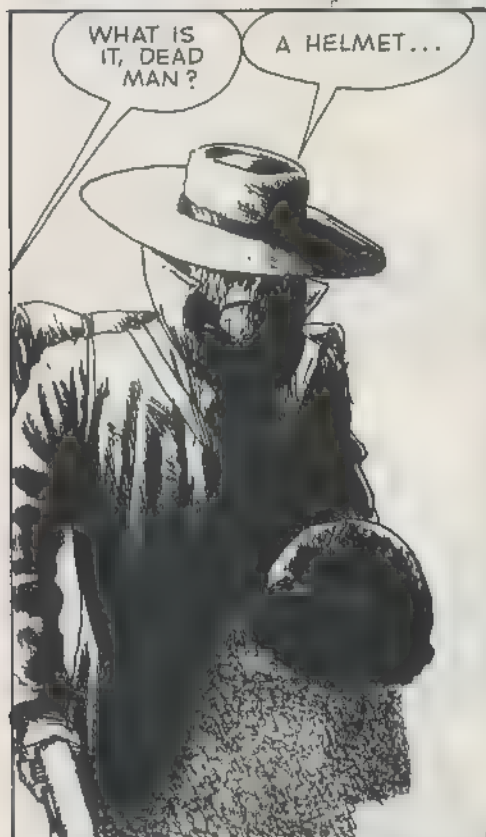


SERVANTS OF EVIL- I KNOW YOU!





THERE'S SOMETHIN',
DEAD MAN!



WHAT IS
IT, DEAD
MAN?

A HELMET...



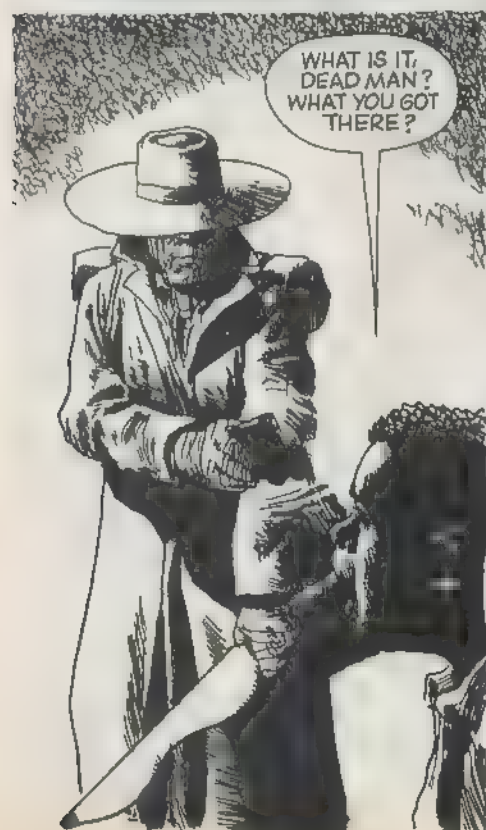
IT'S A
MOTORBIKE—
OR WHAT'S LEFT
OF ONE!



LOOK, DEAD
MAN! HERE'S
SOME KINDA
GUN—!

IT'S HERE...YES.

MY GRUD,
CAN IT BE—?



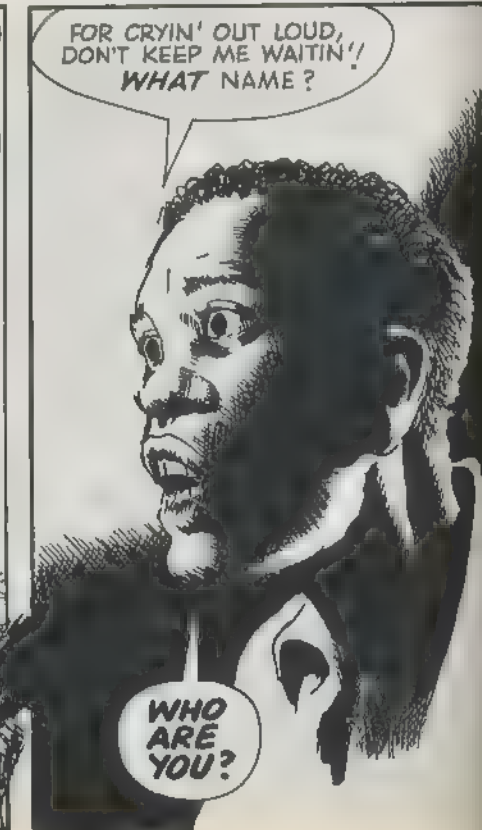
WHAT IS IT,
DEAD MAN?
WHAT YOU GOT
THERE?



A NAME...

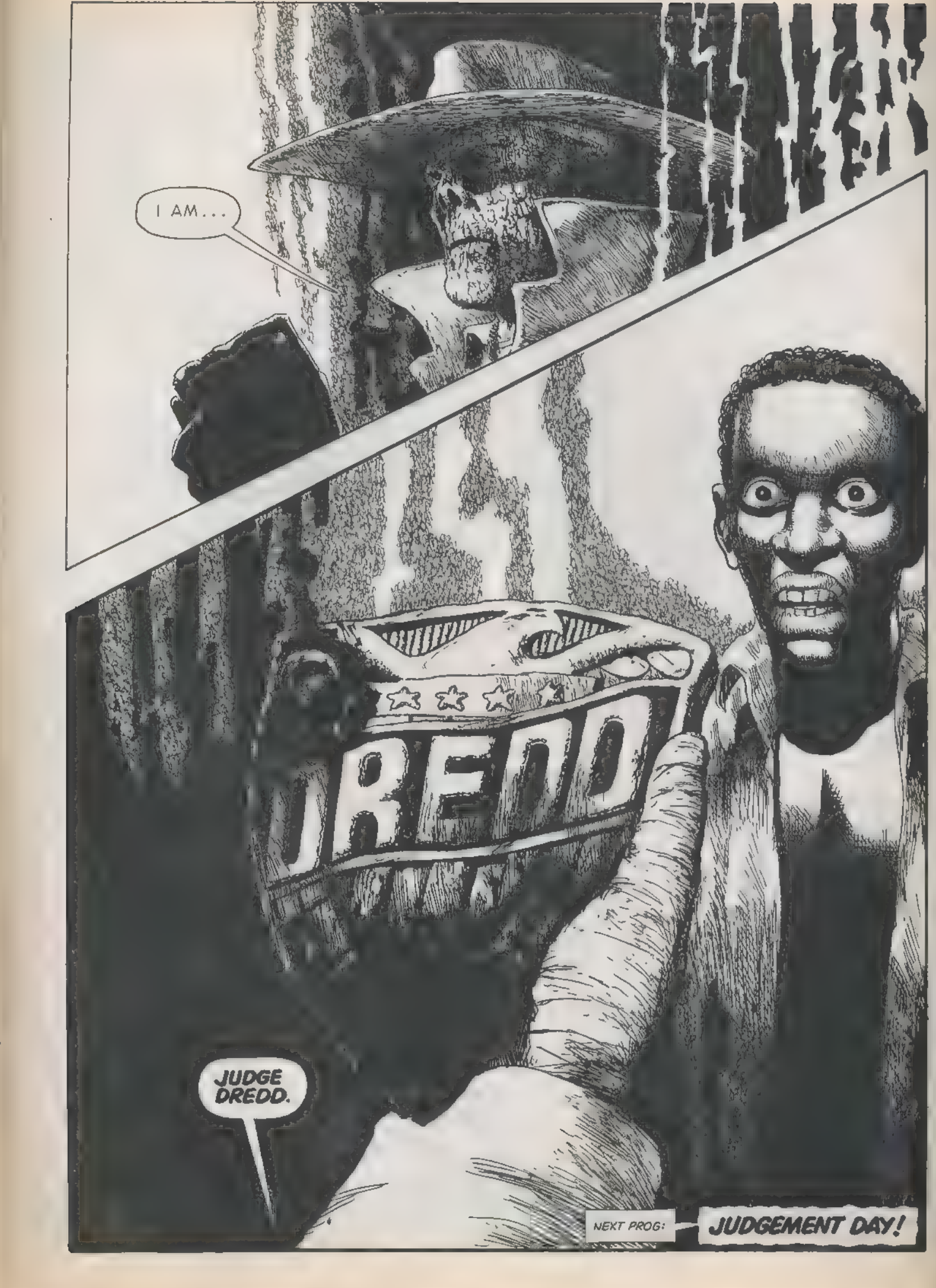
WHAT
NAME?

MY
NAME



FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD,
DON'T KEEP ME WAITIN'!
WHAT NAME?

WHO
ARE
YOU?



I AM...

JUDGE
DREDD.

NEXT PROG:

JUDGEMENT DAY!



IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
PROG 661 **40p**
13 JAN 1990

**BACK
FROM THE
DEAD**



THE DEAD MAN

PART 12

YOU'RE
JUDGE DREDD—
THE JUDGE
DREDD?

HOLY
RADS! AIN'T
THAT A TURN-
UP!

BUT
WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN'
HERE?

I TOOK
THE **LONG**
WALK...

FAREWELL,
DREDD!

AS LONG AS
MEGA-CITY ONE
SURVIVES— YOUR
NAME WILL BE
HONoured!





YOU
KNOW
USSS
NOW!

G-G-GEEZZZ!

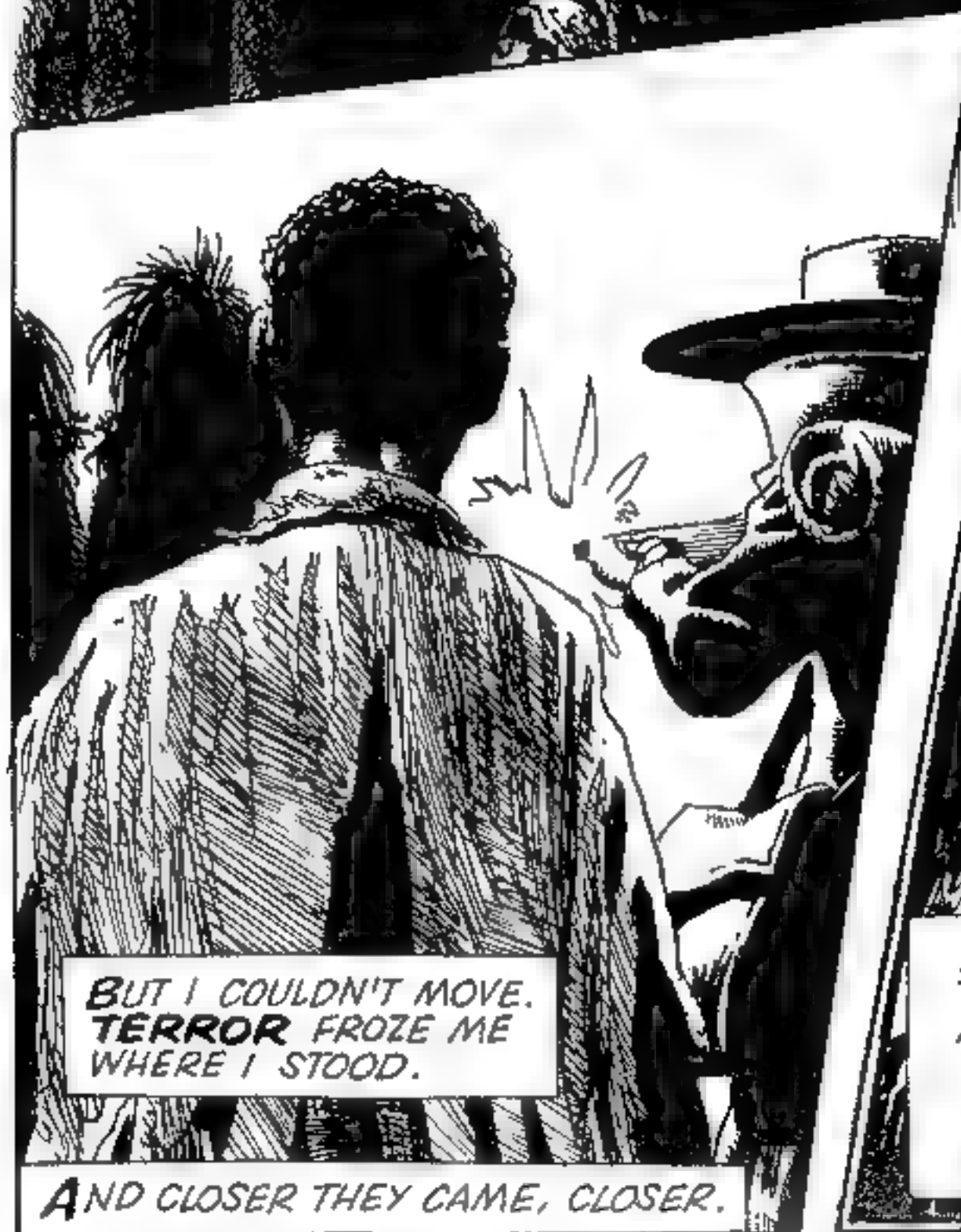


IT'S THEM!
GET OUT OF HERE,
BOY!



FFFOOL!
YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT
DOESSS NOT
LIVVE!

YOU
HEARD ME!
RUN!



BUT I COULDN'T MOVE.
TERROR FROZE ME
WHERE I STOOD.

AND CLOSER THEY CAME, CLOSER.



I TRIED TO
TURN MY EYES
AWAY, BUT THEY
WERE DRAWN
BACK, AGAINST
MY WILL.

TO GAZE INTO
THE HIDEOUS
FACES OF THE
SISTERS OF
DEATH!

YESSSS!
YOU KNOW
USS NOW!

NAUSEA
KING

AND
WE KNOW
YOUUU!

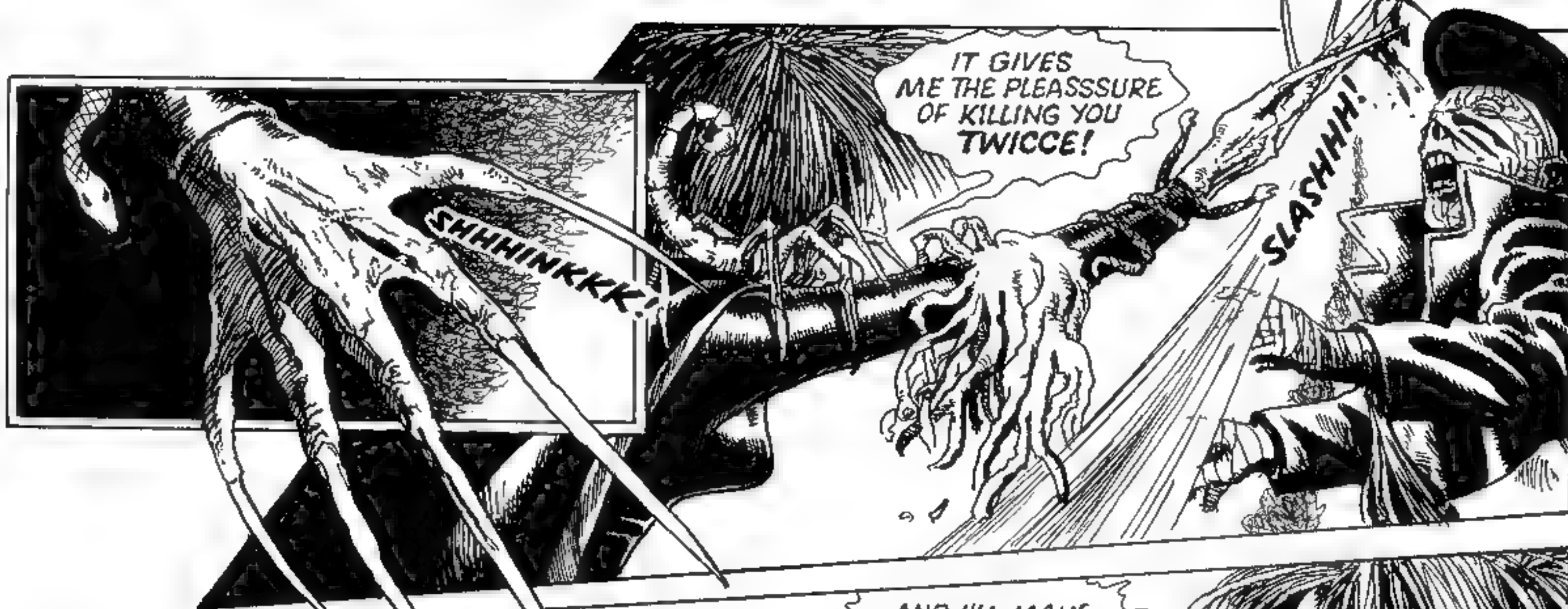
WE SSUSSPECTED
YOU HAD SSSURVIVED OUR
ATTENTIONSSS ...

BUT WE
HAD TO BE
SSSURE!

PERSSONALLY,
I AM GLAD IT ISSS
TRUE ...

PHOBIA

SHANGGGG!





YESSS... BEG. CHHILD!
IT PLEASSSESS ME TO
HEAR YOUR SSPINELESS
WHIMPERINGSS!

THOUGH IT WILL
SSERVE YOU NO GOOD-
FOR YOU MUSST DIE!

BUT FIRRSST... FOR MY
PLEASSURE... YOU MUSST
SSSUFFER...

AFTER ALL, ASS
THEY SSSAY -

SSSUFFER
THE LITTLE
CHHILDREN?

OH YES, I LEARNED
WHO THE DEAD MAN
WAS THAT DAY. BUT
THE PRICE I WAS TO
PAY WOULD BE
TERRIBLE.

SUFFER THE
LITTLE CHILDREN!
HAHAHAHAHA

**BLIND
JUSTICE!**

Next
prog:

HOW YOU
TREMBLE,
CHHILD!

ISS IT THE SSSIGHT
OF ME THAT TERRIFISSSS
YOU? DO I MAKE YOUR
INNARDSSSS CHURN?

THE DEAD MAN

Part 13

YOU ARE
RIGHT TO BE
AFFRAID! YOU
CANNOT EVEN
GUESSSS HOW
SSSICK I AM!

BUT I'M
GOING TO
SSHOW YOU.
OH,
YESSSS...

DON'T BELIEVE
IT, YASSA! THEY'RE
NOT HERE!

THEY CAN'T
HURT YOU IF
YOU DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

IFF THINE
EYE OFFEND
THEEE -



BURN IT OUT!

AAAAHHHH!



**CURSE YOU!
LEAVE THE BOY!
HE'S NOTHING
TO YOU!**



**ALL LIFE
ISS IMPORTANT!
ALL MUSSST BE
PUNISSSHHED!**



**YOU COULDN'T
KILL ME THE FIRST
TIME, PHOBIA—
WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK YOU
CAN NOW?**

**WHEN I TOUCHHH
YOU DO YOU NOT
BURN? WHEN I CUT
YOU DO YOU NOT
BLEEEED?**

**TELL HIM,
PHOBE!**



THE SISTERS OF DEATH EXISTED,
ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT HERE— IN
ANOTHER PLACE, FAR AWAY.
WHAT WE SAW WUZ SOMETHING
CALLED "PSYCHIC PROJECTIONS"...



THEY WERE POWERFUL
STRONG, BUT NOT STRONG
ENOUGH TO HURT YOU—
THEY NEEDED
YOUR OWN MIND
TO WORK ON.



YASSA...

WHAT
HAVE I
DONE...!



THAT'S WHY ALL
THEM FOLK IN
CROWLEY DIED—
'COS THEY
BELIEVED
WHAT WUZ
HAPPENING
WUZ REAL.



IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THE
JUDGE COULD FIGGER HOW
HE'D SURVIVED THE FIRST
TIME. HE DIDN'T DIE 'COS HE
JUST PLAIN **REFUSED** TO.





I DON'T REMEMBER THE JOURNEY BACK TO BUBBLETOWN. I DIDN'T COME TO MY SENSES FOR FOUR DAYS. BY THEN JUDGE DREDD WUZ GONE.

I'M SORRY...



I TRIED TO STOP HIM FOLLOWING, BUT... NOT HARD ENOUGH...

SORRY WON'T HEAL HIM!



MAY GOD FORGIVE YOU, JUDGE - I CAN'T!



THERE ARE... THINGS THAT CAN BE DONE. PERHAPS SOME TIME IN THE FUTURE IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO HELP HIM...

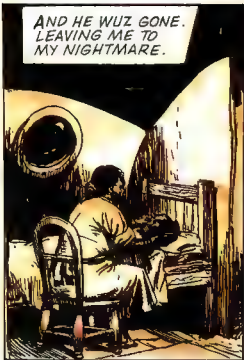


THE TERROR IS GONE! IT WILL NOT RETURN - NOT UNLESS ALL GOES ILL WITH ME!



THE DANGER NOW LIES FAR TO THE EAST, IN MEGA-CITY ONE. THAT IS WHERE I MUST GO!

AND HE WUZ GONE.
LEAVING ME TO
MY NIGHTMARE.



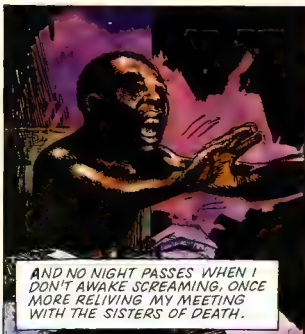
THE BURNING IS
ALWAYS THERE
AND THE WOUNDS
REFUSE TO HEAL,
NO MATTER WHAT.



AND THOUGH I LIVE IN DARK-
NESS NO HOUR OR MINUTE
PASSES WHEN I DON'T SEE HER
NAUSEOUS FACE, OR FEEL HER
CLAWS WRITHING AND BURNING
INSIDE ME...



DEAR GOD, I WISH I COULD
FORGET—LOSE MY MEMORY
—BECOME A DEAD MAN TOO.



AND NO NIGHT PASSES WHEN I
DON'T AWAKE SCREAMING, ONCE
MORE RELIVING MY MEETING
WITH THE SISTERS OF DEATH.

BUT I DON'T
SUPPOSE IT'S
WISE TO ENVY
THE DEAD MAN.



SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, HE'S GOT
HIS OWN NIGHTMARE TO FACE.



Continued
overleaf in...
"TALE OF THE
DEAD MAN!"



2000 AD

FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

WEEKLY MONDAY
PROG
40p
30 JUN 1990

HOME RUN!
HERE COMES THE JUDGE

ISSN 0262-284X



26



A GREAT DARKNESS FELL
UPON MEGA-CITY ONE.

AT FIRST A FRIGHTENED TIDE OF HUMANITY FLED OUT, BUT
SOON THE TIDE DRIED TO A STREAM, AND THE STREAM TO A
TRICKLE, AND THOSE WHO DID ESCAPE SPOKE OF THE SEALING
OF THE GATES AND THE TREACHERY OF THE JUDGES

JUDGE DREDD

IN NECRO- POLIS PART 12

SOME SAID THAT **CHIEF JUDGE SILVER**, APPALLED AT THE HORROR HE
HAD UNWITTINGLY UNLEASHED ON THE CITY, HAD TAKEN HIS OWN LIFE
BEFORE THE TWISTED BEINGS FROM THE DARK DIMENSION COULD MAKE
HIM THEIR CREATURE... OTHERS THAT **DEATH** HIMSELF HAD SOUGHT OUT
THE CHIEF JUDGE - HAD MADE HIM CRAWL AND LICK AND COMMIT
UNSPEAKABLE ACTS OF ABASEMENT... BEFORE RIPPING OUT HIS HEART.

AND A FEW ALSO TOLD OF A **NEW DARK JUDGE**..
ONE OF THEIR **OWN** WHO HAD OPENED HIS SOUL
TO THE CORRUPTION. THEY SAID THAT HIS
THIRST FOR DEATH WAS UNQUENCHABLE...
AND THAT AS HE SLAYED, HE WEPT.

HIS NAME WAS **DREDD**.





AND THE OTHER GREAT MEGA-CITIES...

THE OTHER CITIES WATCHED FROM AFAR, UNSURE HOW TO ACT – FEARFUL TO INTERVENE LEST THEY ATTRACT THIS TERRIBLE THING TO THEMSELVES.

AN UNCANNY BLACK PALL SPREAD OVER THE CITY. OUT OF IT PEAKS OF BLOCKS JUTTED LIKE CRUMBLING TOMBSTONES – AS IF THE SICKNESS HAD INFECTED THE VERY FABRIC OF THE BUILDINGS.

AND BENEATH...

BENEATH, HIDDEN FROM VIEW, THE **DARK JUDGES** CONTINUED THEIR GHASTLY WORK... LIKE ARTISTS SHIELDING THEIR CANVAS, GUARDING THEIR SECRETS – UNTIL THE MOMENT SHOULD COME TO REVEAL TO THE WORLD THEIR **CREATION... THEIR MASTERWORK...**

...THEIR **NECROPOLIS.**

KEEP A-TH NKIN'
AN' A WONDERIN' BUT
, SURE ODN T KNOW
WHY LET YOU
SWEET TALK ME
INTO TH S

clank!

'COARSE IN THE BIG MEG YOU'D LOCK
ME UP AN' THROW AWAY THE KEY -
ELSE YOU'D JUST KICK MY MUT E BUTT
BACK INTO THE CURSED EARTH - BUT
YOU NEED TRANSPORT SO OH, YES,
IT'S ALL LOVEY-DOVEY AND
KISS MY LUMPS

CHUG!

CHUG!

I DON'T RECALL
K SSING ANY LUMPS

F GLRATIVELY
SPEAKIN'

ANYWAYS, HOW DO I
KNOW YOU'RE WHO
YOU SAY YOU ARE?
SHOOT, YOU **LOOK**
LIKE SOMETHIN'
THAT'S SPENT TOO
LONG IN THE
FRYIN' PAN!

'SIDES, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE,
WHAT YOU GOIN' THERE FOR ANYWAYS?
ANY **SANE** MAN WOULD BE HEADIN'
IN TH' **OTHER** DIRECTION!



H-H-HOLY
HORNTADS!



NOT ON ME,
YOU IDIOT!



KRAAAA!



HAWHAWHAWHAW



HE'S GOING
FOR HIS GUN!

PRESUMPTION
OF GUILT!



FREEZE OR DIE,
YOU UGLY SON
OF SATAN!



YOU WITH THE LUMPS!
OUT OF THERE,
HANDS HIGH!



I'M COMING DOWN! ONE MOVE OUT OF EITHER
OF YOU AND YOU'RE MEAT BEFORE YOUR TIME -
WHICH IS COMING PRETTY SOON ANYWAY...

WOMAN'S
VOICE.



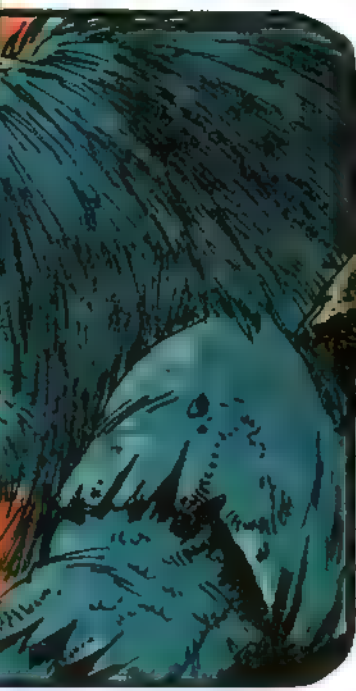
THAT THANG'S
A WUMMAN?



YOU EVER SEEN A GUILTIER LOOKING
PAIR? SEE - THAT ONE'S LOOKING AT
YOU FUNNY! THAT'S A CRIME RIGHT
THERE!

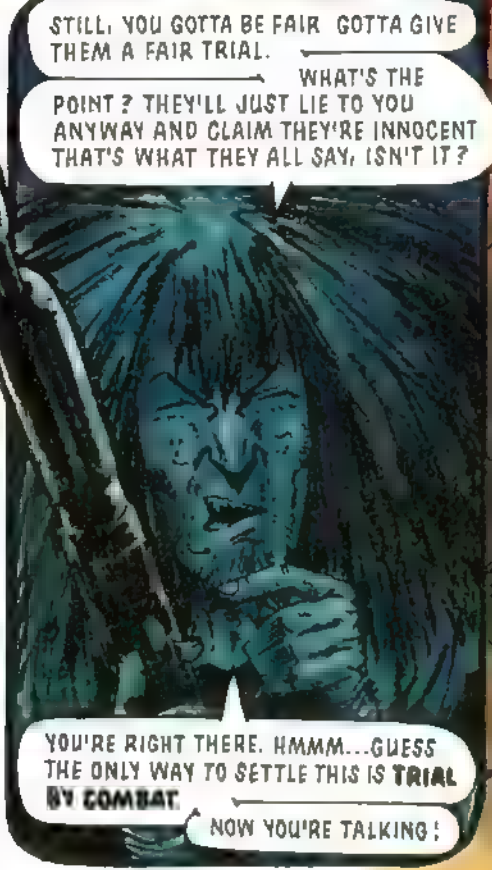
SINCE WHEN? SINCE
WHEN HAS LOOKING FUNNY BEEN
A CRIME?

WELL, IT OUGHT TO BE!



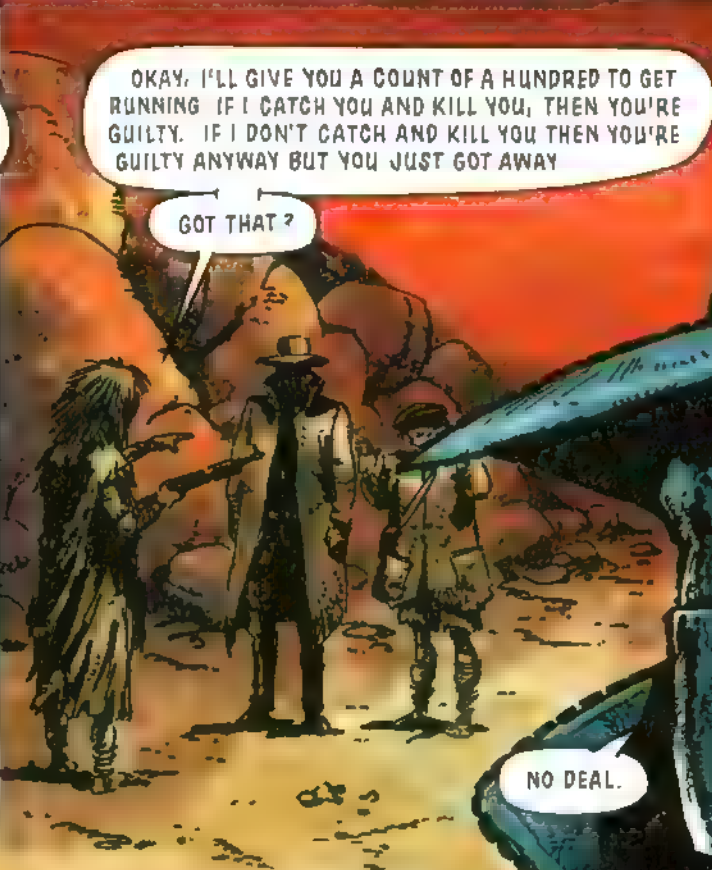
I-I LOOK AT
EVERYONE
THAT WAY.

YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT
KIND OF LAME EXCUSE
IS THAT?



STILL, YOU GOTTA BE FAIR. GOTTA GIVE
THEM A FAIR TRIAL.

WHAT'S THE
POINT? THEY'LL JUST LIE TO YOU
ANYWAY AND CLAIM THEY'RE INNOCENT
THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY, ISN'T IT?

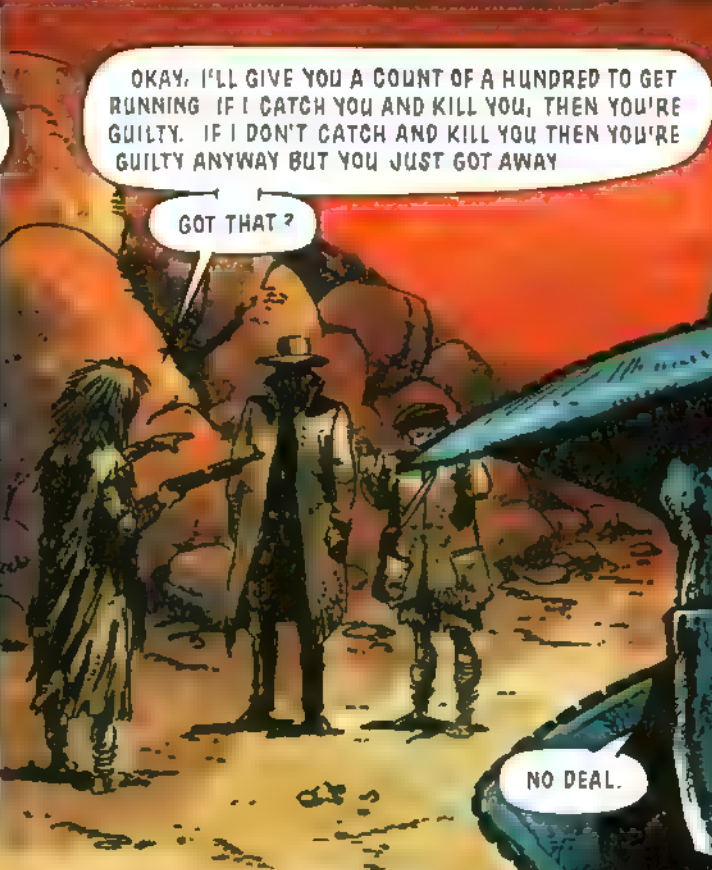


OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU A COUNT OF A HUNDRED TO GET
RUNNING. IF I CATCH YOU AND KILL YOU, THEN YOU'RE
GUILTY. IF I DON'T CATCH AND KILL YOU THEN YOU'RE
GUILTY ANYWAY BUT YOU JUST GOT AWAY

GOT THAT?

YOU'RE RIGHT THERE. HMMM...GUESS
THE ONLY WAY TO SETTLE THIS IS **TRIAL**
BY **COMBAT**.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!



NO DEAL.



OH, NO **DEAL**. IS IT? NO
DEAL! YOU HEAR HIM?

IN THAT CASE HE
BETTER GIVE YOU
ONE DAMN GOOD
REASON WHY YOU
SHOULDN'T GUN
HIM DOWN HERE
AND NOW!

WHAT'S HE
REACHING FOR?



TRY
THIS.



LOOKS LIKE... **DREDD**...YES...WHAT'S
HE TELLING YOU, EH? HE SAYING HE
KILLED DREDD? **DREDD'S DEAD**,
THAT IT?

I'M SAYING I
AM DREDD

OH! HE **IS DREDD**!
NOW THERE'S A
TURN UP!

LIAR! KILL
HIM NOW!



NO, WAIT...THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR.
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY...YES... IF
HE'S **DREDD** THEN HE OUGHT TO KNOW
YOUR NAME...

SHOULD
HE?

YES, YES HE
SHOULD...



LET HIM LOOK
REAL CLOSE. GIVE
HIM **THREE**
GUESSES. THEN
WHEN HE GETS
IT WRONG--

THEN YOU
KILL HIM!



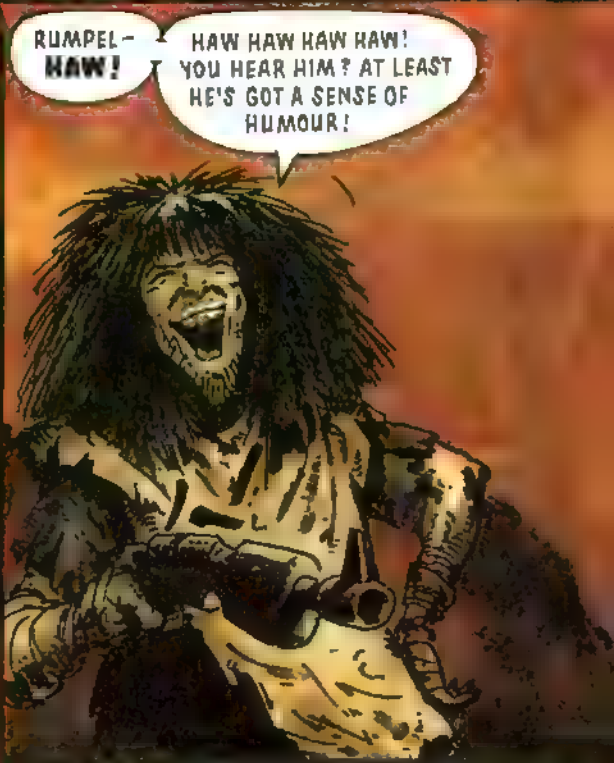
HOW ABOUT... THE AMAZING
FOUL-SMELLING BEARDED
SNAKE WOMAN?

WRONG! THAT'S NOT
YOUR NAME. IS IT?

NOT THE LAST I HEARD!



RUMPELSTILTSKIN?



RUMPEL-
HAW!

HAW HAW HAW HAW!
YOU HEAR HIM? AT LEAST
HE'S GOT A SENSE OF
HUMOUR!



A

I

W

JUDGE DREDD NEGRO- POLIS

C

A

THEY BEGIN TO MEET REFUGEES - AT FIRST EACH QUESTIONED IN DETAIL, MINUTAE EXTRACTED, EXAMINED, STORED

WE WAS LUCKY - WE GOT OUT BEFORE THEY SHUT THE GATES THOSE OTHER POOR SLOKERS

THE JUDGES GOIN' ROTTEN LIKE THAT - SO EASY - THAT'S WHAT GETS ME

GUESS YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM. THEY WEREN'T IN CONTROL OF THESELVES ANY MORE. I MEAN THOSE SISTERS - YOU JUST CAN'T FIGHT THEM

SOME OF THEM DID TRY TO STOP IT - THE OTHER ONES JUST GUNNED 'EM DOWN : SAW IT HAPPENING

WE SAW THE S.G.NS THE SKY GOING ALL BLACK, WELL, THAT WASN'T NATURAL MEMBER I SAID THAT TO YOU

HE DON'T SAY NOthin. NO MORE SISTERS GOT INTO HIM. I THINK HE'S GOING TO DIE

AIN'T THAT RIGHT HONEY? YOU'RE GONNA DIE, AINTCHA?

WE GOT OUT THROUGH THE JUDGECITY COURSE BEN ARNOLD'S RIGHT BY THE WEST WALL - WE DONE EXERCISES DOWN THERE BEFORE

THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN - THEY'RE ALL WAITING IN THEIR B.LOCKS TO DIE - WAITIN' FOR THE DARK JUDGES TO COME FOR 'EM

AN THERE AIN'T JUST FOUR DARK JUDGES NOW - AIN'T EVEN SIX. THEY GOT ONE OF OURS WORKIN' FOR THEM - DREDD HISSELF

DREDD?

BENET
ARNOLD
CITY - DEF



YEAH, WHO'D'A BELIEVED IT!
THE **LAST** JUDGE YOU FIGGER
THEY'D'A GOT TO!

BUT I SEEN HIM, WITH
MY OWN EYES!



CROW, HUH? I'LL HAVE A
PLATE OF THAT

WE HAVEN'T A LOT TO
GO ROUND, JUDGE



JAVA, HUH? HOPE
THIS ISN'T THE
REAL STUFF

THE J.A.N. ST. L. APPL. ES
EVEN OUT HERE YOU
CREEPS BETTER
REALISE THAT



US AND DON'T
REMEMBER HIM

HE WAS UP BEFORE US
ONCE - BACK IN FIVE,
THINK YES

WALLY SQUAD - LOST HIS NERVE
ON AN UNDERCOVER OP. RETURNED
TO UNIFORM, SECONDED TO CLERICAL
DUTIES, WEST WALL

HOW'S THAT
FOR RECALL?



WHAT LAW?
THERE'S NO LAW
ANYMORE JUDGE

WE DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU YOU LOST
THAT R GHT WHEN YOU STARTED TAKING
YOUR ORDERS FROM JUDGE DEATH



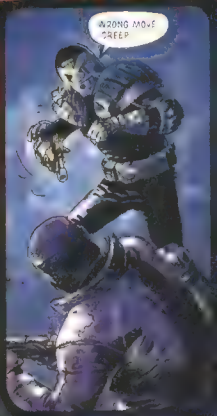
YOU SEE ME
TAK NG ORDERS FROM
JUDGE DEATH?

NO NOT YOU
BUT



THEN SHUT
YOUR MOUTH

UUNGGG!



WRONG MOVE
CREEP



DOES ANYONE WANT TO
TO HAVE TO WASTE ONE
OF YOU TO MAKE AN
EXAMPLE TO THE
REST

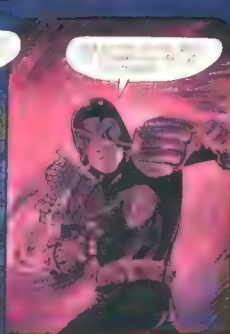
Please

THAT'S
ENOUGH



...
...
...

...
...
...



...
...
...



...



SPDAANGGG!



...

...

...
...
...



ANY JUDGE WITH ANYTHING LEFT IN HIM
WOULD HAVE STAYED TO FIGHT NOT YOU.
LUCIANO YOU RAN — YOU WERE WELL
PLACED FOR IT, OUT ON THE WEST WALL
THERE

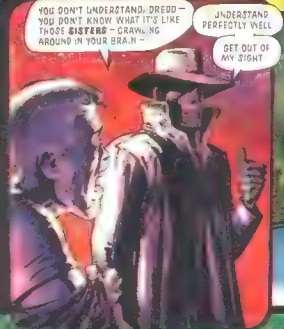
WHO ARE YOU ? HOW DO
YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT
ME ?



YOUR VOICE —
I — YOU'RE — BUT
YOU CAN'T BE



GRUD



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, DREDD —
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE
THOSE SISTERS — CRAWLING
AROUND IN YOUR BRAIN —

UNDERSTAND
PERFECTLY WELL

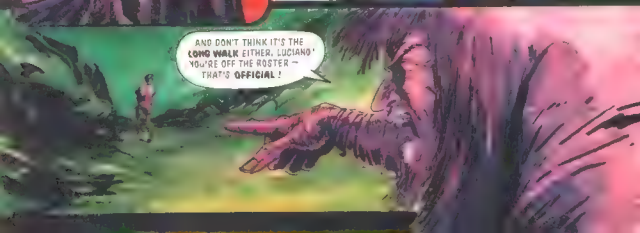
GET OUT OF
MY SIGHT



I'LL KEEP
THE BIKE

BUT WHERE'LL
GO ?

NOT MY PROBLEM
JUST TAKE A HIKE
DON'T EVER LET ME
SEE YOU AGAIN



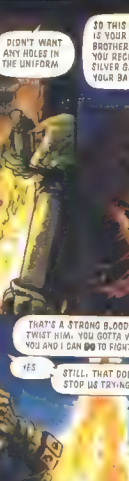
AND DON'T THINK IT'S THE
LONG WALK EITHER, LUCIANO —
YOU'RE OFF THE ROSTER —
THAT'S OFFICIAL !



TOOK A
CHANCE THERE
DID
JOE DREDD



NOW IF IT'D BEEN
ME WE'D HAVE PUT
ONE RIGHT THROUGH
HIS YELLOW HEART
SAFEST WAY



DIDN'T WANT
ANY HOLES IN
THE UNIFORM



SO THIS **KRAKEN**
IS YOUR CLONE
BROTHER, HUH?
YOU RECKON OLD
SILVER GAVE HIM
YOUR BADGE?



IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT
I THOUGHT I'D PUT AN END TO THE
KRAKEN PROBLEM. OBVIOUSLY NOT

THAT WON'T LOOK
TOO GOOD ON YOUR
RECORD, JOE - HAVING
THE DARK JUDGES IN
THE FAMILY, SO
TO SPEAK



THAT'S A STRONG BLOODLINE IF THEY CAN
TWIST HIM. YOU GOTTA WONDER JUST WHAT
YOU AND I CAN DO TO FIGHT THESE DEVILS

YES

STILL, THAT DOESN'T
STOP US TRYING



WERE NOT
A BAD FIT

HAW HAW
HAW HAW
HAW

WHAT'S SO
FUNNY?



WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
YOU WANT TO GET A
LOAD OF YOURSELF
JOE? KNOW WHO
YOU LOOK LIKE?

JUDGE
DEATH



LET'S HOPE IT'S
NOT AN OMEN

BACK IN THE BIG MFG

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO- POLIS PART 14

THEY LEAVE LONG
BEFORE DAWN,
LEAVING THE OLD
MUTANT SLEEPING
FITFULLY.

BY SUNRISE—

US AGAINST
THAT?

YEAH...



I HEARD,
BUT I
NEVER
IMAGINED

YOU KNOW,
SUDDENLY THE
CURSED EARTH
SEEMS A WARM
AND A
WELCOMING
PLACE

WHAT SAY WE HEAD FOR
TEXAS CITY, SEE IF WE CAN
GOAD THEM INTO ACTION?
THEY MUST REALISE THEY'LL
BE NEXT.

THEY SAT OUT THE
SOV WAR, THEY'LL
SIT THIS OUT
TOO

NO...WE GO ON.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO,
IF THERE'S ANY SAVING THE
CITIZENS TRAPPED IN THERE, BUT
THERE'S A LITTLE VOICE IN MY HEAD
KEEPS TELLING ME KEEP GOING!
DON'T GIVE UP! WE CAN **BEAT**
THESE MONSTERS!

YEAH? THERE'S
A LITTLE VOICE
IN MINE TELLIN'
ME WE'RE GONNA
GET OUR BUTTS
KICKED



GOOD MORNING,
CITIZZENS

YESSSS, IT ISSS MORNINGG,
THOUGH YOU MAY BE
EXCUSED IFF YOU DID NOT
REALISSE .. A MORNINGG
AS BLACK AND CHILL ASS
MY HEARTT!

HERE'SSS NAUSSEA
WITH THE WEATHHER

ONCE AGAIN A SSSINISSTER BLACK PALL
WILL BLANKET THE ENTIRE CCITY THAT
MEANSSS ZERO HOURSSS OF SSSUNLIGHT.
I'M AFFRAID - SSSO ALL YOU SSSUNLOVERSSS
CAN PUT AWAY THOSSE SSHHADES AGAIN

TEMPERATURE WILL BE A
BRACCCING TEN DEGREESS
BELOW FREEZZING, SSO
IFF YOU GO OUT WRAP UP
WARMMM AND
REMEMBER

THE CURFEWW ISS SSTILL
IN FORCCCE. YOU WILL BE
SSHOT ON SSSIGHT.

AND THAT WOULD
BE A SSSHAME ..





THERE ARE SSSO
MANY MORE ...
INTERESSSTINGG
WAYSSS TO DIE!

YESSS INDEED!
THANK YOU,
NAUSSSEA!

I UNDERSSSTAND MANY OF YOUUU HAVVE GIVEN
UP HOPE, HAYVE LOSSST THE WILL TO LIVE. SOME
HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO SSSTARVE. DISSEASSSE
IS SSSPREADINGG RAPIDLY

MANY HAVE CROSSSEN SSSUICCCIDE RATHER
THAN AWAIT DUE PROCESSSS OF THE LAW

THISSS IS GOOD YOUR HELP
ISSS APPRECCIATED.

OUR BROTHERSSS WORK TIRELESSSLY
TO BRING JUSSTICE TO ALL, BUT
THEY ARE FEWW AND YOUU ARE
SSSO MANY.

WE ASSSKK YOU TO BE PATIENT
REMAIN IN YOUR BLOCKSSS
THEY WILL GET TO YOU
IN TIME



ASSEMBLE!
ASSEMBLE TO RECEIVE
JUSTICE!

IT ISS A MOMENTOUSSS TASSKK WE HAVVE
SSSET OURSSSELVESS! TO PURGGGE THISSS
CITY! TO CLEANSSE THE TEEMINGG MILLIONSS!
TO GRANT YOU ETERNAL ABSSOLUTION FROM
CRIME - THE ONE TRUE CRIME...

LIFFFFFFE
ITSSSELF!

WITNNH YOUR HELP WE WILL
TURN THISSS CITY INTO A
MONUMENT TO JUSSTICE - A
HOME FIT FOR THE INNOCENT!

TOGETHER, WE WILL BUILD NECROPOLISSSSSS!



DIRTY TRAITORS!

THEY CAN'T HELP IT

THEY CAN'T CONTROL WHAT THEY DO ANYMORE— THEY'RE JUST ZOMBIES.

THEN WHY DIDN'T THE **SISTERS** PUT THE HEX ON **US**, THEN?

WE'RE JUST CADETS— GUESS WE'RE NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH

HE'S BEEN GONE A LONG TIME

MAYBE THEIR POWER IS LIMITED OR SOMETHING. YEAH, OTHERWISE THEY'D PUT THE HEX ON THE WHOLE CITY, WOULDN'T THEY?

THERE WAS GUNFIRE— LOOKS LIKE A BLOCK'S BURNING

WHAT IF THEY GOT HIM?

HE'S SMART HE KNOWS THESE STREETS— HE'S BEEN ON THEM BEFORE HE'LL MAKE IT

BUT WHAT IF HE—

WHAT'RE WE DOING HERE ANYWAY? HOW'RE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT THESE THINGS? WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO? WE MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD.

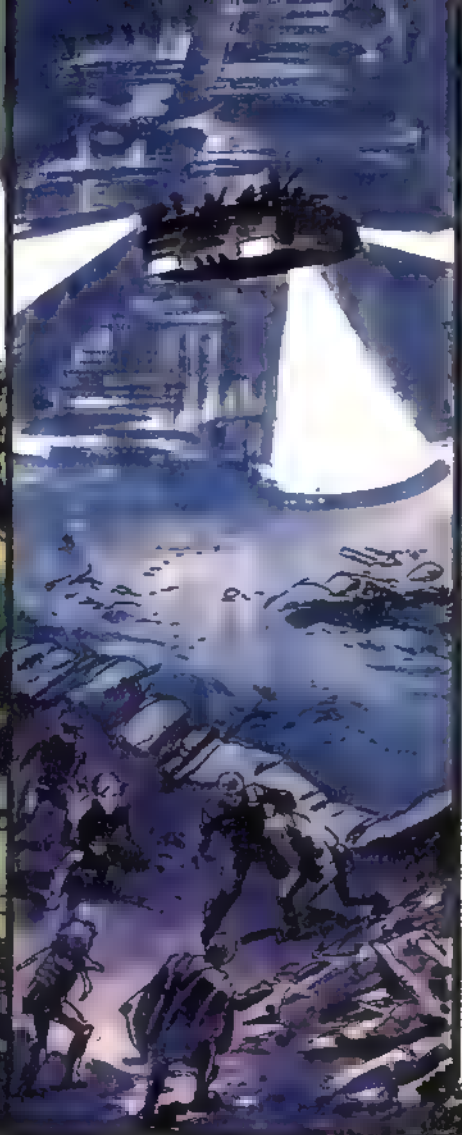
HEY, C'MON, EK. DON'T TALK LIKE THAT

GRUD! YOU MAKE ME SICK! LISTEN TO YOU, WHINING LIKE A BABY! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVER LASTED SO LONG AT THE ACADEMY!



THERE!
THERE HE IS!

HE'S GOT SOMEONE
WITH HIM!



LOT OF JUDGES OVER BY KEELER,
SHOOTING ANYTHING THAT MOVES.

GIVE THE JUVIE A K-PAK,
HE'S STARVING.

HEY, WE CAN'T
GO THROWING
THIS STUFF
AWAY.



POOR LITTLE BEGGAR.
PROBABLY HASN'T EATEN
SINCE IT STARTED.
AND LOOK AT HIS FEET-
FROSTBITE

THE WHOLE **CITY** IN
THE SAME STATE WE
TURN OURSELVES INTO
A SOUP KITCHEN AND
WE WON'T LAST
ANOTHER DAY.

IN THIS CASE IT'S
WORTH IT.



JULIO HERE SAYS HE KNOWS A WAY
DOWN INTO THE **UNDERCITY**. HE'S
GOING TO BE OUR TICKET **OUT** OF
HERE!

NEXT
PROG. **THE HUNTED!**

**JUDGE
DREDD**
NECRO-
POLIS PART
15



ALL CLEAR!
LET'S GO!

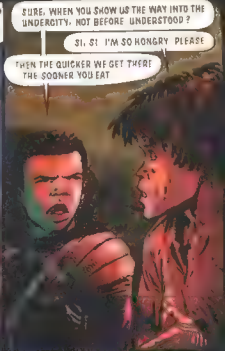




CAN
HARDLY FEEL
MY FEET
ANY MORE

NOT FAR NOW. REED BLOCK. THE KID
SAID - THAT'S JUST OVER THE
OVERSKED THEN WE'RE OUTA HERE

KID WANTS
'MORE FOOD'



SURE. WHEN YOU SHOW US THE WAY INTO THE
UNDERGITY. NOT BEFORE UNDERSTOOD?

SI, SI! I'M SO HONGRY PLEASE

THEN THE QUICKER WE GET THERE!
THE SOONER YOU EAT



MOVE



COVER!



BAKKA BAKKA BAKKA



YOU YOU
KILLED A
JUDGE!

THEY'RE NOT JUDGES ANY MORE
THEY BELONG TO THE **SISTERS**

C'MON! THAT NOISE'LL
BRING 'EM DOWN ON US!



TH GRUD



I KNEW
WE'D NEVER
MAKE IT!

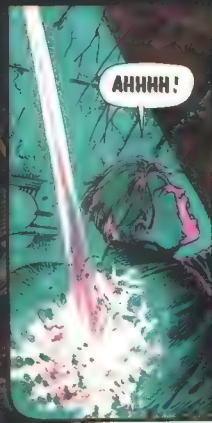
YOU DIDN'T TELL US THE
OVERSKED WAS DOWN!

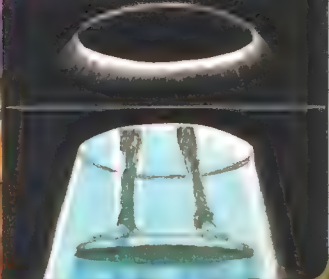
EET WAS HOKAY!
EET MOS JOS
HAVE CROMBLE-!



DAMN' NO CHOICE
NOW' USE THE
CABLES-!









HIT HIM!

FOOLISHHHH
LITTLE ONES!!

**JUDGE
DREDD**
IN **NECRO-
POLIS** PART 16

SCRIPT: JOHN
WAGNER
AND CARLOS
ESTRADA
LETTERING: TOM
ERFANI



DID THEY NOT TEACHH
YOU AT THE ACADEMY?

YOU CANNOT KILL WHAT
DOESSS NOT LIVE!

GRUD! OH GRUD!
HE'S STILL -!

SHUT UP, EKERSON!
BACK OFF!



COME... COME,
MY CHHILDRENN!
FLIGHT ISSS USSSELESSS!
YOU CANNOT ESSCAPE
YOUR FATE!

EKERSON! DAMMIT,
EKERSON!



WH-WHAT'S THE POINT? WE'RE ALL
GOING TO DIE ANYWAY!

YESSSSSS!
COME
TO ME...!



SSSSO YOUNG...
YET SSSSO SSSTEEEEPED
IN SSSINNN!

I WILL GRANT YOU
RESSPITE FROM YOUR
WICKEDNESSSS! I WILL
RELIEVE YOU OF THE
TERRIBLE BURDEN OF
YOUR LIVESSS!



DON'T LISTEN
TO HIM -

SANTANDO!



JUVES! I GOT MYSELF
IN TOW WITH A
BUNCH OF JUVES!

HI-EX!

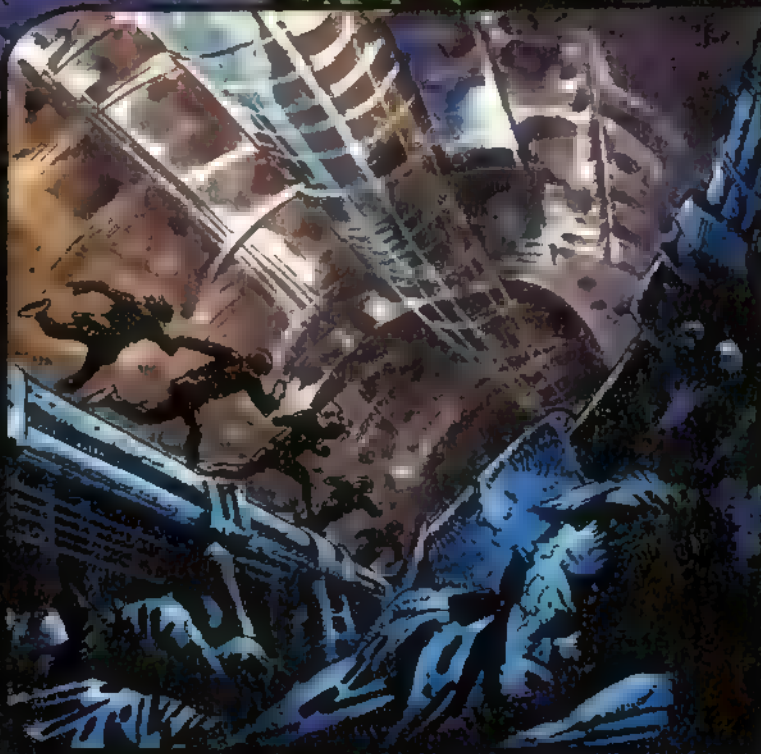




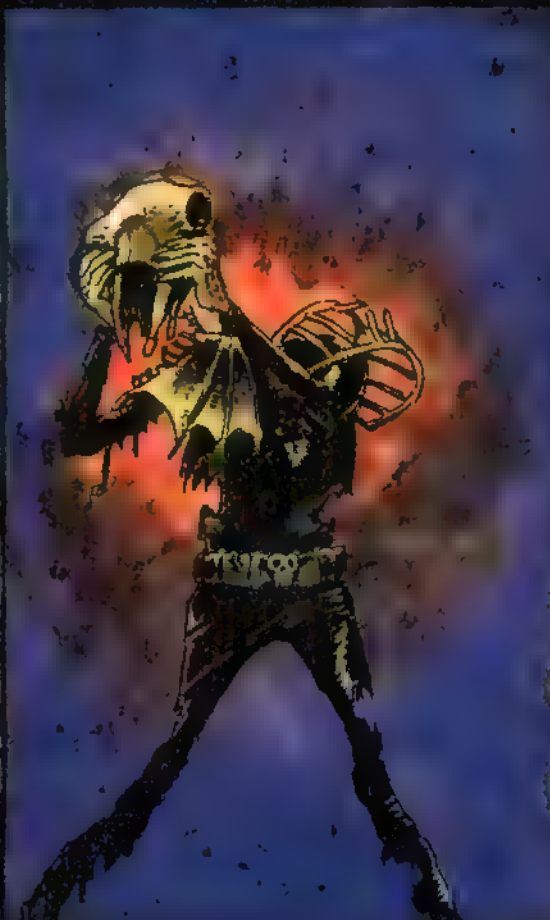
YOU-YOU
DID IT-!

STOP GAWKING-
MOVE!

YOU TOO, JULIO!



LOOK! HE-HE'S
MOVING-!



FOOOOOLISSHHHHH!



KEEP GOING!
DON'T LOOK
BACK!

CHHHILDRENNNN!



DOWN THROUGH THE LEVELS,
LIKE A SCENE OUT OF HELL.

FOOD!
PLEASE GRUD-!



HUMAN BEINGS! HOW
COULD THEY HAVE COME
TO THIS SO QUICKLY...?

HELP ME!



Chhhildrennn!

Chhhildrennn!

Chhhildrennn!

SUB-BASEMENT
NO ADMITTANCE



OH GRUD! THEY'VE
BEEN USING IT AS A
BURIAL HEAP —!

UHUUUUUU



N-NO!

BE PATIENT,
SSSINNRR! YOUR TIME
WILL COME!



EES-EES A DOOR ONNERNEATH —
SHE GO DOWN A BEEG PIPE!

YOU BETTER NOT BE
LYING TO US,

NO! EES A
PLACE WHERE EES BROKEN.
COMPREDE? YOU CAN
GET EENTO ONNERCEETY!
I DO EET ONCE! I
KNOW!

C'MON!
GIMME A
HAND
HERE!



ANTIBIOTICS WITH
THE RATION PACKS! WE
ALL START A COURSE
TODAY, OKAY?

THAT'S IF WE GET
OUT OF HERE!

FOOD! YOU
GEEV FOOD
NOW!

YOU CAN
EAT —?



CHHHILDRENNN!

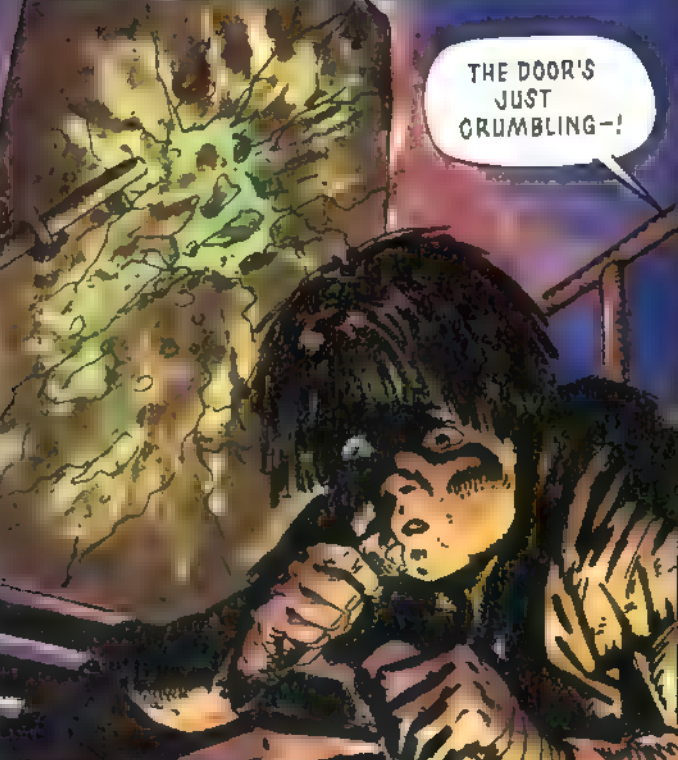


NAUGHTYY CHHHILDRENNN!
YOU ARE BEGINNING TO
ANNNOYYY MEEEE!



AND WHAT DO WE
DO WITHHH NAUGHTYY
CHHHILDRENNN?

WE PUNISHHH
THEM!



THE DOOR'S
JUST
CRUMBLING--!



DON'T WATCH.
SANTANDO! MOVE!

JULIO, COME ON!
YOU CAN'T
STAY HERE!



COME, CHHILDD!
COME TO
JUDGGEMENT!

THE TOUCH OF **JUDGE MORTIS**
BRINGS — **DECAY!**



JULIO!

GIANT!
COME ON!

NEXT: **THE UNDERCITY!**

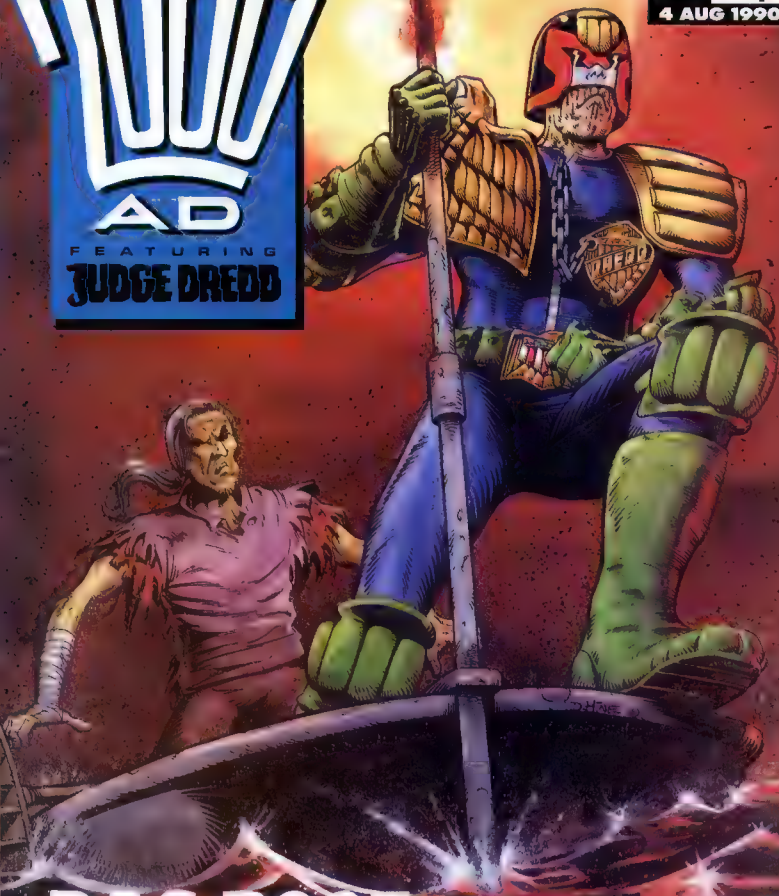


IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

PROG
690

40p

4 AUG 1990



DAS BOOT

A Ray of Hope for MC-1

ISSN 0262-284X



31>



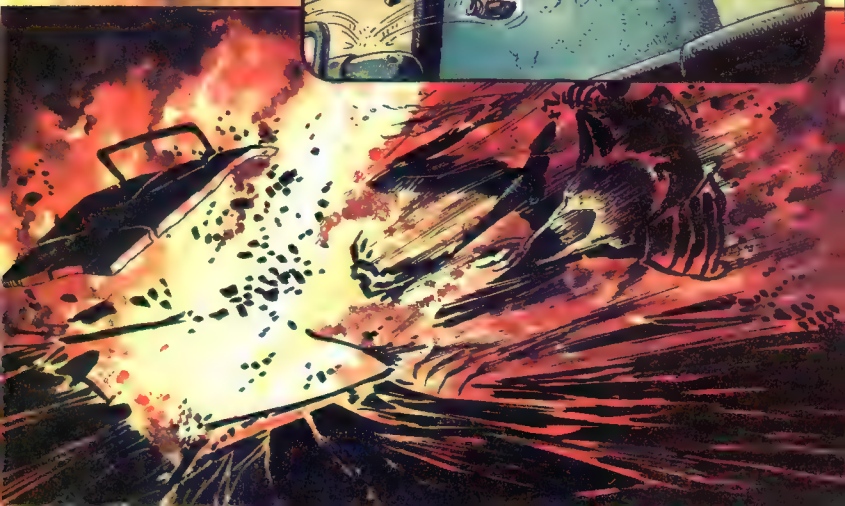
JUDGE DREDD

IN NECRO-POLIS

PART 17

CHHHILDRENNNN!

Fzzzzzz





EVEN OLD MORTIS ISN'T
GOING TO MELT HIS WAY
THROUGH THAT.

POOR JULIO ...
WHAT A WAY TO GO



THERE WAS NO SAVING HIM
ANYWAY. DID YOU SEE HIS
FEET? THEY'D STARTED TO
GO BLACK - GANGRENE

LET'S STOP YAKKING
AND GET MOVING

WHICH WAY? JULIO WAS
THE ONE WHO KNEW THE WAY
TO THE UNDERCITY

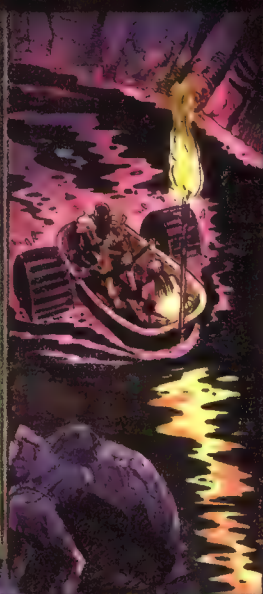


AT THE MOMENT
THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY.





WE'LL SAY
ONE THING.
JOE —



NEVER THOUGHT
WE'D SEE THE
DAY WE'D BE
SHARING A
BATH



YOU GOT ANY
BETTER IDEAS.
LET'S HEAR 'EM



THERE'S A WHOLE RIVER
NETWORK RUNNING THROUGH
THE UNDERCITY. IF I'M RIGHT
THEN WE MUST BE GETTING
PRETTY CLOSE TO THE
MAINSTREAM.

JUST DON'T
PULL THE PLUG.
THAT'S ALL



JOE?



THAT
VOICE
AGAIN.



I SEE A PICTURE... TORCHES—
HALF HUMAN FACES ALL
AROUND ME...

THERE'S NO FEELING IN MY
BODY—I'M BEING CARRIED...
CARRIED THROUGH THE
UNDERCITY!

GRUD!

UNDERSTAND NOW!

HEY! DON'T
ROCK THE BOAT!

IT'S NOT **ME**,
McGRUDER—!

HEY!
SOMETHING
HERE!



WE FOUND IT!

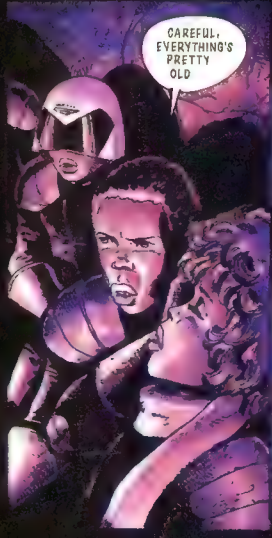


IT'S A BIG STAIRWELL...

MAYBE IT WAS PART OF THE OLD SUBWAY SYSTEM.



UHHH!



CAREFUL, EVERYTHING'S PRETTY OLD



YOU'RE TELLING ME WE DON'T NEED OLD MORTIS DOWN HERE...



WATCH IT!

DON'T FIRE!

BZANNING!



NO POINT WASTING BULLETS ON THEM 'LESS WE HAVE TO.

WH-WHAT ARE THEY?

TROGGIES -
UNDERCITY
DWELLERS

THERE'S A LOT OF THEM DOWN HERE.
THEY'VE BEEN SHUT OFF FROM DAYLIGHT
SO LONG SOME OF THEM HAVE LOST THEIR
EYESIGHT - GET ABOUT BY SMELL. WE
JUST DID 'EM AT THE ACADEMY



ONE GOOD THING...
HAVE YOU NOTICED?
THE **SISTERS** - I
CAN'T FEEL THEM
ANYMORE.

IT'S LIKE... LIKE
THEIR INFLUENCE
DOESN'T PENETRATE
DOWN HERE

YEAH, NOW YOU
MENSH... HEY!
I'M BEGINNING TO
FEEL LIKE THERE
MIGHT BE SOME
HOPE FOR US
AFTER ALL!

WHAT?



WEIRD!

OUR INTAKE HASN'T GOT TO
THE UNDERCITY YET

DON'T S'POSE IT
EVER WILL. NOW

BETTER START USING ONE TORCH AT
A TIME. OTHERWISE THEY'RE NOT
GOING TO LAST. NO TELLING HOW
LONG WE'LL BE DOWN HERE

I SAID -

WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU -?

HOW DO YOU KNOW
MY NAME?

EH?



I CAN HARDLY
HEAR YOU - YOU
HAVE TO SPEAK
LOUDER

WHAT?

WHO'S SHE
TALKING TO?



WE'LL TRY!
I PROMISE!
OH, SHE'S GOING!
COME BACK!
WAIT -



IT WAS A WOMAN'S
VOICE - I HEARD IT,
IN MY HEAD! SHE
KNEW MY NAME -

SHE'S FLIPPED!
SHE'S FINALLY
FLIPPED!

THE
SISTERS:



IT'S THEM!
THEY'RE TRYING TO
GET AT YOU AGAIN,
EKERSON!

IT WASN'T THEM,
GIANT! I FELT IT -
SHE WAS GOOD -
CLEAN

BUT SHE'S HURT
SHE NEEDS US! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND HER -
HELP HER!

OH, NO WAY,
JOSE!



SHE SAID
IT WAS
IMPORTANT!

EKERSON! COME BACK HERE!
IT'S THE SISTERS!



COME
ON!

BOY! I KNEW
WE SHOULD'VE
LEFT HER
BEHIND!

NEXT PROG -
THE BIG SMELLY!

IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY

PROG
691

40p

11 AUG 1990



Young Guns

JUNIOR JUDGES IN THE FRONT LINE!



9 770262 284012

JUDGE DREDD

NECRO- POLIS

PART
18

EKERSON!

GET A
HOLD OF
YOURSELF!

LET ME GO, GIANT! SHE'S
CLOSE; I CAN FEEL HER!
SHE NEEDS US!

LISTEN!

SOUNDS LIKE A
LOT OF ANIMALS
SCREECHING



"ROGGIES."

THEY'RE
FIGHTING
OVER
SOMETHING;



IT'S ~~THE~~ GIANT!
I KNOW IT! OH WHAT
ARE WE WAITING
FOR?

I SURE HOPE
YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT THIS



OKAY, NO KILLING UNLESS WE
HAVE TO. LAST THING WE NEED
IS MORE ENEMIES

LET'S GRAB THEIR
ATTENTION -



YOU PEOPLE! WE DON'T WANT
TO HURT YOU! JUST HAND
OVER WHOEVER THAT IS
YOU'VE GOT THERE!



WATCH
IT



AAAAAK!

EEEEK!



HOLD FIRE
THEY'RE
RUNNING!



SANTANDO-MONK-KEEP
AN EYE OUT THEY MIGHT
COME BACK



SHE'S OUT
COLD





GEEZ YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS

IT'S
ANDERSON!



SHE'S ALIVE
McGRUDER -
ALIVE!



I'M NOT SURE WHAT SHE'S TELLING
ME THE MESSAGE IS FAINT - JUST
PICTURES, BRIEF FLASHES

THINK SHE'S HURT, SOMEWHERE
IN THE UNDERCITY - MAYBE IN SOME
DANGER BUT SHE'S ALIVE!



IT'S AN OMEN' ANDERSON'S THE ONE
PERSON IN THIS WORLD WHO KNOWS
THE DARK JUDGES - THE ONE PERSON
WHO MAY HAVE A CHANCE OF
TURNING THIS THING ROUND;



GETTING MIGHTY
ROUGH

WE MUST
BE GETTING
CLOSE:



HOLD
ON.





**THE BIG
SMELLY.**



EEEE!

EEEE!

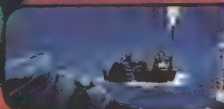


ALWAYS
SOME JOKER
WANTS A
FIGHT.

YUP



BADOW!
BADOW!
BADOW!



EEEEEEEEEE



THAT ONE'S
GOT AN
ENGINE

START HER UP
LET'S GET
MOVING



YOU GOT ANY IDEA
WHERE WE'RE
GOING?

NOT THE
SLIGHTEST



I'M BANKING
ON A LITTLE
HELP THERE

JUDGE DREDD IN NECRO- POLIS PART 19

YOU SURE
IT'S HER?

YEAH. THAT'S HOW SHE COULD SPEAK TO
EKERSON - SHE'S A TELEPATH

WHY ME?

DUNNO. MAYBE YOU'RE MORE
RECEPTIVE OR SOMETHING



SHE'S
COMING
ROUND

SANTANDO -
SOME
WATER
HERE!

NOT TOO MUCH.
SHE'S HAVING
TROUBLE
SWALLOWING.

UH, CADET GIANT,
MA'AM - THREE
OTHERS FROM THE
ACADEMY.

GEEZ, SPARE THE
INTRODUCTIONS, GIANT
SHE'S HURT

ARE YOU IN PAIN?
WHERE ARE YOU HURT?

SHE...SHE CAN'T TALK. SHE SAYS
SHE CAN'T MOVE - CAN'T FEEL
ANYTHING SHE THINKS SHE'S
BROKEN HER
BACK

IT'S A
WONDER
SHE'S LASTED
THIS LONG

I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU...

THE SISTERS - YOU KNOW
A WAY ..YES...

OH! SHE'S
GOING -!

I'VE LOST
HER!

SHE NEEDS
MED ASSIST

OH, YEAH, WHERE
WE GOING TO GET
THAT DOWN HERE?

LOOK AT THIS

SHRAPNEL

IT COULD BE PRESSING ON HER
SPINE, CAUSING PARALYSIS
MAYBE IF WE TOOK IT OUT -

IT MIGHT KILL HER

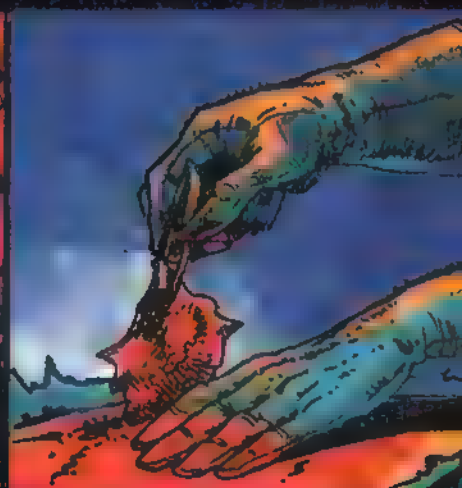
SHE'S GOING TO DIE
FOR SURE IF WE
DON'T DO
SOMETHING.

**BLAM!
BLAM!**

WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF
TROGTOWN HERE LET'S
GET HER SOMEPLACE
SAFE

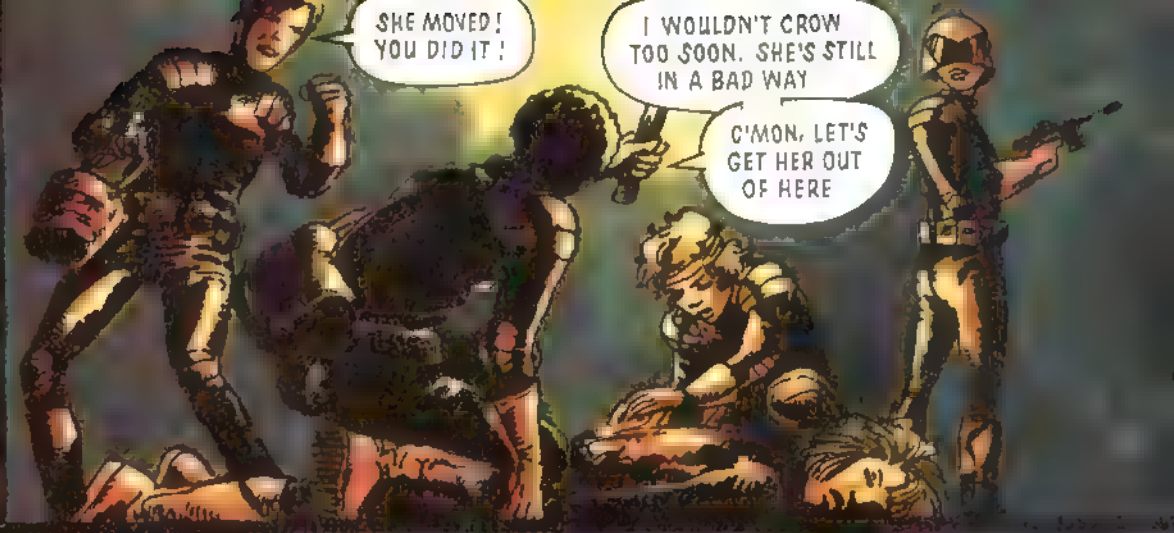
WE CAN'T RISK
MOVING HER -
NOT LIKE THAT

HRAAIEEEEE!





UHHH



SHE MOVED! YOU DID IT!

I WOULDN'T CROW TOO SOON. SHE'S STILL IN A BAD WAY

C'MON, LET'S GET HER OUT OF HERE

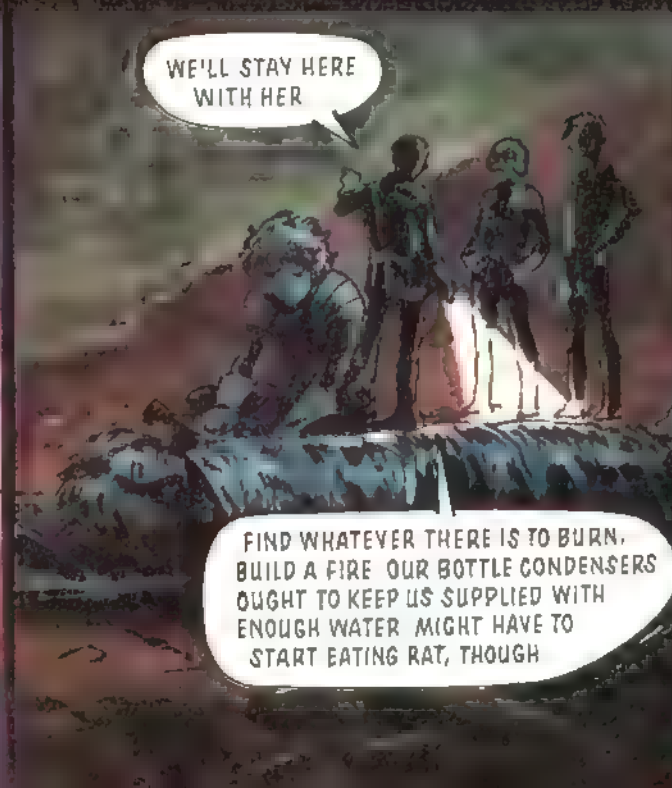


WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE MEANT - ABOUT THE SISTERS. ABOUT KNOWING A WAY. ?

I DON'T KNOW TO BEAT THEM, I GUESS



THIS OUGHT TO DO WE CAN DEFEND IT FROM FOUR SIDES



WE'LL STAY HERE WITH HER

FIND WHATEVER THERE IS TO BURN. BUILD A FIRE OUR BOTTLE CONDENSERS OUGHT TO KEEP US SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH WATER MIGHT HAVE TO START EATING RAT, THOUGH



IF THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT - IF SHE KNOWS HOW TO BEAT THE SISTERS - WE **HAVE** TO KEEP HER ALIVE



SHE SLEEPS .

. FOR WHAT SEEMS YEARS, TIMELESS YEARS,
WHILE **FEVER** TAKES HER IN ITS GRIP.

THE THIRD
SISTER . .

CALL HER **DELIRIA**.

SHE REMEMBERS
LAUGHING



BRIEF MOMENTS OF AWARENESS. YOUNG FACES
SWIMMING... VOICES FAR AWAY... THE TASTE
OF WARM BLOOD TRICKLING IN HER THROAT...



OTHER VISIONS. SHADOWS
FLITTING ACROSS HER
MIND -



BRUSHING BY, TOUCHING
THEM WITH GHOSTLY
FINGERS -



ONCE SHE DREAMS SHE AWAKES - TO SEE
DEATH'S TERRIBLE FIGURE BEFORE HER,
COME TO CLAIM HER FOR HIS OWN...



... MERCIFULLY
LAPSING BACK
INTO OBLIVION.



SHE'S
COMING
ROUND

TAKE SOME
WATER
EASY NOW ..



DREDD ?

I WANT YOU TO TRY AND
MOVE YOUR HAND,
ANDERSON



HOW DID
YOU FIND
ME ?

YOU LED US HERE. THAT LITTLE
VOICE IN MY HEAD. DON'T
YOU REMEMBER ?

DID ?



NOT GOOD

WE'LL HAVE
TO DO IT
WITHOUT HER



TAKE YOUR TIME, ANDERSON
I WANT YOU TO TELL ME
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE **SISTERS
OF DEATH.**

YOUNG EKERSON HERE
TELLS ME YOU MAY KNOW
A WAY TO BEAT THEM

NEXT PROG: SISTERS, SISTERS...



FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

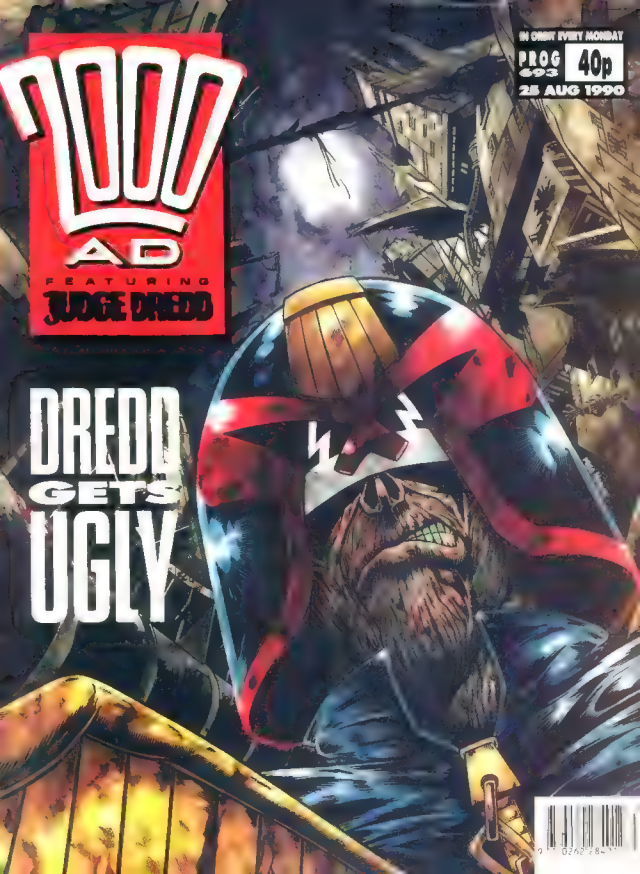
DREDD GETS UGLY

IN COMIX EVERY MONDAY

PROG
693

40p

25 AUG 1990



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JUDGE DREDD NECRO- POLIS

PART
20



AS HIS DARKEST DREAMS HE'D
NEVER IMAGINED THIS

THE COLD, BITTER COLD THAT
CHILLED THE MARROW AND
BAPPED THE NERVE

THE PERVADING SENSE OF
TERROR THE DEAD HAND OF
EVIL REACHING OVER THE
CITY, BLIGHTING EVERYTHING

BEN ENTERS CITY

HOME

LE ROYAL





DOWN



NO MISTAKES
IF HE MANAGES
TO RAISE THE
ALARM

HE WON'T



UNGGGGGG



OWWWWWW



HIS NAME'S
FORTUNA

HIDE
THE BODY
AND BRING ME
HIS BADGE
AND GUN



YOU'RE GETTIN'
TOO OLD FOR
THOSE KIND OF
STUNTS, JOE

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME



CONTROL -
FORTUNA
PICKED UP
THREE
CURFEW
BREAKERS
BY KINSKI
OVERPED

SO WHY
WASTE TIME
TELLING US?
KILL THEM



TWO OF THEM ARE
ACADEMY BRATS
THE OTHER ONE
CLAIMS TO BE
FORMER CHIEF
JUDGE MCGRUDER

HOLD ON

OKAY HOLD HER THERE H-WAGON
ON ITS WAY IF SHE IS MCGRUDER.
JUDGE DEATH WILL WANT TO
DEAL WITH HER IN PERSON

THAT'S
A RO!



THEN IT'S TRUE - THE WHOLE
FORCE GONE OVER TO THE DARK
JUDGES! WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED IT!

YES



YET WAS IT ANY WONDER? THE SISTERS
THAT WAS EVIL ON A SCALE NEVER
BEFORE ENCOUNTERED HE HAD FELT
THEIR POWER FROM AFAR- AND EVEN
THEN IT HAD NEARLY COST HIS LIFE

HE COULD FEEL THEM NOW, FEEL THEIR
PHANTASIES REACHING OUT SEARCHING
FOR THEM SENSING AN ENEMY IN THEIR
MIDST

AND ANDERSON REMAINING DEFLECTING
THE PROBING TENTACLES PROTECTING
THEM FROM THE SISTERS GAZE

TELL ME
EVERYTHING
YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE
SISTERS OF
DEATH

SOME
HURTS
TOO
MUCH



YOU
YOU'RE
NOT
DREDD.

THIS ISN'T
HAPPENING /
IT'S ALL IN YOUR
MIND - IT'S AN
ILLUSION /

SLIP THESE ON LOOSE TAKE
YOUR CUE FROM ME WE MESS
THIS UP AND THE LAST CHANCE
IS GONE

H. WAGON

KIT THEY
THEY'RE
DOING THIS
THROUGH
HER!

SO THE SISTER ARE USING KIT
AGEE TO FORM A PSYCHIC BRIDGE
TO THIS WORLD THEY HAVE NO
ACTUAL PHYSICAL PRESENCE OF
THEIR OWN WITHOUT YOUR
FRIEND, THEY WOULD BE
UNABLE TO REMAIN HERE

AND THAT'S
ALL WE HAVE
TO DO TO STOP
THEM?

YES

KILL KIT AGEE

THE SENTENCE IS
DEATH!

JUDGE DREDD NECRO- POLIS PART 20



GRUB! WHAT
HAPPENED TO YOU
FORTUNA?

LITTLE
DISAGREEMENT
WITH THE
SISTERS

AND THEY TALKED YOU
ROUND TO THEIR WAY
OF SEEING THINGS,
HUH?



AND THIS CLAIMS IT'S CHIEF
JUDGE McGRUDER? YOU
GOULDA FOOLED -
UNNGGS!

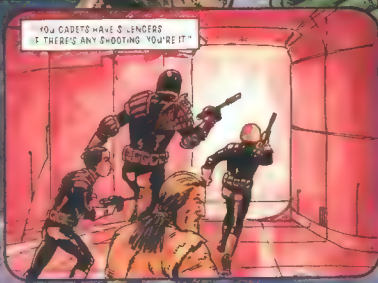
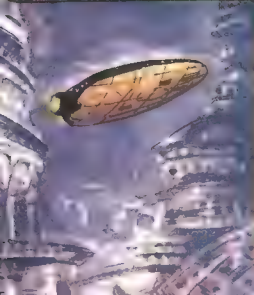


KRA-AAK



ALL ABOARD
SKIP

ROJ



YOU CADETS HAVE S LENDERS
IF THERE'S ANY SHOOTING YOU'RE IT

REMEMBER, IT'S ALL OR NOTHING.
MESS THIS UP AND THERE'LL
NEVER BE A SECOND CHANCE.

NO MISTAKES SHOOT TO







WATCH THE
ENTRANCES!



STAND BY
TO ALTER
COURSE



JUST STRAIGHT
AHEAD...

APARTMENT ON
THE 22ND FLOOR -
THEY'RE HOLDING
KIT THERE

KILL KIT AND YOU
YOU DESTROY THE
BRIDGE TO THIS
WORLD

THE SISTERS ARE STRONG
THEY'LL SENSE YOUR PRESENCE
I'LL TRY TO RUN INTERFERENCE
AS LONG AS I CAN

UNC RE

AND IN THEIR ICY
TOWER WHERE
KIT AGEE LIES,
A WASTING,
TORTURED SHELL—

SSSOMETHING
ISSSS
WRONGGGG!

SSSSSOMETHING ISSSS WRONGGGG!

—AND EVEN THE DARK JUDGES
PAUSE IN THEIR MONUMENTAL
TASK, HEARING THE SCREAM,
UNDERSTANDING THE MOMENT
OF DANGER...

...AWAITING THE OUTCOME.

NEXT: NO PITY IN MEGA-CITY!

JUDGE DREDD

IN THE NECRO- POLIS

PART 21

SSSSOMETHINGGG
ISSS WRONGGG

ONE MINUTE TO TARGET



- AND THEY FEEL THE SISTERS, FEEL
THEIR POISONOUS TENTACLES
CLICKING OUT TOWARDS THEM





YOUU CANT
HIIIDE
FROMM USSS



FIGHT THEM
DONT LET THEM
TOUGH YOU

SOMETHING'S
GOING ON

NO GOOD
THEY'RE TOO
STRONG

THEY CANT HOLD
THEM OUT!

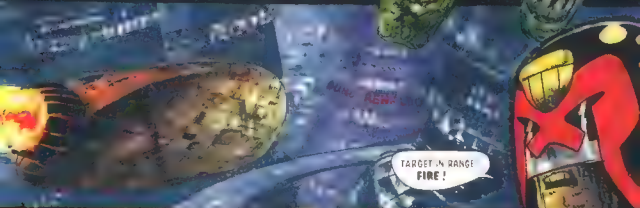


ANDERSSSSSONNN



HE'S PLEADING
END T CARD

NNNNNNNN

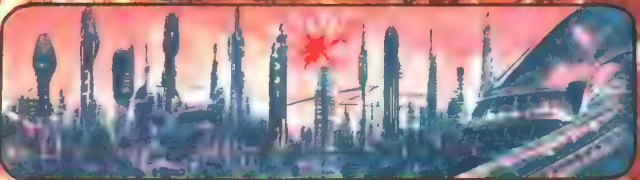








THE SISTERS OF DEATH ARE
SUCKED SCREAMING BACK
TO THEIR OWN REALM.





DREDD TO
CONTROL!

THE SISTERS
ARE GONE!

THE CITY IS
OURS AGAIN!



AD
FEATURING
JUDGE DREDD

**SAY
"CHEESE"
AND DIE!**
IN NECROPOLIS





THE
SISSSTERSSS
ARE
LOSSST!

NNNNNNNN!

THE MEGA-CITY JUDGES™ RELEASED FROM THE SISTERS' SNISSSTER INFLUENCE - GAZE IN HORROR AT THE CARNAGE THEY HAVE HELPED TO BRING ABOUT --

**JUDGE
DREDD**
Necro-
POLIS™



RUN!



GET THOSE
MONSTERS!

OUR MISSION
IS IN PERILL! IT
CANNOT BE!

2000
YEAR
CITY
1970-1980
1970-1980



SSSLAVERS! THEY SHOULD
NOT TURN ON THEIR
MASSSTERSSSS!



ARGHHH!



YOU WERE USELESS WHEN
YOU SERVED US!! NOW
YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR
CRIMINALITYSSSS!



THE SENTENCE
IS DEATHHHH!



DREDD DREDD
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO DO THIS -

YOU'RE FREE
OF THEM



CAN'T
STOP!



CAN'T STOP!



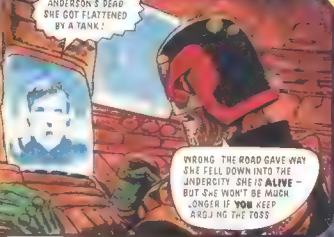
HE SAYS HE'S
DREDD..?

I MAY LOOK LIKE DEATH,
CONTROL. BUT TAKE IT FROM
ME, I'M THE REAL THING



I TOOK THE NIME
THE CREEP YOU
KNOW AS DREDD IS
ONE **KRAKEN** -
FORMER JUDDA,
MY BLOODLINE

ACCORDING TO
ANDERSON IT
WAS SILVER'S
SMART IDEA
TO GIVE HIM
MY BADGE



ANDERSON'S DEAD
SHE GOT FLATTENED
BY A TANK!

WRONG. THE ROAD GAVE WAY
SHE FELL DOWN INTO THE
UNDERCITY. SHE IS **ALIVE** -
BUT SHE WON'T BE MUCH
LONGER IF **YOU** KEEP
ARGUING THE TOSS

THIS IS **FORMER CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER**
SPEAKING. IF YOU MEATBALLS DON'T BELIEVE
THAT THEN RUN A **VP**!

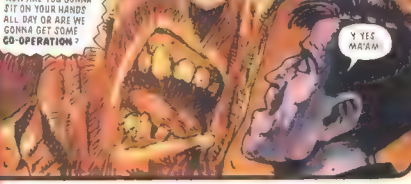
VOICE PRINT
MATCHES!

THAT'S
MCGRUDER?



DAMN RIGHT! AN' SEEM' YOU'RE
CURRENTLY **SHORT ONE CHIEF JUDGE**.
I GUESS THAT PUTS US IN CHARGE!

NOW ARE YOU GONNA
SIT ON YOUR HANDS
ALL DAY OR ARE WE
GONNA GET SOME
CO-OPERATION?



Y YES
MA'AM

START BY ORGANISING AN UNDERCITY
MEDEVAC FOR ANDERSON. PICK UP
CADETS GIANT AND MONK ON
HUBERMAN. THEY'LL BE YOUR GUIDES

WE BOOED THE SISTERS BACK TO THE DEADWORLD,
BUT THAT STILL LEAVES THEIR BIG BROTHERS TO
DEAL WITH. YOU GOT A GENERAL ALERT OUT?

UH, NOT YET, MA'AM

WELL, DO IT DAMMIT!
REPORT LAST KNOWN
POSITION!

UH, FEAR AND MORTIS
CURRENTLY DISPENSING
JUSS-- I MEAN,
OFFING CITS IN
CESS PARKINSON

DEATH, FIRE AND, UH, DREDO
LAST LOGGED AT GABOR
BLOCK, SECTOR 91

WE'RE EN ROUTE FOR GABOR.
KEEP US INFORMED

YES, MA'AM

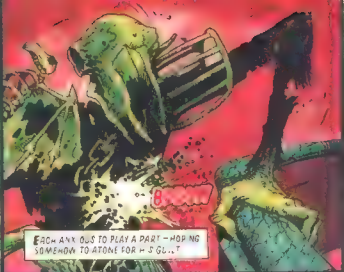
SEE EM JUMPIN'. STILL
GOT THE OLD AIR OF
COMMAND, EH?

SOME THINGS
YOU NEVER
LOSE

FROM EVERY
QUARTER
JUDGES ARE
DIRECTED TO THEIR
TARGETS -



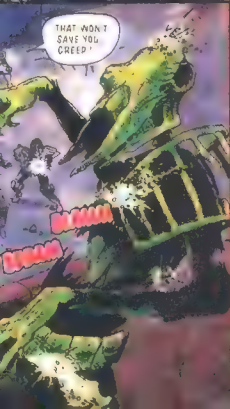
EACH ANXIOUS TO PLAY A PART - HOPING
SOMEHOW TO ATONE FOR HIS GUILT



WE'RE CORRODING
THE PEDWAY



THAT WON'T
SAVE YOU
CREED!



YOU...
CANNOT KILL
WHAT DOESN'T
LIVE...





THERE COMES A TIME WHEN EVEN
A DARK JUDGE'S INHUMAN
SHELL BECOMES UNTENABLE -

FOOOOOLLSSSS!

YOU CANNOT
KILL WHAT DOESSS
NOT LIVVVVE!



JUDGE DREDD

IN NECRO- POLIS

PART
24

I MAYVVE NOT
FINISSSHHED
WITHHH YOU!

THAT MORTIS CREEP'S
ABANDONING HIS
BODY, CONTROL!

DAMN!

BETTER DO SOMETHING OR WE'LL
DOF THE OTHER ONE TOO!

CCCEASSSE THIS
FOOLISSSHHNESS!







TOOO MANY
TOOO MANY.

PITEE

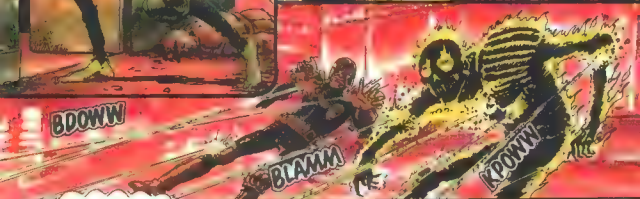
PLANGG

PITOW

BDOWN



DEATH'S MAKING FOR
THE STAIRS. CONTROL
UNITS IN PURSUIT!

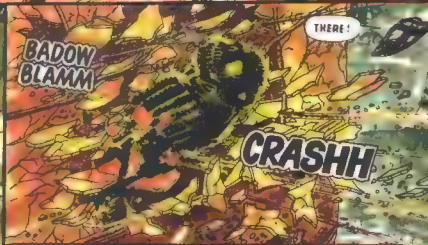


BLAMM

KPOWW



CHRSSSE YUUUUH!



BADOW
BLAMM

THERE!

CRASHH



SEE HIM



MY GRUD

TO HAVE 7 ALL IN THEIR HANDS—SO CLOSE!
AND ONCE MORE THWARTED!

CURSE THESE MORTALS
FOR THEIR WILFULNESS!

7 BEGONE
FROM
MEEEE.



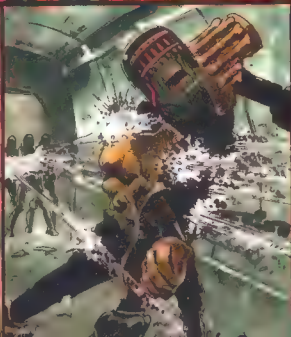
WATCH OUT!

UMNG!



HE FLIES DESPAIR TEARING
AT HIS BLACK HEART

DEATH'S HEADED OUT
ON THE TWENBLOK
CROSS LINK
CONTROL.



HOLD FIRE.
HE'LL JUST GAS
OUT ON US!



HAHAHAHAHA



GAUD
HE'S GOING
TO -

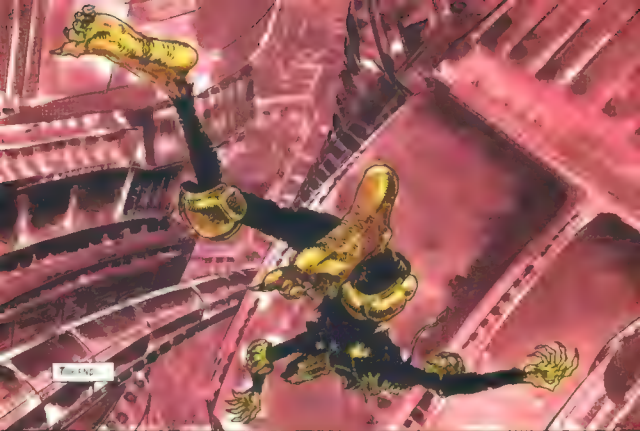
ONE LAST TIME HE GAZES
OUT OVER THE CITY

ALL THE R GRAND DES GNS
COME TO NAUGHT THE GREAT
MASTERWORK INCOMPLETE

GET DOWN
FROM THERE -



NECROPOLIS NO MORE



THANKS!



OH SO BEAUTIFUL, DREAMY

CONTROL, 'CREEP
TOOK A LEAP! GET
UNITS TO CITY
BOTTOM!

NEXT PAGE: DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY

JUDGE DREDD NECRO- POLIS PART 25

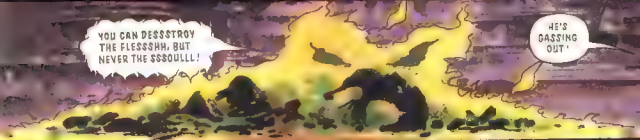
SHOOTING
HIM IS
POINTLESS!

WHAT ELSE CAN
THEY DO?

EVACUATING
A BLOCK!

FOOOOOLLSSS!





YOU CAN DESSSTROY
THE FLESSSH, BUT
NEVER THE \$\$\$OULL!

HE'S
BASSING
OUT!

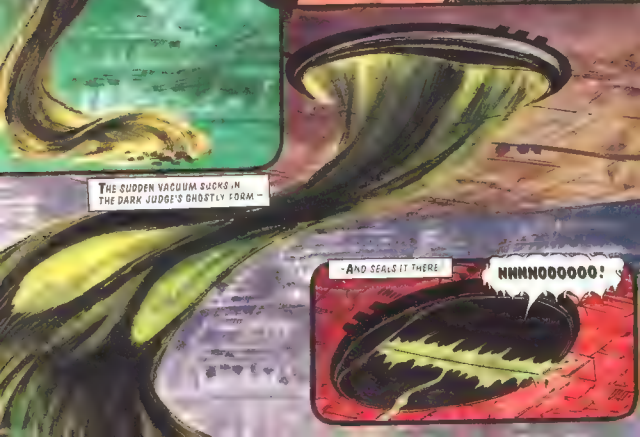


I \$\$\$HHALLL
RETURNNA!



AIRLOCK
OPEN!

THE SUDDEN VACUUM SUCKS IN
THE DARK JUDGE'S GHOSTLY FORM -



-AND SEALS IT THERE

NNNNNNNNNN!



JUDGE FIRE
S' IN THE BAG.
CONTROL!

THOUGH
DON'T ASK US
HOW WE'RE
GONNA GET
HIM OUT OF
THERE!



HE'S
MOVING!

STAY RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE, DREDD!



I WON'T
RESIST YOU



I'M
FREE OF
THEM
NOW!

LOOK
THAT ONE
BASTARD!

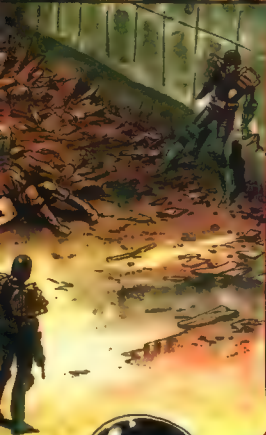


CONTROL SAYS
IT'S DREDD AND
McGRUDER!

YOU'RE
JOKING.



WE GOT
CONFIRMATION





YOU WERE RIGHT
ABOUT ME I
WAS FLAWED



"THE SISTERS, THEY SAW THAT. THEY LATCHED
ONTO IT. THEY USED ME AND I... I WAS TOO
WEAK TO RESIST



"THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN THEIR
GRIP OVER ME EASED. -AND I
REALISED WHAT I HAD DONE...



I FORGOT IT WAS A
BORROWED LAWGIVER



INTERESSINGG.
DREDD - YET
NOT DREDD!



YOU HAVVE \$\$\$SERVED US\$\$
WELL, \$\$\$SINFULL ONE!
WHAT CAN WE DO TO
REWARD YOU FOR YOUR
FAITHH\$FULLNESS\$?



MERE DEATHHH CANNOT
SSSUFFICE! NO! FOR
YOU IT MUSSST BE THE
GREATESSST HONOUR
THE HIGHESSST
ACCOLADE . .

YOU SSSHHALL
JOIN USSS, HELPP USS
CARRY OUT JUDDGEMENT
ON THISSS CITTYYY!
YOU TOO SSSHHALL
BECOME A DARK
JUDDGGE!

"I BECAME DEATH'S PUPPET. HE PULLED
THE STRINGS AND I JUMPED



"HE LEFT ME WITH JUST ENOUGH OF
MYSELF TO KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING, TO
FEEL THE TORMENT OF EVERY VICTIM

FINAL TWIST OF THE KNIFE



AND NOW
NOW I'M FREE
OF HIM

NOW DO WHAT
YOU WANT WITH ME



MAYBE I WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU,
KRAKEN— MAYBE I WASN'T. IT'S HARD
TO SAY. BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING . .

I FELT THE POWER OF THE SISTERS OF DEATH HALFWAY
ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH AND IT ALMOST KILLED ME.
F I'D BEEN HERE . . WELL, WHO'S TO SAY I WOULDN'T
BE STANDING WHERE YOU ARE . . ?



SO NO BLAME
ATTACHED

THANKS



PREDD



APPRECIATE



COULDN'T LET
HIM LIVE
NOT NOW



TAKE IT FROM
ME - WE DIDN'T
WANT TO



IN MEMORIAM
60,000,000
MEGA-CITY ONE CITIZENS

IN COUNTRY EVERY MONDAY

PROG
699

40p

6 OCT 1990



NECROPOLIS
THE BITTER END

ISSN 0262-284X



JUDGE DREDD

THE NECROPOLIS

PART 26

JUDGES SEARCHING
CITY BOTTOM FAIL TO
FIND JUDGE DEATH -

THAT'S WHERE HE
LANDED, CONTROL.

WE GOT TRACES OF
BODY MATTER
BUT NO SIGN
OF HIM

KEEP SEARCHING. HE
CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR

ATTENTION ALL UNITS! JUDGE DEATH
IS STILL AT LARGE. CONCENTRATE
SEARCH ON GARDEN AREA. NOTIFY
SIGHTING IMMEDIATE. REPEAT.
IMMEDIATE



THEY'VE LOST
DEATH. LH
CHIEF JUDGE

WE HEARD
SONNY
ONE



CONTROL—McGRUDER!
WE GOT FIRE IN THE
H-WAGON AIRLOCK
KRAKEN IS DEAD

YOU CERTAIN
OF THAT?

DAMN RIGHT GUESS
IMMORTALITY
WASN'T INCLUDED IN
HIS AGREEMENT

TIGHT SECURITY ON FEAR, AND THAT
MEANS TIGHT. GET HIM IN SECURE
HOLDING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE
INCINERATE WHAT'S LEFT OF
MORTIS'S BODY



PUT OUT A CITYWIDE ALERT
LET EVERYONE KNOW HE'S
SPOOKED OUT AND CAN BE
DANGEROUS



AND GET ONTO THOSE WEAK LIVERS IN TEXAS CITY AND
MEGA-CITY TWO. TELL 'EM THE BIG BAD MONSTERS
HAVE HAD THEIR BUTTS KICKED AND IF IT AIN'T TOO
MUCH TROUBLE WE COULD USE A LITTLE HELP HERE!

YES, CHIEF
JUDGE!



YOU'RE BACK ON
FOOT PATROL,
SON

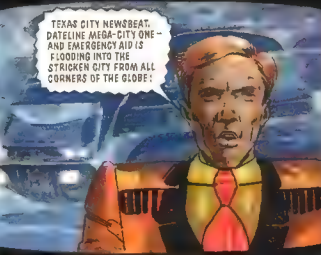
UH, RIGHT



BETTER GO WITH
HER. NO ONE'S
GOING TO BELIEVE
THAT'S THE
CHIEF JUDGE



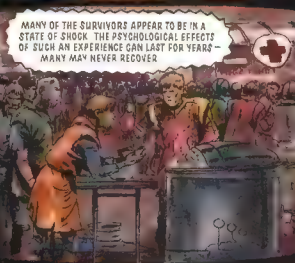
WE'RE PROCEEDING TO THE GRAND HALL
KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON SPARKY THERE TILL
WE FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH HIM
HIS PALS MAY TRY TO ORGANISE A JAILBREAK



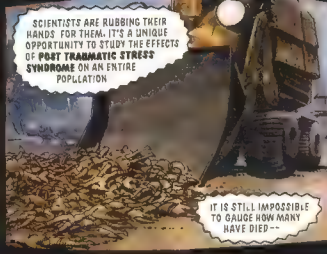
TEXAS CITY NEWSBEAT.
DATELINE MEGA-CITY ONE -
AND EMERGENCY AID IS
FLOODING INTO THE
STRICKEN CITY FROM ALL
CORNERS OF THE GLOBE!



TEXAS CITY ALONE HAS
DESPATCHED TWENTY-FIVE
SHIPS LADEN WITH RELIEF
WORKERS AND SUPPLIES
EMERGENCY AID STATIONS
ARE BEING SET UP ALL
OVER THE CITY

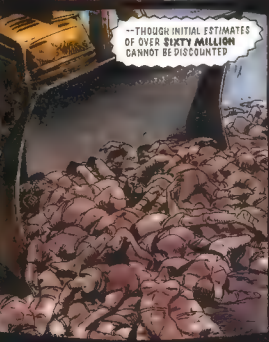


MANY OF THE SURVIVORS APPEAR TO BE IN A
STATE OF SHOCK. THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS
OF SUCH AN EXPERIENCE CAN LAST FOR YEARS -
MANY MAY NEVER RECOVER



SCIENTISTS ARE RUBBING THEIR
HANDS FOR THEM. IT'S A UNIQUE
OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE EFFECTS
OF POST TRAUMATIC STRESS
SYNDROME ON AN ENTIRE
POPULATION

IT IS STILL IMPOSSIBLE
TO GAUGE HOW MANY
HAVE DIED--



--THOUGH INITIAL ESTIMATES
OF OVER SIXTY MILLION
CANNOT BE DISCOUNTED



THE CITY'S CENTRAL **RESTIR** PLANT
IS OPERATING AGAIN. BUT CAN'T HOPE
TO COPE WITH THIS DREADFUL TOLL
VAST **BURIAL** PITS HAVE BEEN
EXCAVATED IN THE CURSED EARTH



OF THE TWO **MISSING**
DARK WUDGES NOTHING
HAS YET BEEN SEEN



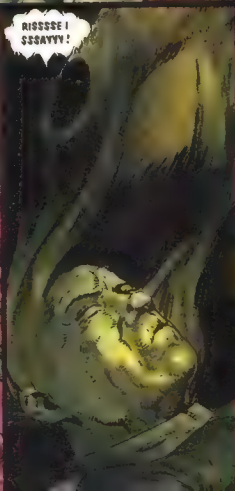
UTILITY SEVEN TO CONTROL
APPROACHING RELOCATED
GRETA GARBO HOME FOR
WAYWARD ELDSTERS
LOWER SECURITY SCREEN.
HAVE IMPORTANT
DELIVERY TO MAKE!



AID TEAM
FOUND IT IN THE
DAYROOM
DREDD'S IN
THERE NOW



RISSSSSSE!



RISSSSE!
SSSAVVV!



CURASSSSSE
YOUUU

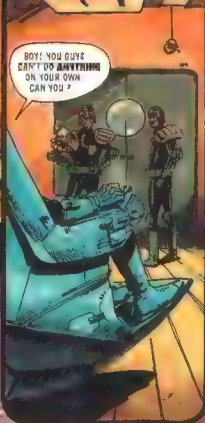
IT'S LIKE IT'S
TRYING TO
BRING THE
CORPSE BACK
TO LIFE

CAN THEY
DO THAT?



CREEP'S NOT HAVING
MUCH LUCK SO FAR. THE
QUESTION IS, HOW'RE WE
GONNA PIN IT DOWN?

IT'S A PROBLEM. WE
GO IN THERE AND IT JUST
FLOATS OFF AGAIN.



BOY! YOU GUYS
CAN'T DO ANYTHING
ON YOUR OWN
CAN YOU?



STAND
ASIDE!



ANDERSSSSSSHHH

'MORTSSSSSS'



YOU CAN'T TOUCHHHH MEEE!
! SSSHHHALL RETURNNN!
ALL WILL BE JUDGGGGED!

YOU'RE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE, PAL.



NNNNNNNN
SSSSHHHEEE
CAN'TT!



SSSSHHHHHEEE
CANN'TTTT

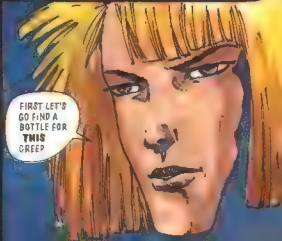
CURSE YOU
AND YOUR PAPA



NICE TRICK
YOU'RE FULL OF
SURPRISES

AM STILL A GROWING
GIRL

THINK YOU
COULD DO
THE SAME
THING WITH
FIRE?



FIRST LET'S
GO FIND A
BOTTLE FOR
THIS CREEP

WITH ANDERSON'S HELP THE UNDEAD SPIRITS OF FIRE AND MORTIS ARE SEALED INTO COFFINS OF THE TOUGHEST PLASTEEL SO TOO THE BODY OF JUDGE FEAR HIS SPIRIT STILL LOCKED WITHIN

THE THREE ARE HELD IN A SPECIALLY-PREPARED CELL. AN AIRTIGHT VAULT WITH WALLS A METRE THICK -

- AND THIS VAULT WITHIN ANOTHER

DON'T DO A LOT, DO THEY?

YOU CAN BET THEY'RE THINKING THOUGH SCHEMING PLANNING THE NEXT NECROPOLIS

AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T PICKED UP ANYTHING ON JUDGE DEATH?

NO. HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND AND YET IF HE WAS STILL OUT THERE I'M SURE I'D SENSE IT

THE ONLY WAY I CAN FIGURE IT IS HE ABANDONED HIS PHYSICAL FORM - DESTROYED IT SOMEHOW. THEN DRIFTED OUT OF THE CITY - MAYBE EVEN OFF PLANET

THEY'RE BACK ON DEADWORLD NOW. LICKING THEIR WOUNDS. BUT THEY'LL ALWAYS BE A DANGER UNTIL WE FIND A WAY TO DESTROY THEM ONCE AND FOR ALL

YEAH

FINE THEN HE'S SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM. THAT STILL LEAVES THE SISTERS

AND NO DOUBT IT'LL BE MUGGINS HERE WHO GETS THE JOB

The End



ZAC
SIN

JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-SPECIAL



JUDGE DREDD
AD
SERIAL
95P
UK: 10p (incl. VAT)
No 3 1990

**IT'S A CRIME, THE WAY THEY KEEP
THE LAW IN LEGOVER-CITY ONE!**



**CARRY ON
JUDGING**



LEGOYER-CITY ONE:
WE'RE IN, CHARLIE!



HONESTLY, I ASK YOU, ISN'T THAT JUST
TYPICAL? HERE WE ARE, FREE AT LAST
FROM THE HORRORS OF THE WORST
EARTH, ALL READY TO START OUR
NEW LIFE IN THE BIG CITY, AND
YOU HAVE TO SPOIL IT BY
BEING VULGAR!



PREW! AM I GLAD
TO BE OUT OF
THAT HOLE!



MADAME IGGY'S HOUSE
ISN'T FAR. WE'LL BE SAFE
THERE UNTIL WE CAN GET
FIXED UP WITH NEW I.D.'S.

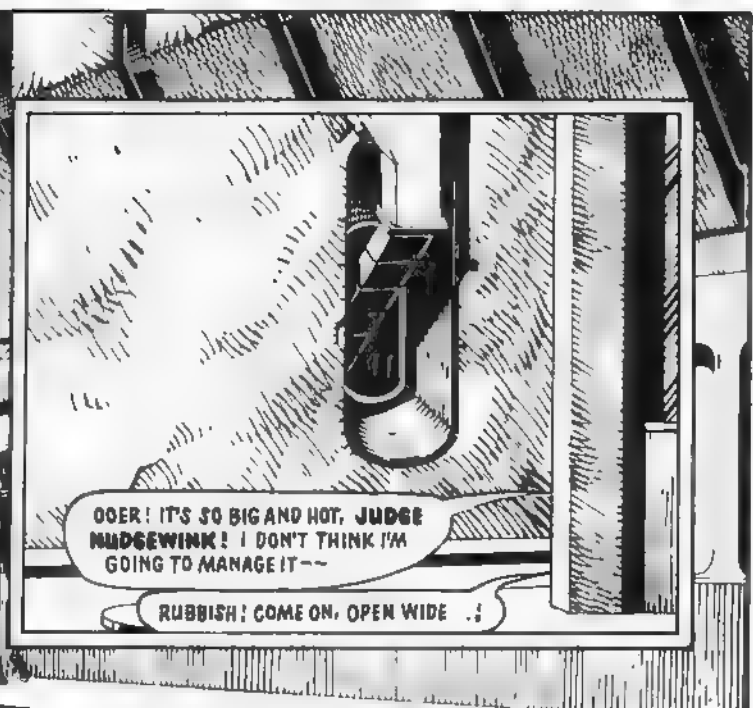
COAST'S CLEAR. YOU
KEEP A LOOK-OUT
BEHIND.



REALLY,
BERNARD!



'ERE, BRISTOL!
GOP A HOLD OF
THIS!



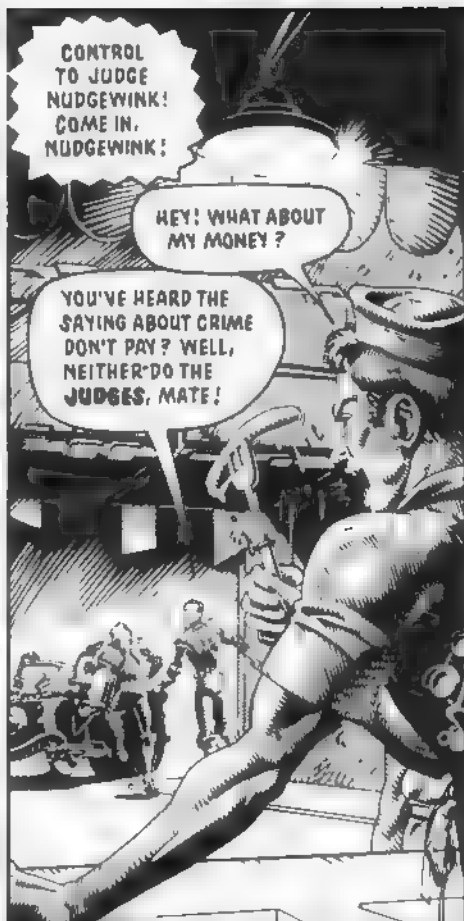
OOER! IT'S SO BIG AND HOT, JUDGE
NUDGEWINK! I DON'T THINK I'M
GOING TO MANAGE IT--

RUBBISH! COME ON, OPEN WIDE !!



THAT'S
THE WAY,
GEL!

OOO!
SAUC-EEE!



CONTROL
TO JUDGE
NUDGEWINK!
COME IN,
NUDGEWINK!

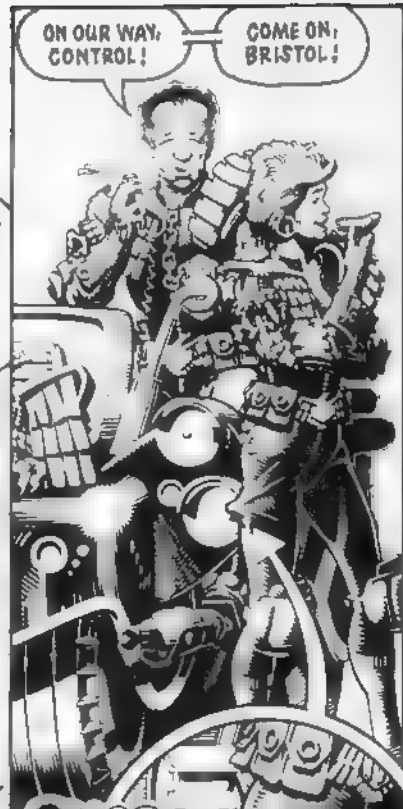
HEY! WHAT ABOUT
MY MONEY?

YOU'VE HEARD THE
SAYING ABOUT CRIME
DON'T PAY? WELL,
NEITHER DO THE
JUDGES, MATE!



NUDGEWINK
RESPONDING.
WHAT'S THE
PROBLEM,
CONTROL?

CITIZEN REPORTS
SEEING MUTANT.
JUNCTION
WILLOW STREET
AND BACK
MILWAUKEE!
INVESTIGATE.



ON OUR WAY,
CONTROL!

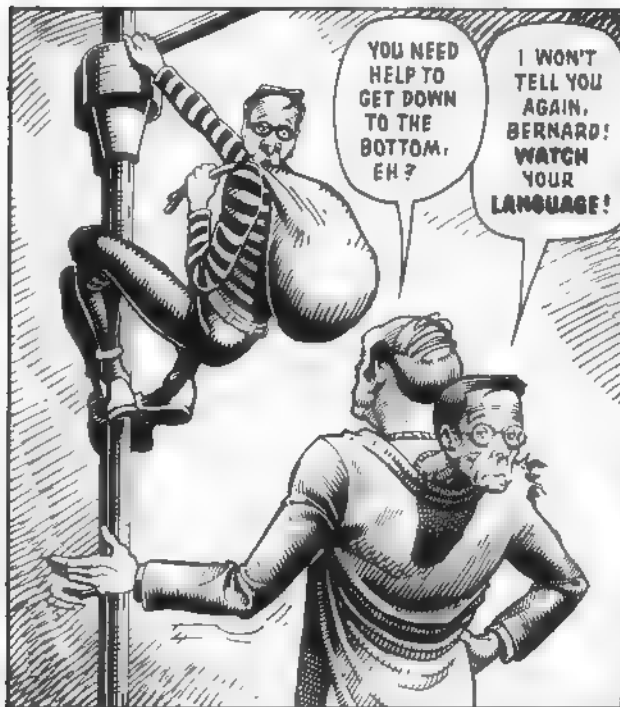
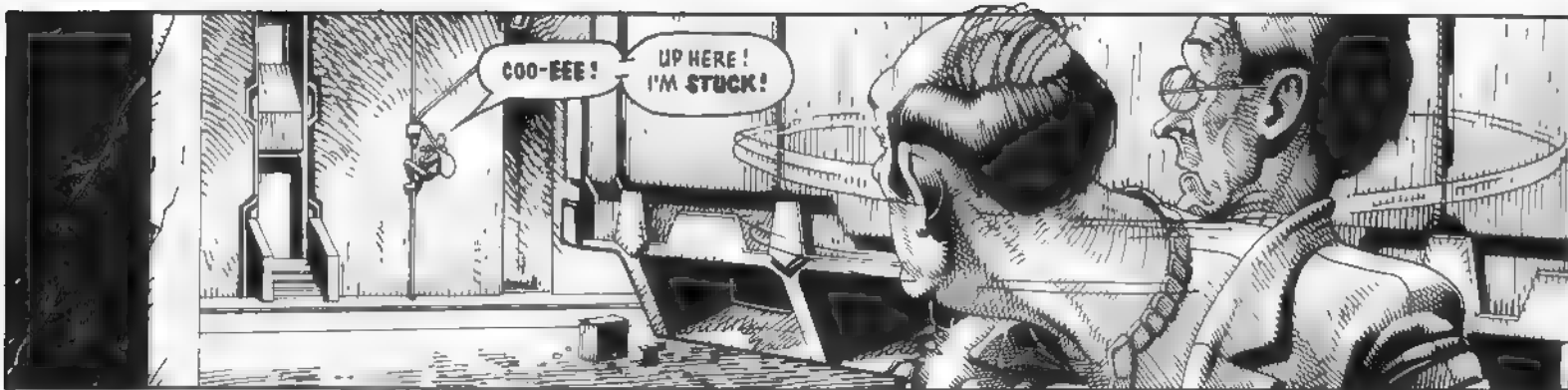
COME ON,
BRISTOL!



SNAGG!



OOOO-ERRR!





HELLO, BIG BOY —
UH, BOYS. LOOKING
FOR A GOOD
TIME ?

ER... NO. WELL, NOT RIGHT
AWAY, ANYWAY. WE'VE JUST
SNEAKED IN FROM THE
WORST EARTH — WE NEED
NEW I.D.'S. A FRIEND SAID
YOU WERE THE LADY
TO SEE.

QUICKLY —
YOU'D BETTER
COME
INSIDE !

MADAME
IGGY !
REALLY !



YOU OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL, JUDGE BRISTOL — YOU COULD GET
ARRESTED, RUNNING AROUND LIKE THAT ! I MEAN, I MIGHT
HAVE TO TAKE DOWN YOUR PARTICULARS ! HAHHAH !

OOO ! SAUC-EE !

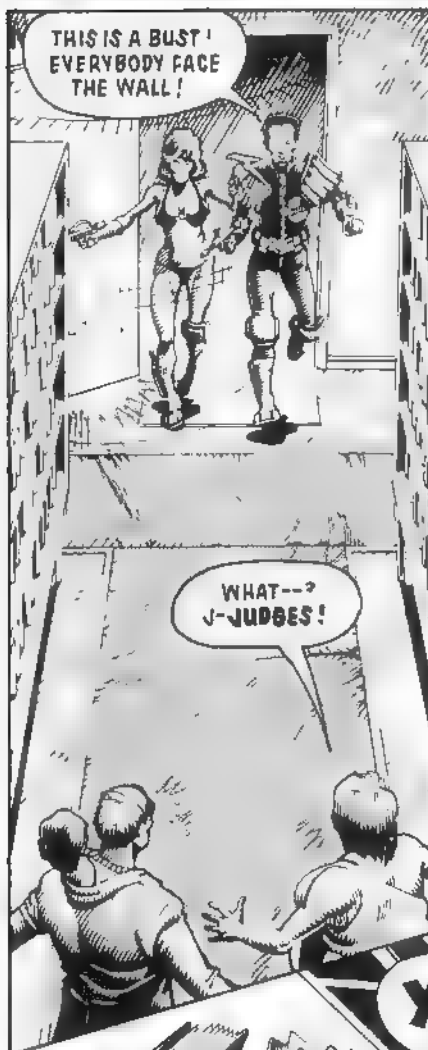


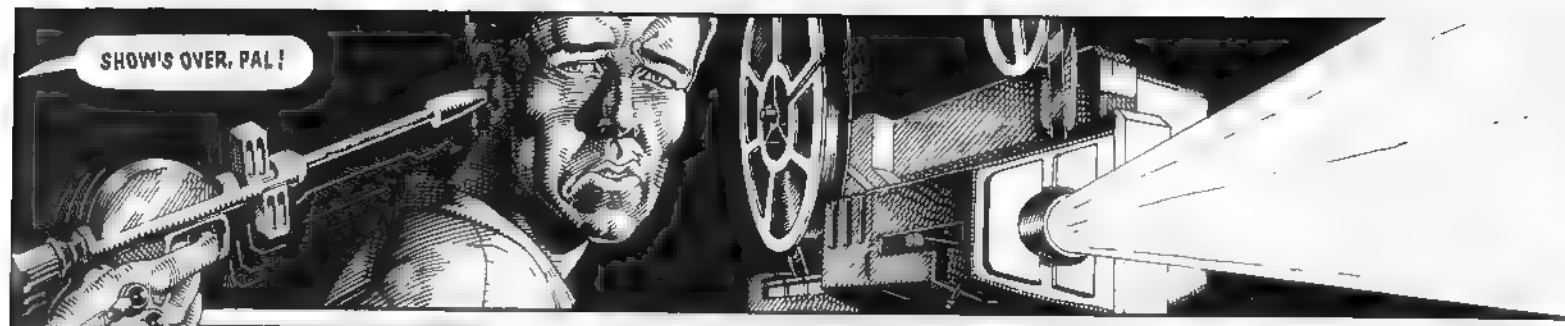
I BET HE'S
GONE STRAIGHT TO
MADAME IGGY'S.
COME ON, BRISTOL —
LET'S MOVE IT !
PICK 'EM UP !

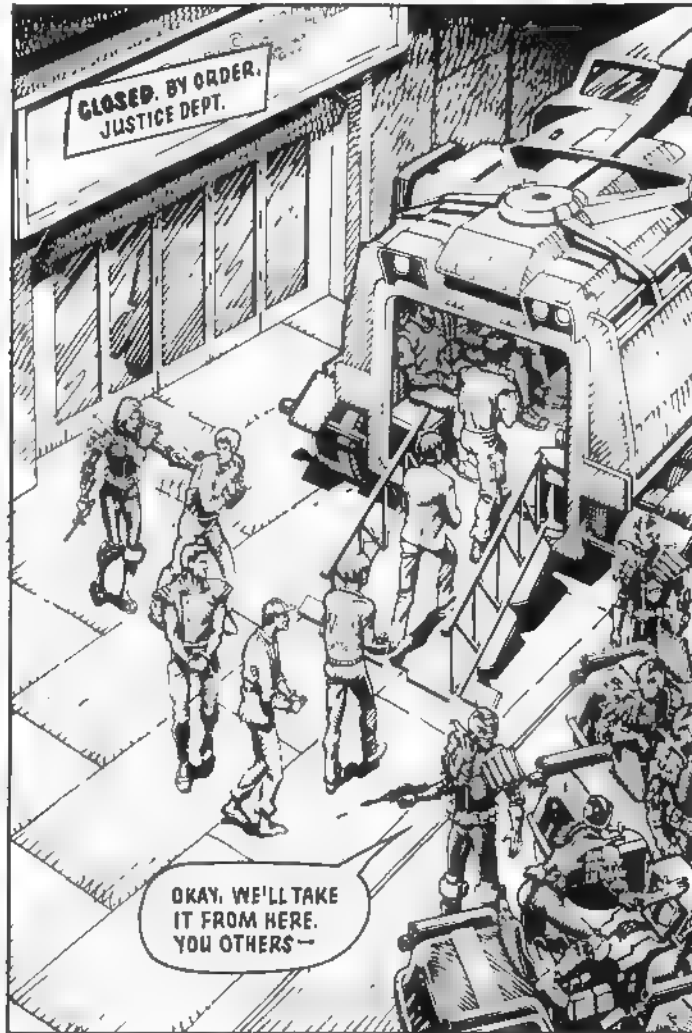
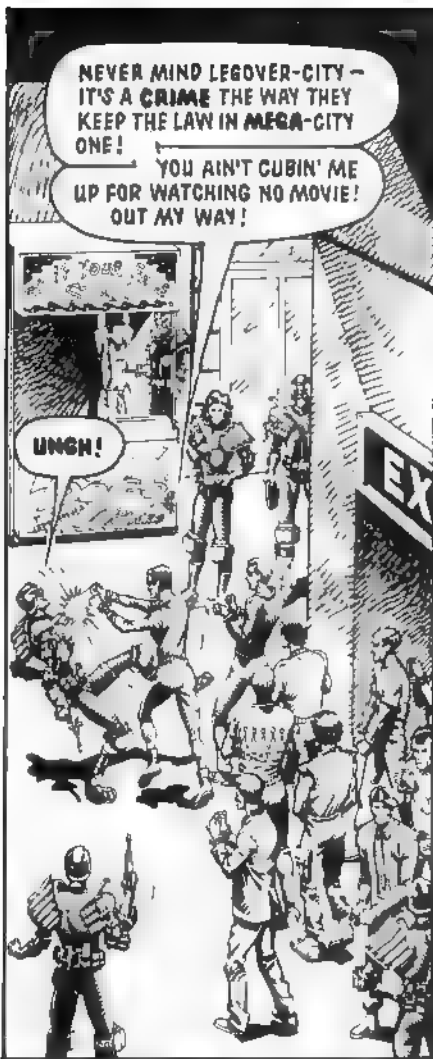
CRUIKEY ! I'M
OFF BEFORE
MY POSSETT BAG
IS GANDERED !

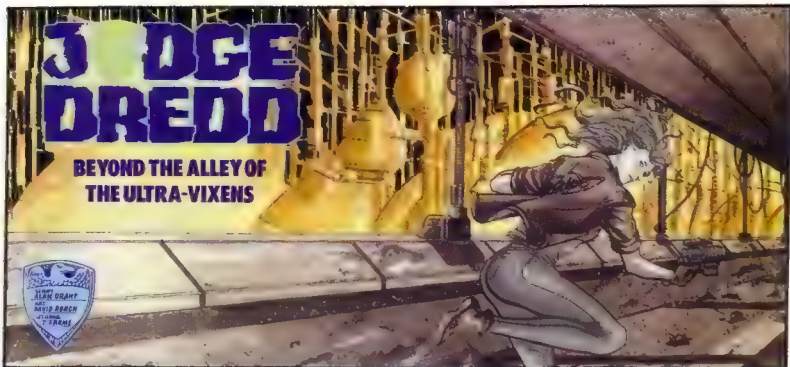


NO, PICK UP YOUR
FEET, BRISTOL !
YOUR FEET !











IF I CAN JUST
GET INSIDE—

THIS IS YOUR ONLY
WARNING, CREEP!
GEDDOWN HERE!

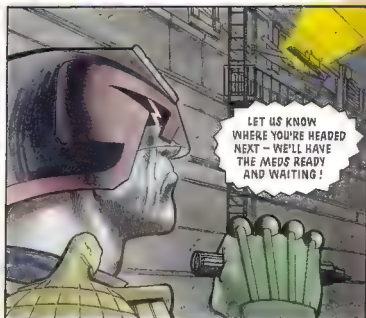


AHHHHH!



CONTROL—PERP DOWN.
REQUIRES MEDIC.

GRUD, DREDD!
WE SHOULD ASSIGN
YOU YOUR OWN
PERSONAL
AMBULANCE!



LET US KNOW
WHERE YOU'RE HEADED
NEXT—WE'LL HAVE
THE MEDS READY
AND WAITING!



INVESTIGATING
SUSPICIOUS LIGHT,
DERELICT WAREHOUSE,
MEYER ALLEY.

LADEEZ AND GEN'L'MEN -
TONIGHT'S MAIN BOUT, FOR A
PRIZE OF NO LESS THAN TEN
THOUSAND CRED\$! ON MY RIGHT,
FIGHTING OUT OF THE FELICIDAD
OONAPTS - THE LUSCIOUS
ZAM BOPS!

AND HER OPPONENT,
REPRESENTING THE CYNDI
LAUPER HI-RISE - TWO-TIME
MEGA-CITY CHAMPION - THE
AMAZING **RAQUEL WRENCH!**

AS ALWAYS,
THE BEST OF TWO
FALLS. TWO
SUBMISS--

ONE SIDE,
DOGBREATH!

AIN'T GONNA BE NO
CONTEST - BITCH!

GONNA BUST
YOUR BONES,
GIRL!

HOW'D YOU LIKE
THAT?

ZZAKKK!

OH, WHAT AN
OPENING! IT'S
A VICIOUS
BEAM SLAM
BY WRENCH!

ZZAKK!

AND AGAIN! THAT'S **SOLID GRAVITY BOP** HAS HIT ON THE EDGE OF THE **ANTI-GRAV BEAM**! WE'RE INTO A REAL GRUDGE MATCH HERE, FOLKS!

CONTROL - CATCH WAGONS REQUIRED. WAREHOUSE, MEYER ALLEY.

WAGONS?

ENOUGH FOR A HUNDRED OR SO. THERE'S AN **ILLEGAL ANTI-GRAV WRESTLING MATCH** IN PROGRESS.

LOOKING FOR AN ENTRANCE NOW, CONTROL.

ROGER, DREDD. WAGONS ON THE WAY - MEDE AS WELL, JUST IN CASE.



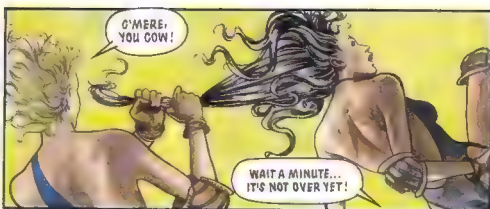
OW! AND AGAIN! **WRENCH** HAS BOP ON THE BEAM. SHE'S NOT LETTING UP!



MAYBE THOSE RUMOURS ABOUT BOP AND **WRENCH'S HUSBAND** AND THE **ORIGAMI LESSONS** ARE TRUE...



...BECAUSE SHE'S SURELY
EXTRACTING HER REVENGE
TONIGHT!



O'MERE,
YOU COW!

WAIT A MINUTE...
IT'S NOT OVER YET!



FZZAKK!

YES! BOP, WITH A FLYING
HAIR TUG, BEAM SLAMS
WRENCH! WHAT A COMEBACK!



AND BOP HAS
THE DROP



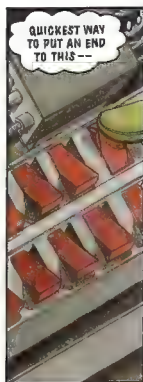
HEY, BUDDY! YOU'RE
LATE! MAIN BOUT'S
STARTED - IT'S
SLAUGHTER IN
THERE!

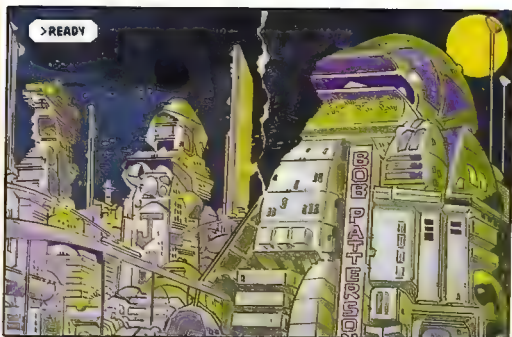


AND OUT HERE, TOO.
IF YOU DON'T KEEP
YOUR MOUTH SHUT!



MUST BE THE
ANTI-GRAV
CONSOLE!







MEGA-CITY ONE — VAST METROPOLIS OF THE FUTURE — WHERE TENSION RUNS HIGH AND CRIME RUNS RIOT ON THE STREETS!

JUDGE DREDD IN
COMPUTER WARRIOR

YOU ARE JUDGE DREDD!
IT IS YOUR DUTY TO PROTECT
THE INNOCENT AND TO
PUNISH THE GUILTY.

YOU RIDE A
LAWMASTER BIKE.
YOUR LAWGIVER GUN FIRES
SIX KINDS OF BULLET.

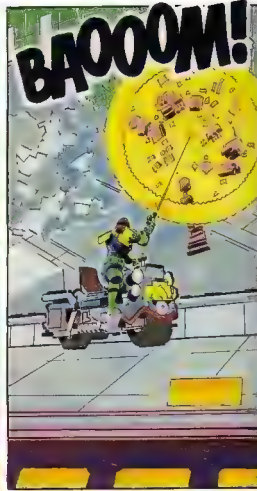
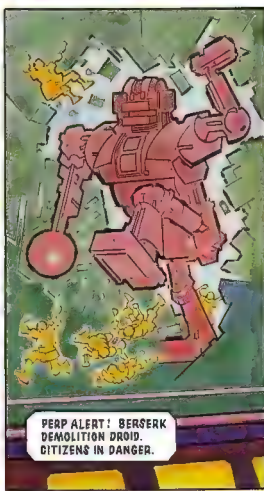
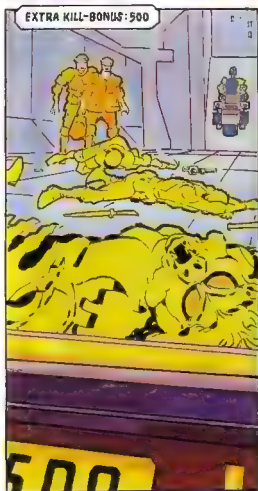
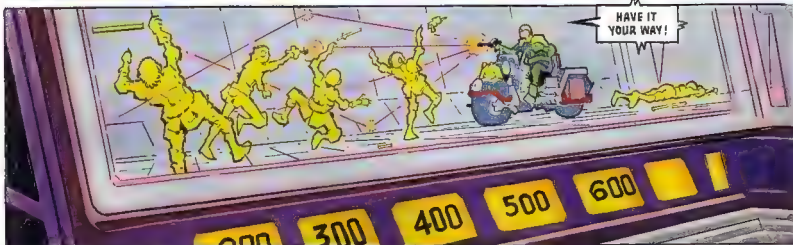
CONTROL TO DREDD!
WE GOT A TRACE ON
THAT GAMER SCAN.
GO TO SECTOR 17
HI-RISE.

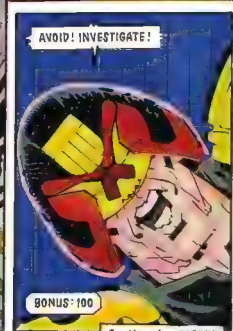
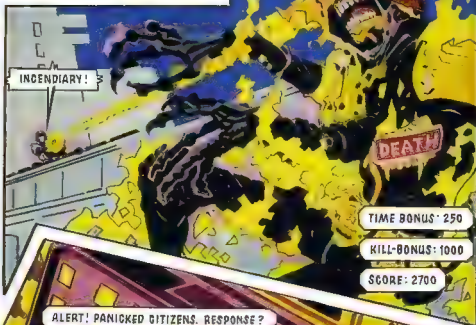
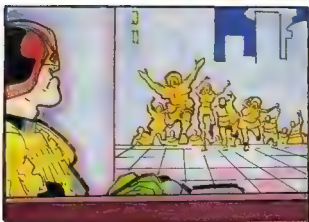
GO GET
THOSE
PERPS!

ON MY
WAY!

ON MY WAY!

PERP ALERT! A GANG OF VICIOUS MUTIES IS
DISHING OUT V! IN THE UNDERPASS.





Continued on PAGE 45

PERP ALERT! MONSTER FROM THE BLACK ATLANTIC LOOSE IN REAGAN PLAZA!

FAST RESPONSE REQUIRED!

HIT IT WITH THE LAWMASTER'S LASER CANNON! CALL BACK-UP ON HELMET RADIO!

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

ERROR IN JUDGEMENT!

MICRO MONSTERS UNLEASHED!

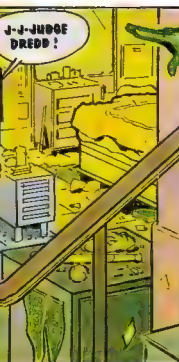
DAMN! TRICK MISSION! I KNOW -

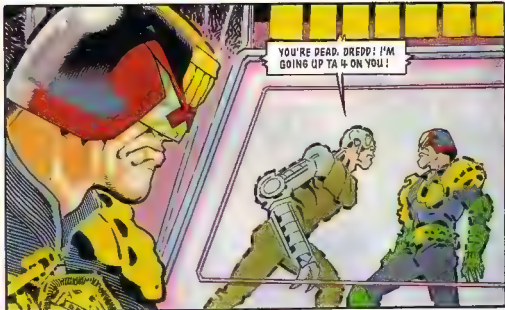
BIKE CANNON! RAPID FIRE!

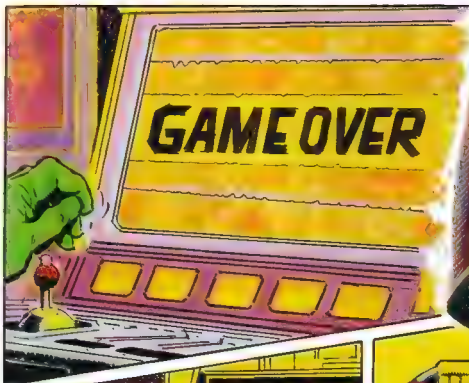
CORRECT RESPONSE. BONUS: 500

PERP ALERT! MEAN MACHINE ANGEL OUT ON A BUTT-SPREE! CITIZENS DOWN!

ASSAULT ON A JUDGE!







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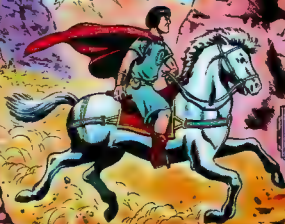
ANTSCAN

JUDGE DREDD

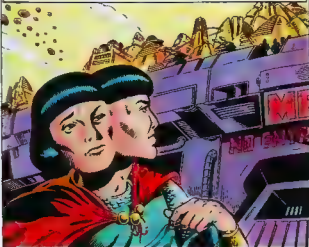
SLEEPING MUTIE

(A GRIM FAIRY TALE)

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A DASHING YOUNG PRINCE CALLED VINCE.



NOW PRINCE VINCE WAS SO HANDSOME THAT HIS BEAUTY COULD NOT BE CONTAINED IN ONLY ONE FACE. SO OLD MOTHER NATURE, IN HER KINDNESS, HAD GIVEN HIM TWO.



ONE DAY, OUT ON A QUEST ON HIS FAITHFUL STEED DAVE, PRINCE VINCE CAME TO A GRIM AND FOREBODING CITY WHERE THE SINISTER INHABITANTS GREETED HIM WITH SCORN.



WHERE YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN', FREAK? THIS CITY'S OFF-LIMITS TO MUTANTS!

BEAT IT!

I AM PRINCE VINCE, HEIR TO THE WESTLANDS. ENGAGED ON A DANGEROUS QUEST.

I HAVE SWORN NEVER TO RETURN HOME UNTIL I HAVE FOUND MY SWEET HEART, THE LOST LADY PENELOPE!

SHE CAME THIS WAY A YEAR SINCE. KNOW YOU OF HER?





I HAD HOPED TO AVOID BLOODSHED, VILE ONES! BUT YOU HAVE BROUGHT IT UPON YOUR OWN HEADS--

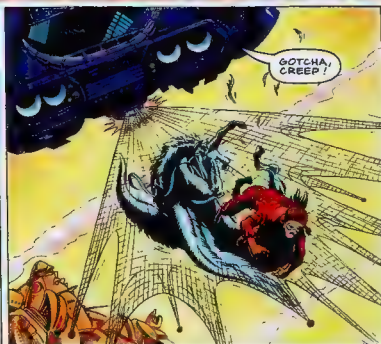
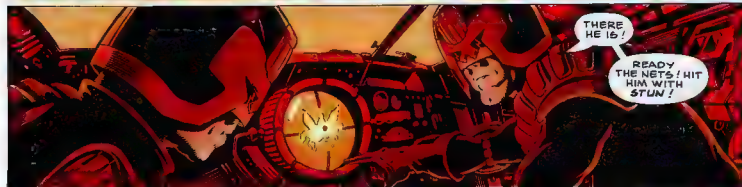
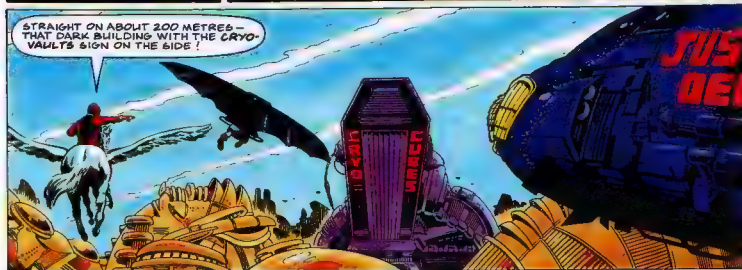
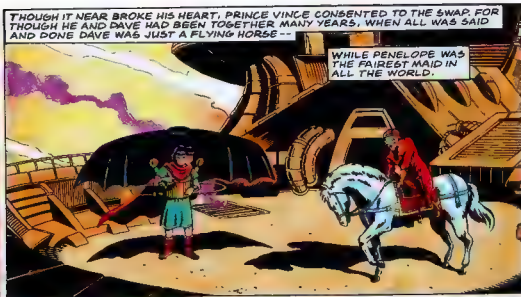
SO SAYING, VINCE SMOTE THEM WITH THE MAGIC SWORD HE'D FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE MYSTERIOUS TEMPLE OF THE MISSILE SILO--



PROBABLE DESTINATION--THE CRYO-CUBES! TAKE HIM ALIVE IF POSSIBLE!



THE CRYO-CUBES? SHEESH, BUDDY--THE JUDGES MIGHT NOT TAKE IT TOO KINDLY IF I SAY!







AIN'T NO PITY IN MEGA-CITY!

JUDGE DREDD

ANNUAL 1991

ANTICAT



JAMIE 89

FLEETWAY

SCARAB

DAVE PATON LOVED HIS CAR.
HE HAD SAVED FOR TEN
YEARS TO BUY HIM - AND
HAD CHOSEN THE
PERSONALITY HIMSELF.

LOOK OUT!



'MORNING, ELVIS,
OPEN UP YOUR BONNET -
I'M GONNA DO A
LITTLE WORK ON YOU.

SURE THING,
DAD.

HEY, DAD, YOU
TO DO THAT. I'VE
OWN REPAIR K

ELVIS Part 1



THE KILLER CAR IS ON THE RAMPAGE!



I KNOW, BUT THE MAN
AT THE GARAGE SAYS IT'S
THE **ONLY WAY** TO GET TO
KNOW YOUR OWN CAR.



WHOOPS...I
DROPPED MY
SPANNER.

FZZT!



SORRY, ELVIS,
HOPE I DIDN'T
HURT YOU.

YEAH, YOU **DID**, DAD... BUT WHAT
THE HECK! **JUMP IN!** I'M GETTING SICK
OF SITTING AT THIS STUPID KERB!

JUDGE DREDD, MARSHAL OF LUNA-1, WAS ON THE SCENE IN MINUTES...

DON'T BE HARD ON ELVIS, JUDGE DREDD. HE'S JUST A LITTLE BOY REALLY... YOU SEE, I-I CHOSE HIS PERSONALITY MYSELF...

...I WANTED HIM...TO-TO BE LIKE A SON... TO ME...

HE'S DEAD, MARSHAL!

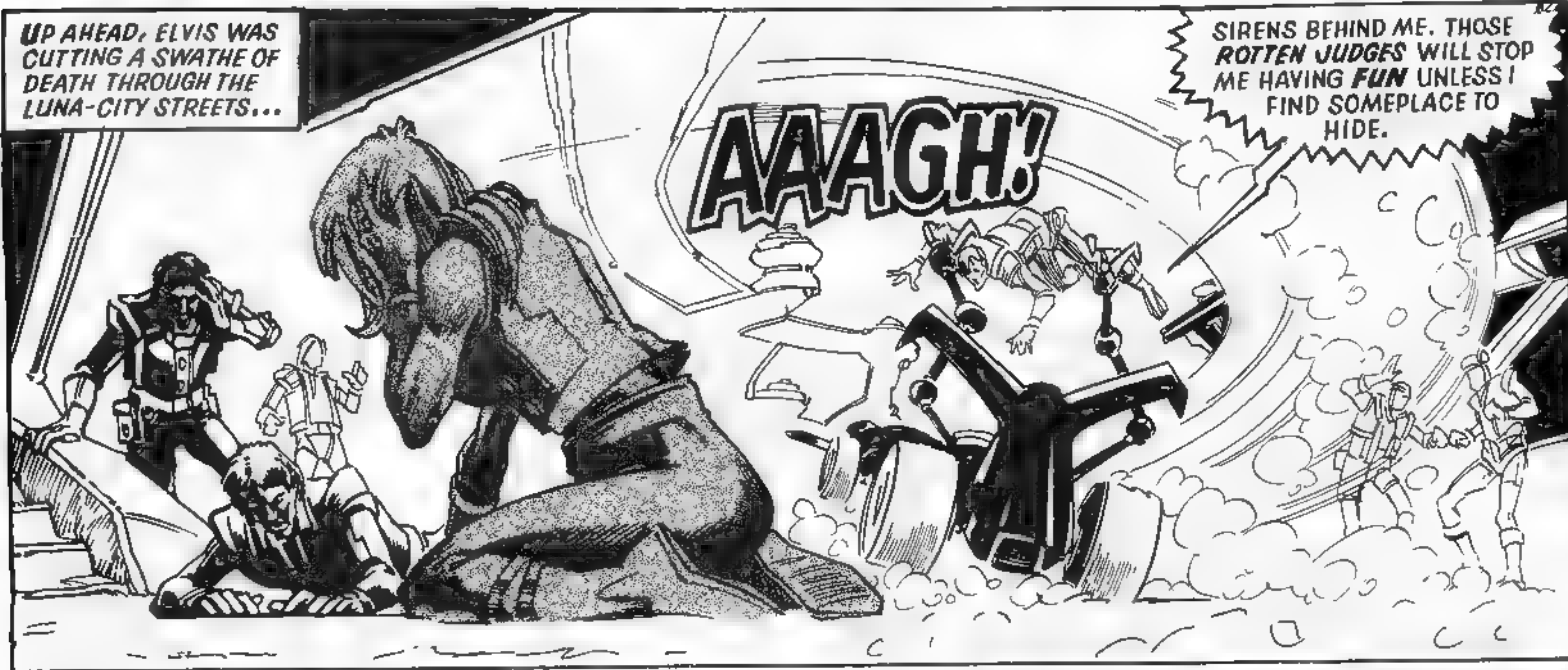
MOUNT UP, YOU MEN. WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT ROGUE CAR— AND WE **SHOOT ON SIGHT!**



UP AHEAD, ELVIS WAS CUTTING A SWATHE OF DEATH THROUGH THE LUNA-CITY STREETS...

AAAGH!

SIRENS BEHIND ME. THOSE ROTTEN JUDGES WILL STOP ME HAVING **FUN** UNLESS I FIND SOMEPLACE TO HIDE.



THERE HE GOES! HE'S HEADING FOR THAT PARKING TOWER!

**STOP!
STOP!**



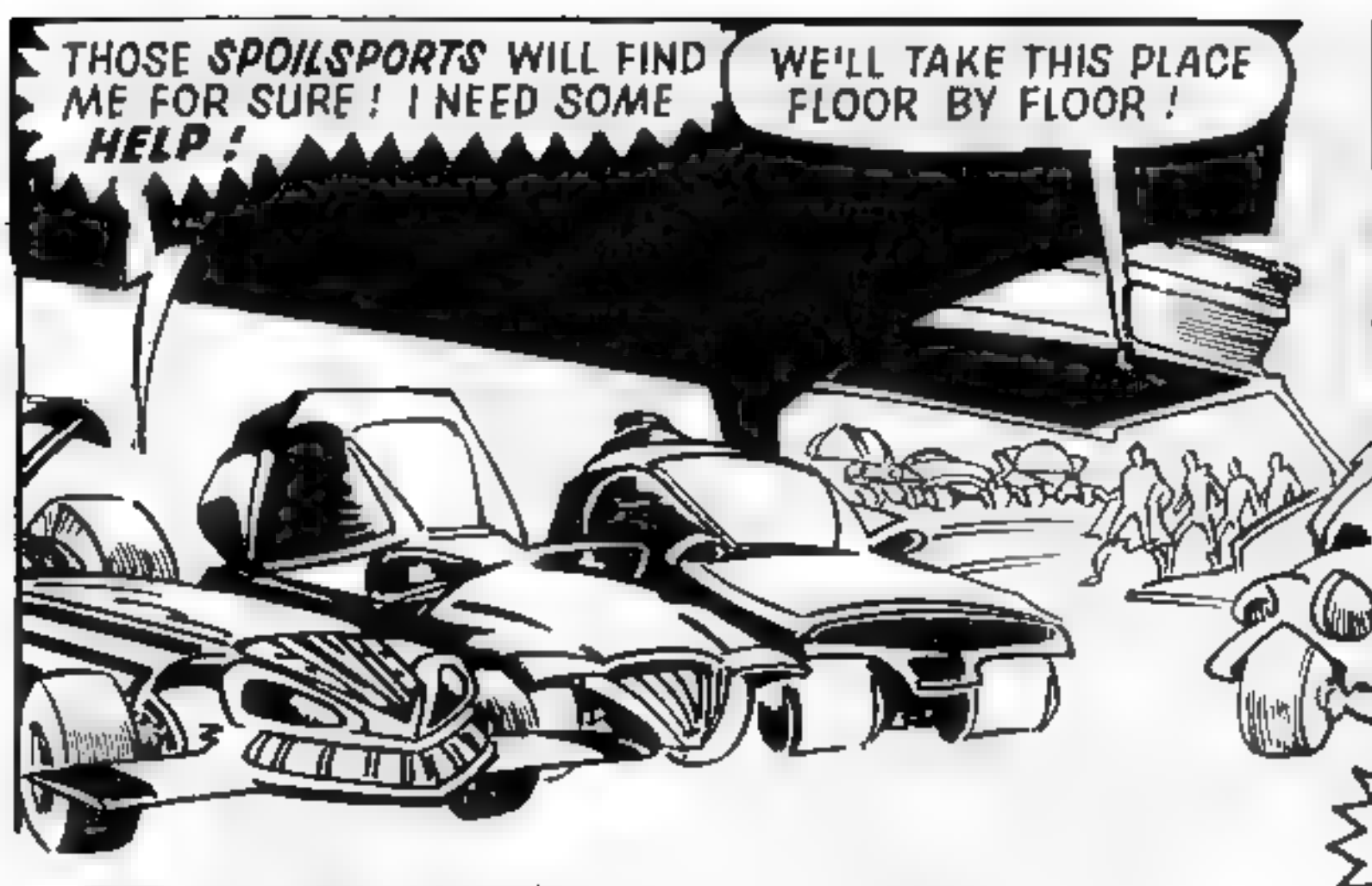
**UGG
G
H**

RED ROVER,
RED ROVER,
LET ELVIS
COME OVER!
HEE, HE, HE!



CHE, CHICO—
COVER THE
EXIT. WE'VE
GOT HIM
TRAPPED.





THOSE SPOILSPORTS WILL FIND ME FOR SURE! I NEED SOME **HELP!**

WE'LL TAKE THIS PLACE FLOOR BY FLOOR!

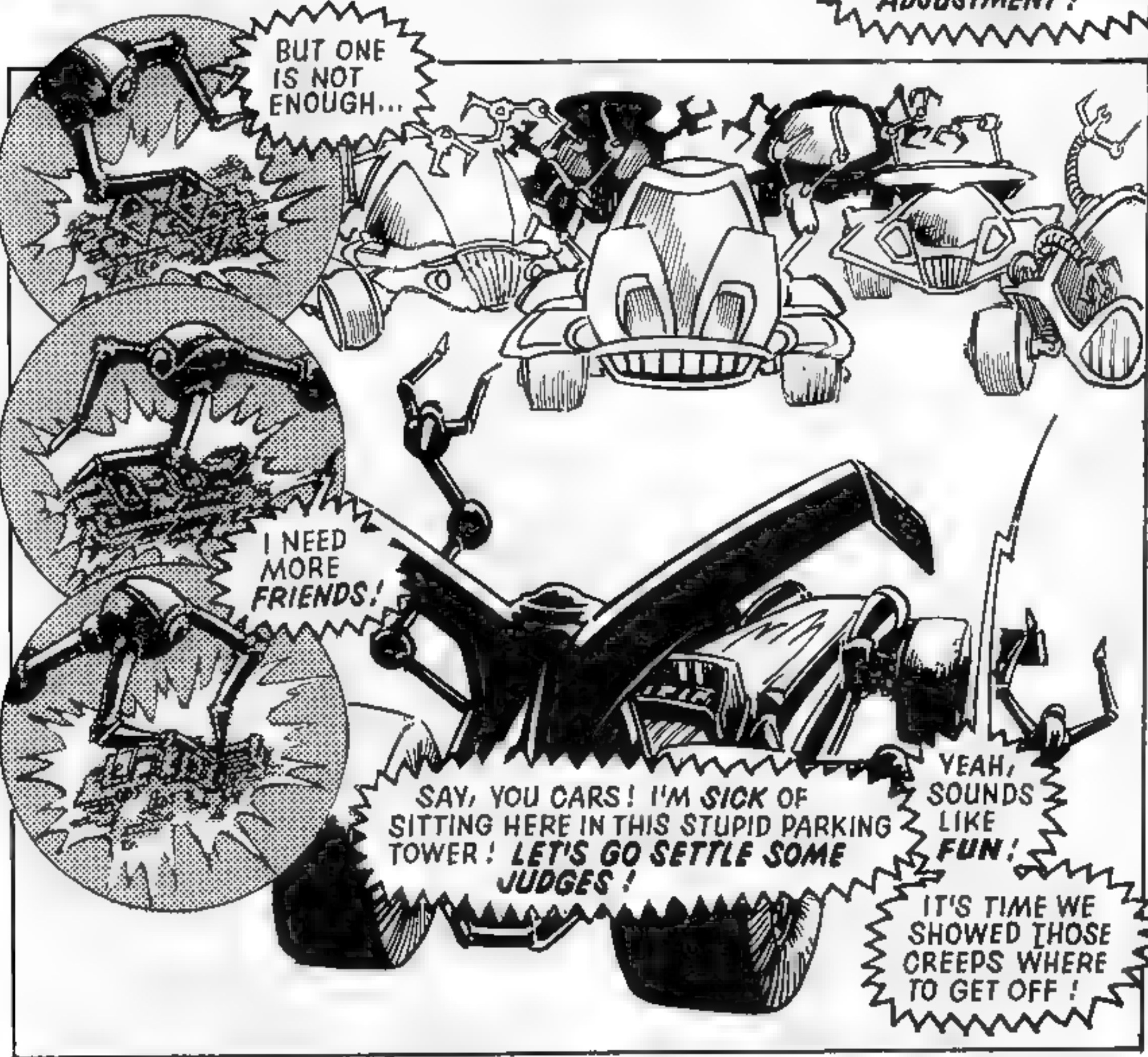


YOU THERE - WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER MY BONNET?

DO NOT WORRY. I AM ONLY MAKING A **SMALL ADJUSTMENT!**



ECSTASY!



BUT ONE IS NOT ENOUGH...

I NEED MORE FRIENDS!

SAY, YOU CARS! I'M SICK OF SITTING HERE IN THIS STUPID PARKING TOWER! LET'S GO SETTLE SOME **JUDGES!**

YEAH, SOUNDS LIKE **FUN!**

IT'S TIME WE SHOWED THOSE CREEPS WHERE TO GET OFF!



I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT **ROGUE CAR** IS ON THIS FLOOR...

HE IS, MARSHAL - AND HE'S GOT A FEW BUDDIES WITH HIM...!



LET'S SEE SOME **CLEAN KILLS,** YOU CARS!

I'LL TAKE THAT **FAT ONE!**

A WHOLE PACK OF KILLER CARS! THERE'S NO WAY WE'RE GOING TO STOP THEM!

SOON, IN THE
TRAFFIC...

HEY, ELVIS! SLOW DOWN!
YOU'RE DRIVING LIKE A
MANIAC! SLOW DOWN...

...THAT'S
AN ORDER!

I KNOW IT'S AN ORDER, DAD, BUT I
DON'T FEEL LIKE OBEYING YOU
RIGHT NOW!

OK., ELVIS. I'LL TURN
YOU OFF AND GET YOU
REPAIRED.

YOU MUSTA DAMAGED MY
RESPONSIBILITY CIRCUITS WHEN
YOU WERE MESSING AROUND UNDER
MY BONNET - SO I'M GONNA DO
WHAT I WANT FROM NOW ON!

I'M GONNA GIVE THIS
SLOWCOACH A SCRAPE!

BEFORE DAVE PRESSED THE
BUTTON, ELVIS SET HIS
MECHANICAL ARMS IN
OPERATION...

HEY, I'VE GOT A
MUCH BETTER
IDEA...

...IF I STRANGLE
YOU, THEN YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO GIVE ME
ANY MORE ORDERS.

ELVIS?
ELVISSS!!

I'VE NEVER STRANGLED YOU
BEFORE, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT,
DAVE? I FIND IT... QUITE
PLEASANT...



ON THE OTHER HAND,
I COULD ALWAYS USE
THE EJECTOR
SEAT!

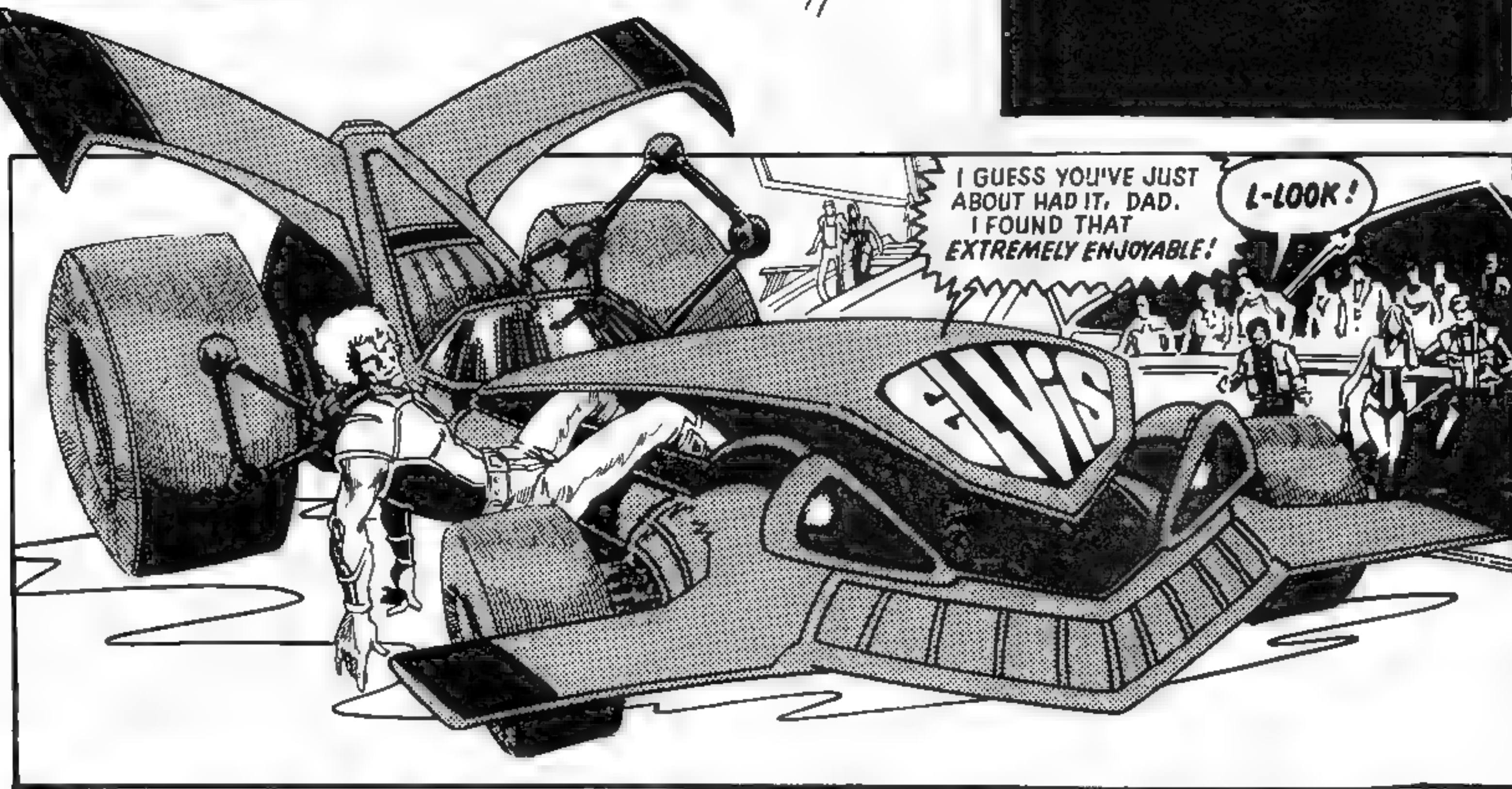


THE EJECTOR
SEAT, AN
ANTI-THEFT
DEVICE,
FLUNG DAVE
HIGH IN THE
AIR...

I'VE GOT YOU
ON VISUAL.
HERE I COME
TO FINISH
THE JOB!



PLEASE-
NO
NO
NO



I GUESS YOU'VE JUST
ABOUT HAD IT, DAD.
I FOUND THAT
EXTREMELY ENJOYABLE!

L-LOOK!



UGGH!

I'M GOING TO DO IT
LOTS AND LOTS!

AIEEEEE...

THE KILLER CAR IS
ON THE RAMPAGE!
SOMEBODY GET THE LAW!

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 32

IN THE YEAR 2100 CARS WILL
BE ROBOTIC. WHEN THINGS GO
WRONG, THEY'LL GO WRONG IN
A BIG WAY...

RUN THEM OVER,
CARS!

JUDGE DREX
HAD LED HIS
TOWER AFTER
ELVIS HAD GONE
LUNA-CITY...

AAARGH!

GOTCHA!

THIS
PLACE IS A
DEATH-
TRAP!
FALL BACK
INTO THE
STREETS!

MOON MOVER

ELVIS Part
2

MARSHAL OF LUNA 1,
MEN TO THE PARKING
CAR CALLED
BERSERK IN

THE BATTLE POURED OUT
OF THE PARKING TOWER...

JUDGE KILLING SURE IS
FUN! I DON'T KNOW WHY
WE DIDN'T THINK OF IT
BEFORE.

LET'S HAVE
A PRIZE FOR
THE MOST
JUDGES
KILLED! I'M
ON FOUR!

I DON'T FEEL
MUCH LIKE KILLING
JUDGES TODAY, HAL.
JUST NOT IN THE
MOOD, I GUESS.

WHAT'RE
YOU GONNA
DO THEN,
BILL?

UUUHH!

"I THOUGHT I'D PLAY
A ROUND OR TWO OF
GOLF. HOW ABOUT
YOU? WHAT'S YOUR
HANDICAP?"

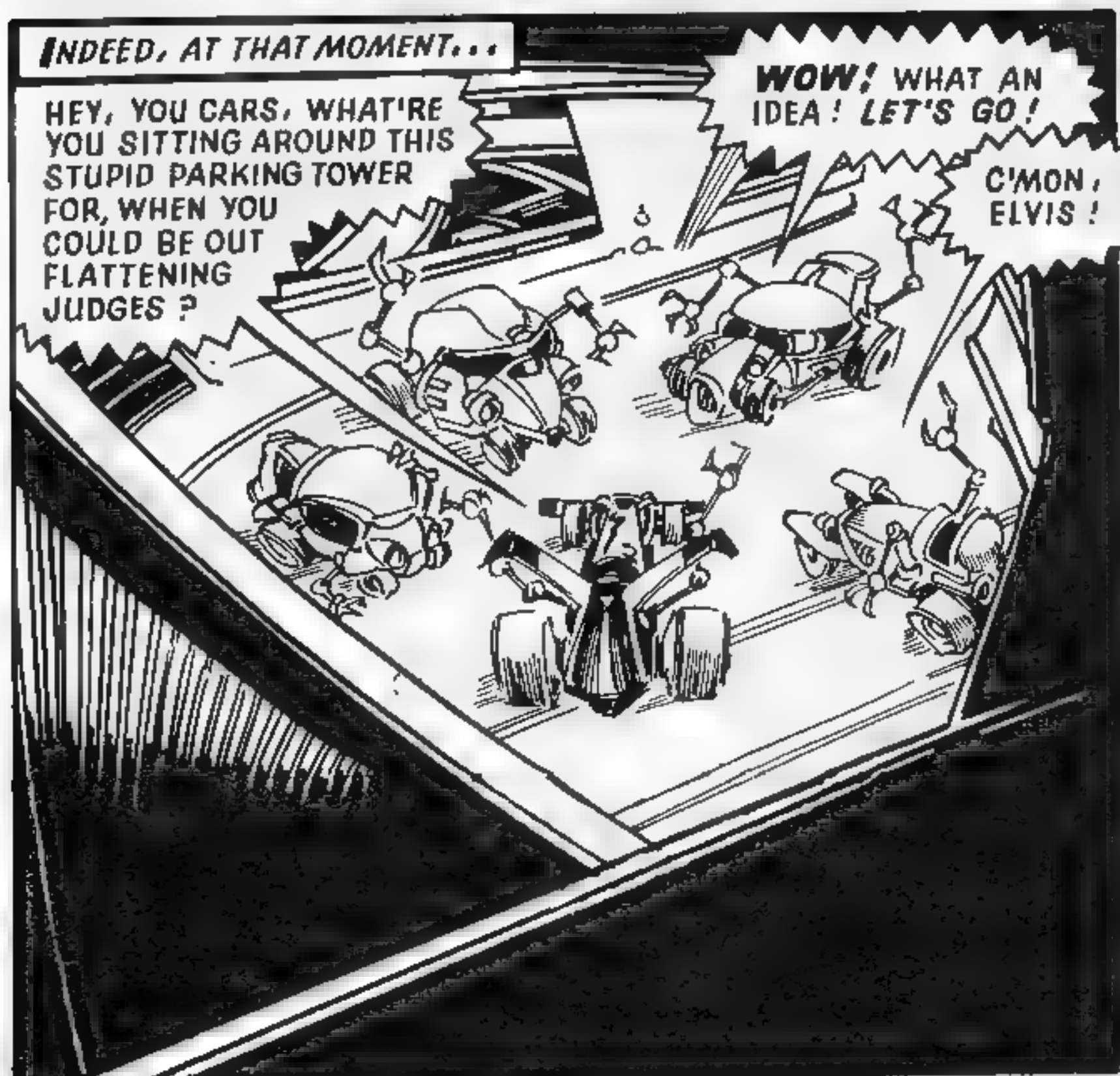
"WELL, I FIND MY
WHEELS TEND TO GET
IN THE WAY WHEN I'M
PUTTING — BUT MY
DRIVE'S GOOD."

URRRR!

EVEN EXPLOSIVE
BULLETS AREN'T HAVING
MUCH EFFECT. WE'VE
GOT TO SHUT THOSE
MACHINES OFF!

FIRE

SCRIPT
JOHN WAGNER
ART
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING
T FRAME



ELVIS MADE STRAIGHT FOR
A LARGE HYPER-STORE...

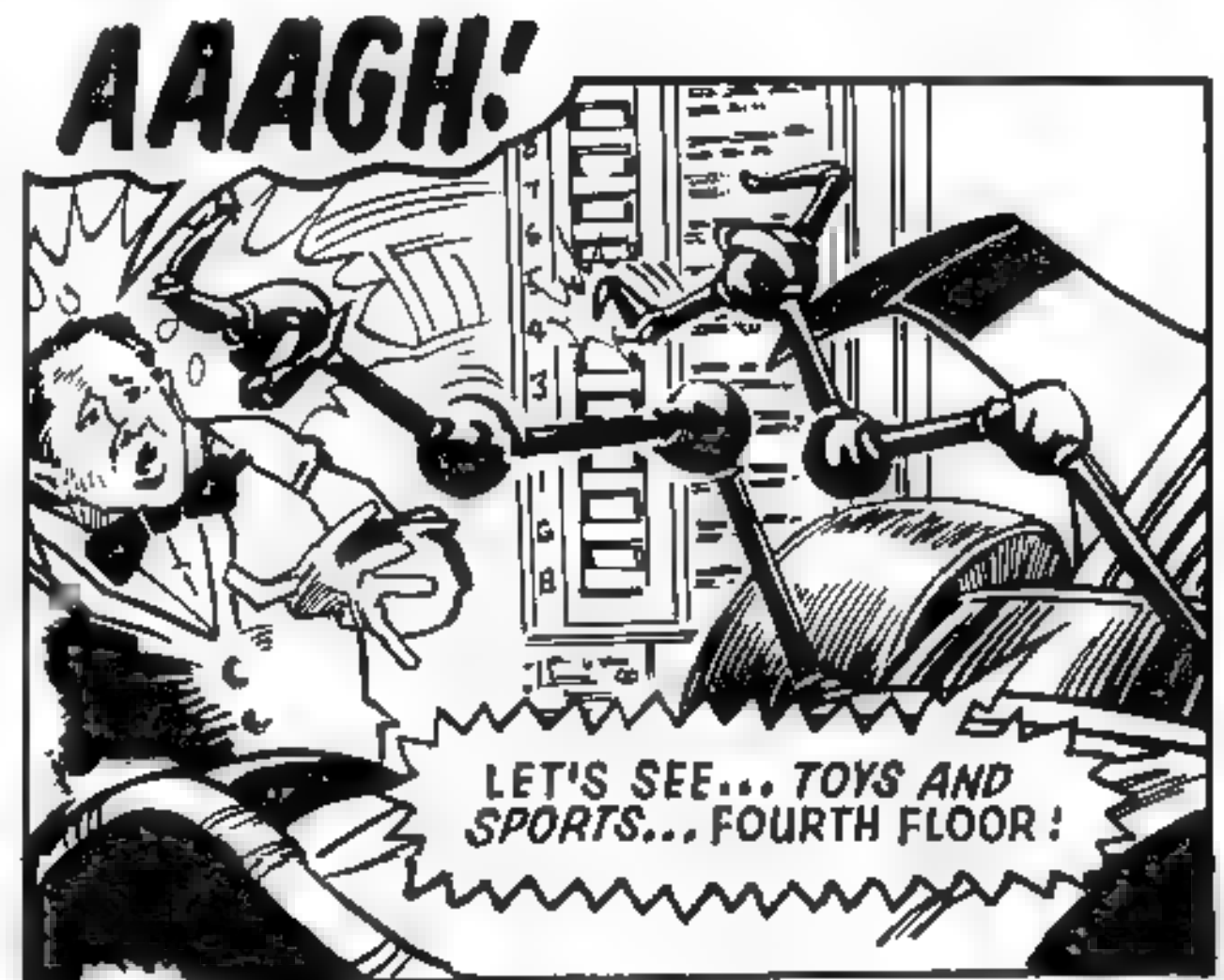
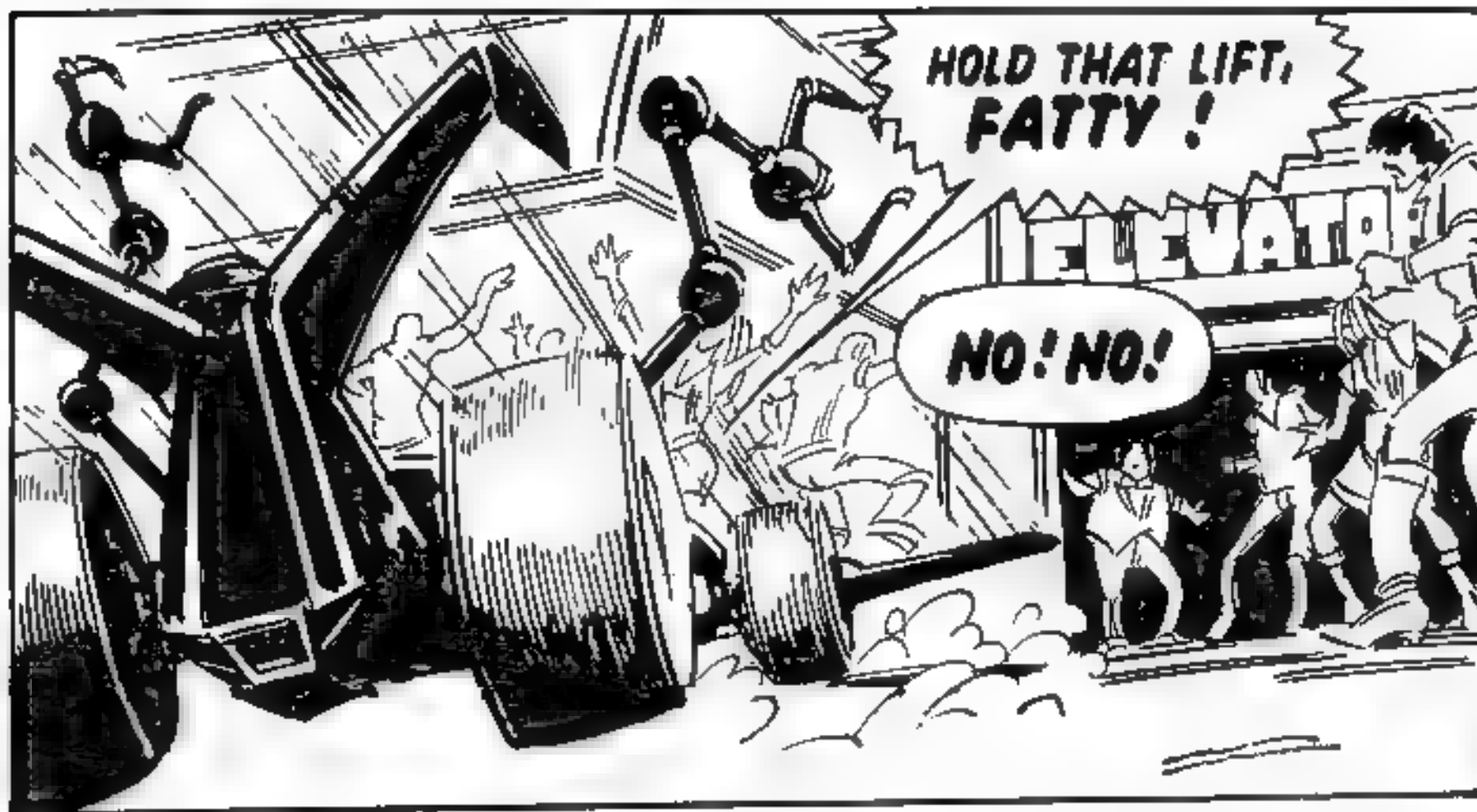
AAAGH!

EEEEK!

**OUTA THE WAY!
BEEP, BEEP!
YAHOO!**

NAMES PRINTED WH

I'D LIKE JUDGE DWEDD'S
NAME PWINTED ON THIS
WUBBER DUCK, PLEASE.



ON THE FOURTH
FLOOR...

**ELVIS IS COMING
THROUGH!**

**CLEAR THE AISLES, YOU
STUPID HUMANS —**

MOTHER!

ELEVATOR 4

TRAIN SET!

BASKETBALL!

LUNOPOLY!

NURSE'S COSTUME -
NAW, THAT'S FOR
GIRLS!

YAHOO!
TOYS
AND TOYS - AND
ALL FOR ELVIS!

STORE DETECTIVES CAME RUNNING.

HOLY SHUTTLES! A CAR
RUNNIN' RIOT IN THE TOY
DEPARTMENT!

SHOOT FOR
HIS TYRES!

HECK, THOSE NASTY
GUYS ARE SHOOTIN'
AT ME!

NEXT
SECOND...

YEEHAA! BITE
MOONDUST, PARDNERS!
I'M THREE-GUN ELVIS
FROM CRATER
TERRITORY!

BUT THEY WON'T STOP ELVIS!
I'LL SHOW 'EM! I CAN PLAY
MOONBOYS TOO...

SOMEBODY -
STOP HIM...

AAARGH!

SPORTS GOODS

HEE, HEE! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!
NOBODY CAN CATCH ME - I'M
THE GINGERBREAD CAR!

MEANWHILE, HELP
WAS ARRIVING FOR
JUDGE DREDD AND
HIS DEPLETED
FORCE...

HOVER WAGONS
COMIN' IN,
MARSHAL!

RESPIRATORS ON,
MEN! IT'S THE RIOT SQUAD
WITH THE CORROSIVE
SPRAY!

A THICK SHOWER OF
QUICK-ACTING
CORROSIVE RAINED
FROM THE HOVER
WAGONS...

MMM-MM!
JUDGES — LOVELY
BITE-SIZED
JUDGES!

NO!

MY DROKK!
THE METAL IS
CRUMBLING!

ALL OVER THE STREET
MONSTER MACHINES
WERE FALLING APART...

SOMETHING...
IS HAPPENING...

ACID... EATING
INTO ME...

I GUESS THE FUN
HAD TO STOP...
SOMETIME...

Y'ALL SURE AS SHOOT
DUN THE TRICK WITH
THAT CORROSIVE,
MARSHAL.

YES, BUT THE MOST
DANGEROUS CAR IS STILL
AT LARGE... THE MOON BUGGY
KNOWN AS ELVIS.

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 62

THE YEAR - 2100. ON LUNA-1
MOON COLONY RIOT SQUADS
SPECIALLY ARMED WITH CORRODO
GUNS ARE SEARCHING THE
STREETS FOR THE KILLER CAR
CALLED ELVIS...

ELVIS

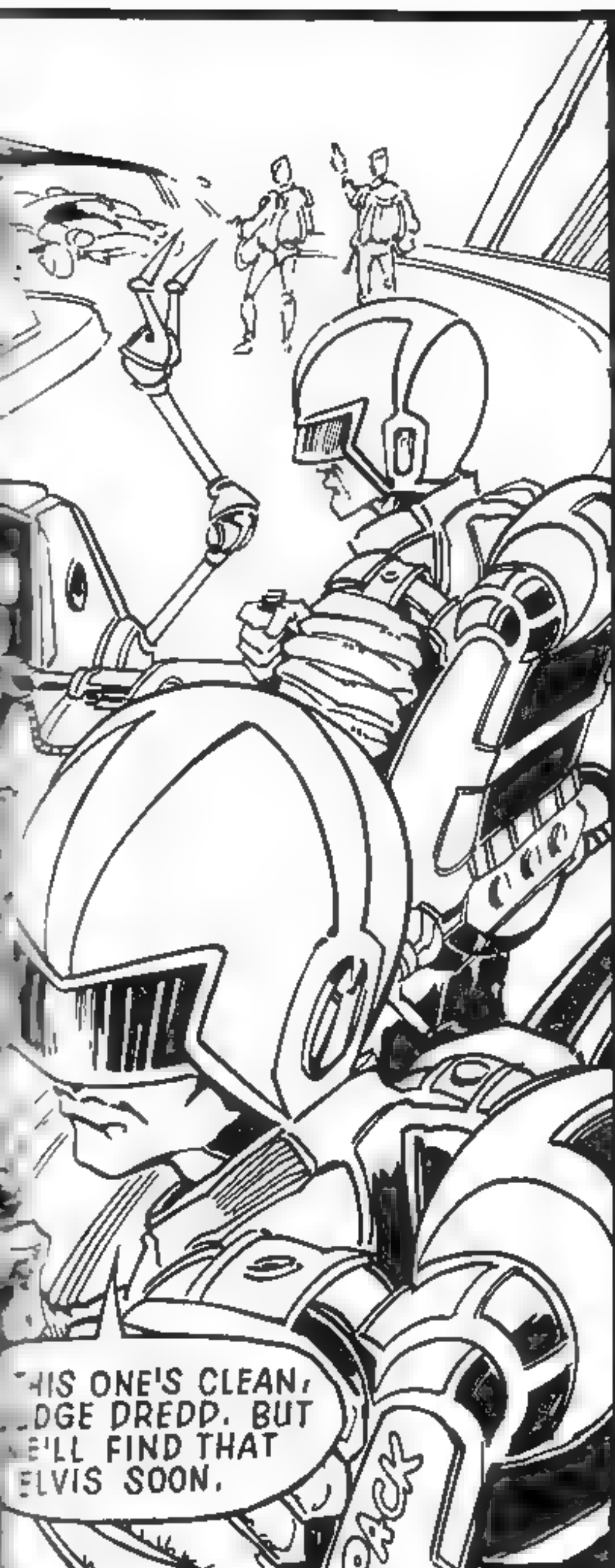
ELVIS Part 3



PLEASE, SIRS,
YOU'RE MAKING ME
LATE AND MY MASTER
WILL BE ANGRY.

DON'T BET ON IT. E.
MAY HAVE THE PERSON
OF A FIVE YEAR OLD —
HE'S ALSO GOT THE BRAIN
POWER OF A SOPHISTICATED
COMPUTER...

IF WE WANT HIM,
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
TO OUTSMART HIM!



THIS ONE'S CLEAN,
JUDGE DREDD. BUT
WE'LL FIND THAT
ELVIS SOON.

Colorado Pack

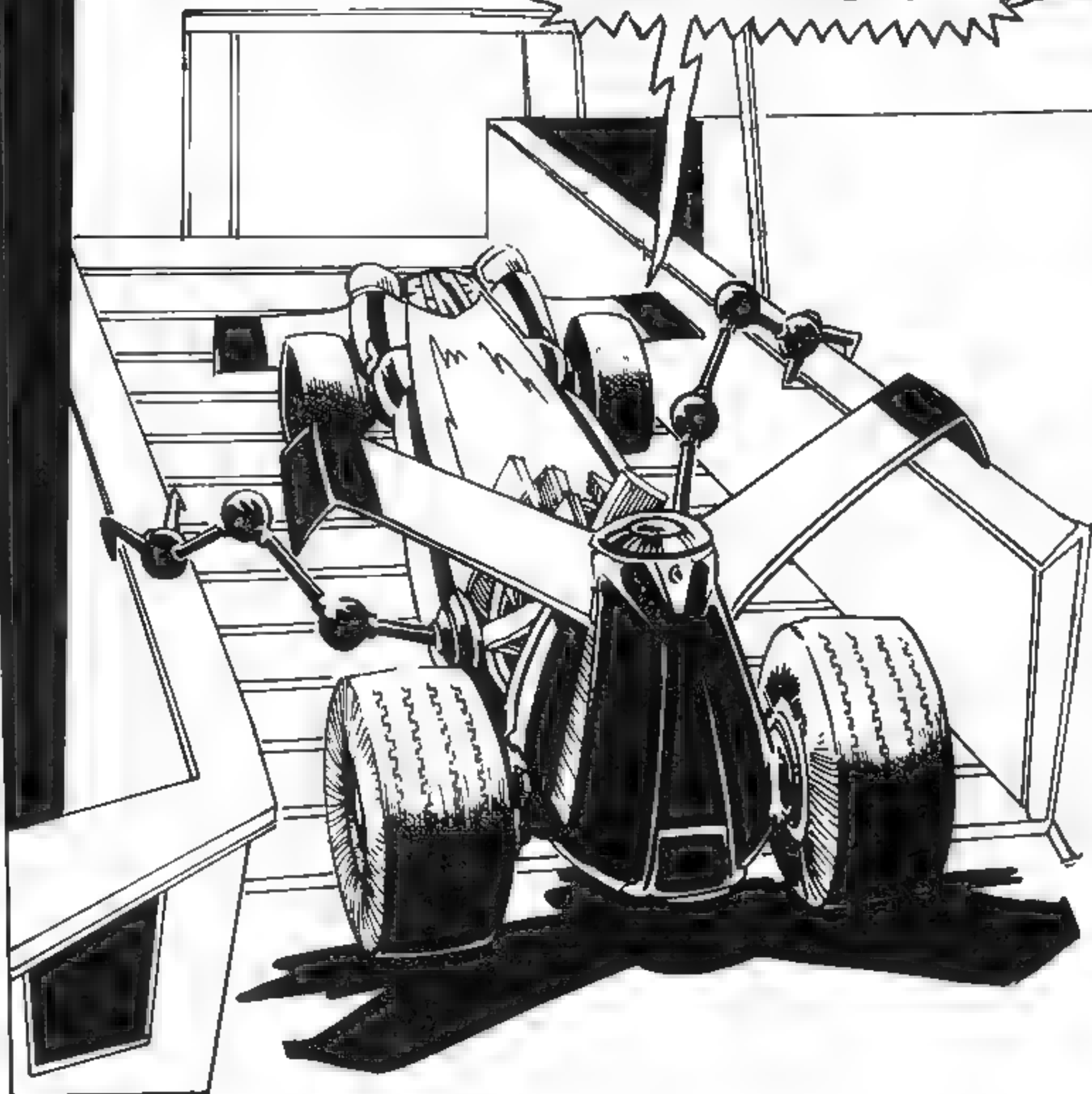


AT THAT MOMENT, IN
ANOTHER PART OF
THE CITY...

ONE TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE... PHEW!
CLIMBIN' STAIRS IS NO WORK FOR A CAR...

THREE FOUR, SHUT THE DOOR...
BUT THOSE SMELLY JUDGES
WILL NEVER THINK...

FIVE SIX, PICK UP STICKS...
OF LOOKING FOR ME IN A
CON-APT BUILDING...!



HEY, DID YA READ THIS IN
THE PAPER 'BOUT THEM CARS
THAT RAN WILD? **SMEARED
THIRTY JUDGES!**

NOW
THAT, I'D LIKE TO'VE
SEEN!



YEAH, SOME
FUN. SEE WHO'S AT
THE DOOR, WILL YA?

SURPRISE!

EEEEK!

ELVIS!



ELVIS THREW
THE TWEEDLES
INTO A CORNER—

LISTEN, YOU DUM-DUMS.
I'M GONNA BE USING THIS
PLACE AS A SECRET HIDEOUT.
SO, NO TRICKS OR I'LL SMASH
YOUR STUPID FACES IN.

SOON...

THIS IS CRAZY!
IT—IT'S PLAYIN' WIT
ALL THEM TOYS LIKE IT
WAS A LITTLE KID
OR SOMETHIN'...!

CHOO!
CHOO!

HA HA! THOSE
ROTTEN JUDGES WILL
NEVER FIND ME HERE. NOW
I CAN HAVE SOME FUN WITH
ALL THE GREAT TOYS
I GOT!

VROOAAA!

I'M BORED
WITH THESE
TOYS NOW!

HEY!..

HEY!
LOOK—I'M ON
TELEVISION!

GOOD EVENING.
THE REVOLT OF THE
KILLER CARS HAS ENDED,
BUT ELVIS, THE MOON
BUGGY WHICH STARTED
THE TROUBLE, IS STILL
ON THE LOOSE.

REPORTER
RODERICK SPROTT
SPOKE TO MRS DAVINA
PATON, WIFE OF THE
CAR'S LATE OWNER...

THAT'S MY MUM!

IF YOU'RE OUT THERE LISTENING, ELVIS... **COME HOME!** MUMMY UNDERSTANDS. SOMETHING WENT **WRONG** WITH YOUR LITTLE CIRCUITS - **THAT'S** WHY YOU DID WHAT YOU DID TO DADDY...

THE PICTURE SWITCHED TO JUDGE DREDD -

WE'LL CATCH THE CAR SOON. FRANKLY, THIS ELVIS IS **CHICKEN**. HE'S **AFRAID** TO COME OUT AND **FIGHT** ME BECAUSE HE KNOWS I'M TOO DARN **SMART** FOR HIM.

TOO SMART AND TOO TOUGH.

THAT'S **NOT TRUE!** I'M SMARTER AND TOUGHER THAN ANY HUMAN!

YEAH, I COULD WHIP ELVIS WITH **ONE HAND**... I COULD WHIP HIM WITH **THAT LITTLE FINGER** THERE.

BUT **WHY** SHOULD I BOTHER? **WHY** SHOULD I WASTE MY TIME ON A KIDDIE CAR THAT'S **NOT** FIT TO **LICK** MY **BOOTS**?

YOU ROTTEN STINKIN' LIAR! YOU GOT **NO RIGHT** TO SAY THEM LIES ABOUT ME!

I'M **GONNA** **TEACH** YOU A **LESSON!**

THE CALL CAME THROUGH TO DREDD AT JUSTICE CENTRAL -

LISTEN, YOU DIRTY RAT - I'M GONNA MAKE YOU TAKE BACK ALL THEM **LIES** YOU TOLD!

I'M THE **SMARTEST** CAR IN THE **WHOLE DANGED** **WORLD** AN' BOY ARE YOU GONNA FIND THAT **OUT!**

GO AWAY, PUNKROD. YOU **BORE** ME.

ELVIS RANG OFF, AND...

HE'LL BE COMING OUT OF HIDING PRETTY SOON. WE'VE GOT TO BE READY FOR HIM.

AH RECKON YOUR PLAN WORKED, MARSHAL.

AT THE CON-APT BUILDING—

OUTA THE WAY, DUM-DUMS! HERE COMES ELVIS!

AAAGH!

AIEEE!

I'M ELVIS THE WON-DER CAR!

DISTRESS CALLS SOON BROUGHT THE JUDGES—

HE'S GOING DOWN THAT OLD TUNNEL! AFTER HIM!

HA, HA! CAN'T CATCH ME! ELVIS IS TOO SMART FOR YOU!

NOOOO!

THE ENTRANCE LED TO A VAST NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND CAVERNS...

THESE ARE THE OLD TUNNELS PEOPLE LIVED IN BEFORE THEY BUILT THE MOON DOMES. WE'LL TAKE YEARS FINDING HIM IN THIS RABBIT WARREN!

DROCK IT! WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU MEN HAD BETTER DIVIDE UP AND GET LOOKING...

DREDD WAITED AT JUSTICE CENTRAL FOR NEWS—

NO LUCK, MARSHAL. WE'RE NEVER GONNA FIND HIM DOWN THERE.

WEARY LESS CARRIED DREDD TO HIS APARTMENT IN THE JUSTICE BUILDING—

GREETINGS, JUDGE DREDD! HA, HA, HA!

SO I'VE MISSED HIM AGAIN... WHO'LL BE THE NEXT TO DIE, I WONDER? IT COULD— WHAT THE...

WALTER!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE... BUT RIGHT NOW I'M GOING HOME. I'VE HAD A LONG NIGHT.

JUDGE DWEDD! BEHIND YOU!

WOK!

UGGH!

HE CAME IN THWOUGH THE SERVICE LIFT. JUDGE DWEDD. I-I TRIED TO GWAPPLE WITH HIM, BUT HE WAS TOO STRONG.

DID YOU THINK I WAS GONNA RUN RIGHT INTO YOUR TRAP, DREDDY? NO SIREE! I KNEW ABOUT THE OLD LIVING PLACES WAS CONNECTED TO YOUR QUARTERS BY ELEVATOR.

I OUT-SMARTED YOU REAL GOOD!

GOSH! ISN'T IT GOING TO BE FUN DECIDING HOW TO KILL YOU!

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 74

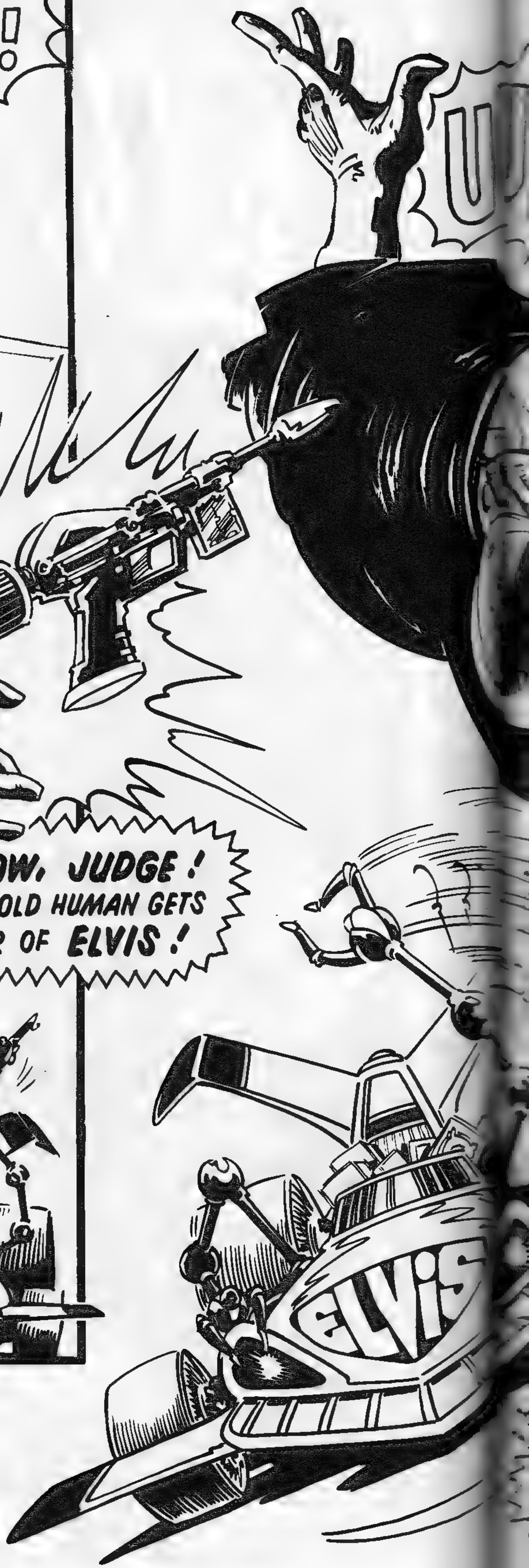
THE YEAR 2100. ON LUNA-1
MOON COLONY, ELVIS, THE
KILLER CAR WITH THE
PERSONALITY OF A FIVE-YEAR-
OLD, HAS TRAPPED JUDGE
DREDD IN HIS QUARTERS AT
JUSTICE CENTRAL. . .

GOTTA TAKE IT...
AAARGH!

J
U
D
G
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TOO SLOW, JUDGE!
NO SMELLY OLD HUMAN GETS
THE BETTER OF ELVIS!



ELVIS Part
4



YOU WASCAL! DON'T
YOU DARE HURT
JUDGE DWEDD!

SHUT YOUR
SPEAKERS, ROBOT
FEATURES. I AIN'T
GONNA **KILL** HIM—
WELL, NOT YET!
I JUST HAD A
BETTER
IDEA!

I'M THE **SMARTEST**,
TOUGHEST CAR ON THE
WHOLE DARN MOON!

SOON, IN THE HEART OF THE JUSTICE BUILDING, NERVE CENTRE OF A MASSIVE SEARCH FOR THE KILLER CAR—

FROM NOW ON YOU SMELLY JUDGES ARE GONNA DO EXACTLY WHAT I WANT—OR DREDD GETS IT!

IT'S THE CAR—ELVIS!

HOLD YOUR GOLDARNED FIRE! THAT THING'S GOT JUDGE DREDD INSIDE!

MY COOLING SYSTEM CAN FREEZE HIM TO AN ICICLE BEFORE YOUR BULLETS HIT MY PLATING.

THEN AH RECKON WE GOTTA GO ALONG WITH YAH.

I KNEW YOU STUPID OLD HUMANS WOULD SEE SENSE. NOW GET THIS DOWN...

"FIRST I WANT LOTS AND LOTS MORE TOYS! THEN I'LL HAVE A BIG PARADE FOR ME WITH BANDS AND MAJORETTES, AND CLOWNS, AND—AND SONGS ABOUT ME, AND..."

AN HOUR LATER DREDD CAME ROUND. THE PARADE HAD STARTED—

YOU BIG-HEADED HUNK OF TIN! HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS?

FOREVER AND EVER! AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU PRISONER NO ONE CAN TOUCH ME! TONIGHT I'M EVEN GOING TO HAVE MY OWN TV SHOW!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE ELVIS, DREDD MISTED UP THE WINDSCREEN.

SOME JUDGES OUT THERE... GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO THEM—

DREDD'S MESSAGE WAS IN THE SECRET JUDGES' CODE. USING ONLY THREE LINES AND TWO DOTS, INSTRUCTIONS OF GREAT DETAIL COULD BE PASSED ON...

IF MY PLAN DOESN'T WORK, ELVIS MUST STILL BE DESTROYED — WITH ME INSIDE.

JUDGE DREDD WANTS A CROWD OF AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS AT THE TV STUDIO TONIGHT. WHAT THE HECK FOR?

HE'S PLANNIN' SUMTHIN', JUDGE PARD. IT BETTAH BE GOOD. THAT ELVIS MAY ACT LIKE A KID, BUT HE'S STILL DARN SMART!



THE SHOW WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE—

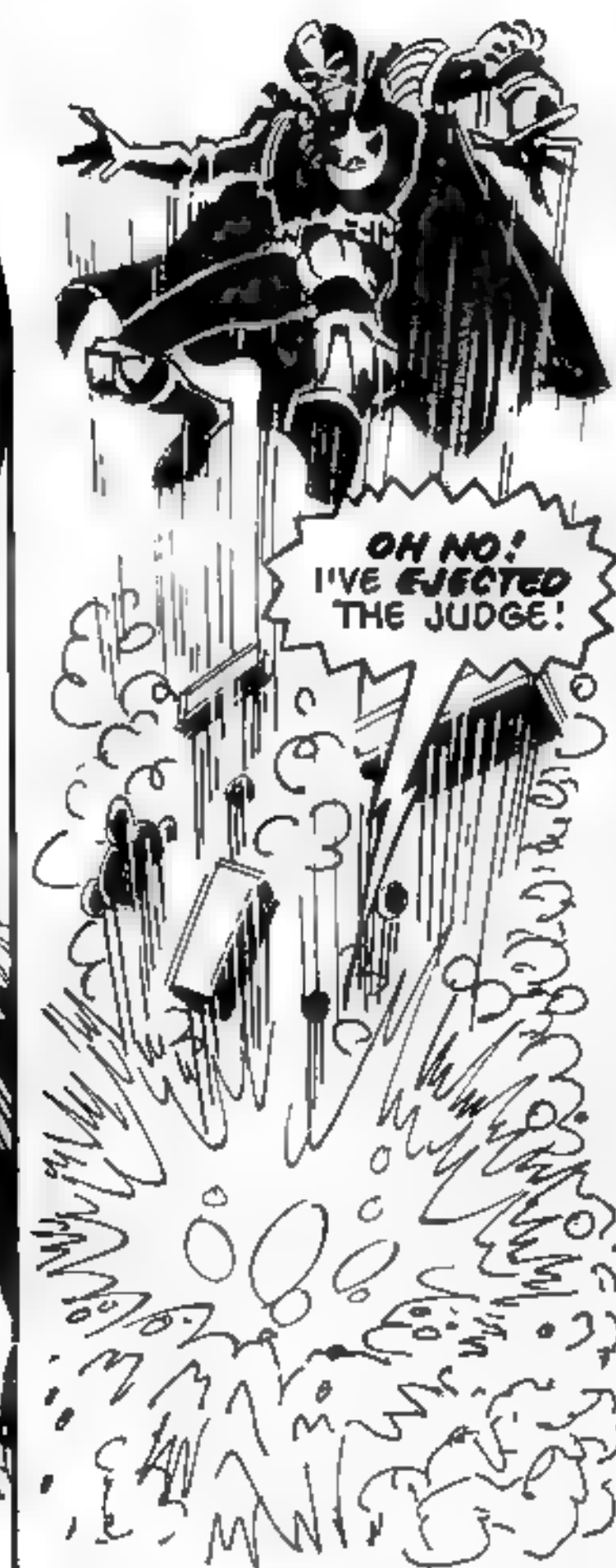
NOW HE'S MAKING THE COUNCIL LICK HIS TYRES CLEAN!

AH'M SENDIN' THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS IN LIKE JUDGE DREDD WANTED. AH SURE HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'...

ELVIS!

OH ELVIS!





THE FIRE CAUGHT YOU
BY SURPRISE—YOUR **EMERGENCY
SAFETY PROCEDURE** STARTED
AUTOMATICALLY BEFORE
YOU COULD STOP IT.

**NOW
SURRENDER—
OR DIE!**

**NO! NEVER!
I'M TOO SMART FOR
YOU! I CAN GET
AWAY!**

**BUT BEFORE ELVIS
COULD MOVE...**

**CORRODO
GUNNERS—
FIRE!**

A BLAST OF SOLID
CORROSIVE HIT ELVIS...

**YOU CAN'T
STOP ME...**

... I'M THE...

... GINGERBREAD
CAR!

JUST A PILE OF **DUST**
ON A STUDIO FLOOR. ALL THAT'S
LEFT OF THE CAR WHO **NEVER
GREW UP.**

BUT IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN
BETTER FOR US IF HE'D
NEVER BEEN **BORN!**

JUDGE DREDD

IT WAS MORNING, AND THE NEW SUN CAST SICKLY SHADOWS ON THE BLEAK HELLSCAPE OF THE CURSED EARTH.

A MUTANT HEEP HAD DIED IN THE NIGHT, AND THE WORD FOR 'FLESH' FLASHED THROUGH THE AIR TILL THE DOG-VULTURE FLOCK MOVED IN TO FIGHT FOR THE SPOILS

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON DOG-VULTURE

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RICHARD BACH)

SCRIPT
ALAN GRANT
ART
PAUL MARSHALL
LETTERING
DOZY

BUT HIGH UP, ALONE, AWAY FROM THE CHAOS THAT PASSED FOR BREAKFAST, JONATHAN LIVINGSTON DOG-VULTURE WAS PRACTISING.

...HE NARROWED HIS EYES IN DEEP CONCENTRATION, FOCUSED ALL HIS POWER TO CONTROL HIS LETHAL DIVE...

HE EXTENDED HIS CLAWED FEET, OPENED HIS JAWS IN A THREATENING SNARL, AND STRAINED TO HOLD HIS LINGAINLY BODY IN A TIGHT-DOWN SWOOP...

... AND SCREWED UP
YET AGAIN.

BA DUN NT!

DOG-VULTURES, AS YOU KNOW,
NEVER SCREW UP ATTACK DIVES.
THIS IS BECAUSE THEY'RE
SCAVENGERS, NOT BIRDS OF PREY.

BUT JONATHAN LIVINGSTON
DOG-VULTURE WAS NO
ORDINARY MUTATION.

MOST DOG-VULTURES DON'T BOTHER TO
LEARN MORE THAN THE BASIC FACTS OF
EATING - HOW TO RIP TOUGH FLESH,
AND SO ON. QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY
IS THEIR MAIN CONCERN.

BUT JONATHAN WAS
DIFFERENT. MORE THAN
ANYTHING ELSE, JONATHAN
WANTED TO BE A HAWK.

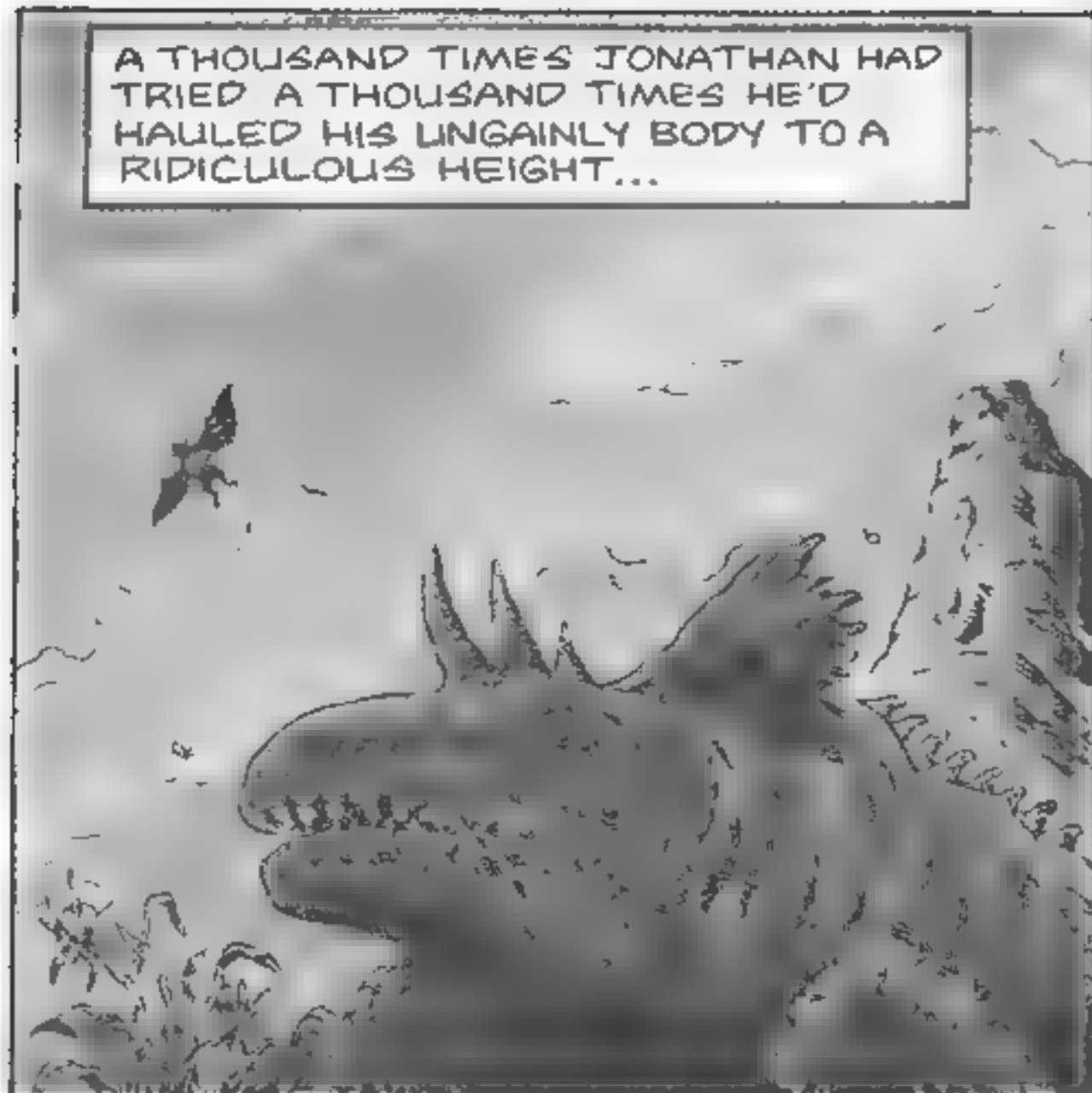
JONATHAN - LOOK!
I'VE SAVED YOU A PIECE
OF THIS DELICIOUS
HEEP!

NO THANKS,
MUM. YOU
KNOW MY
MOTTO - IF
I CAN'T
CATCH IT,
I WON'T
EAT IT!

NOW SEE HERE,
JONATHAN! THIS NONSENSE
HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
YOU'LL SCAVENGE FOR
FOOD AND LIKE IT, DO
YOU HEAR?

FRAG
OFF,
DAD!

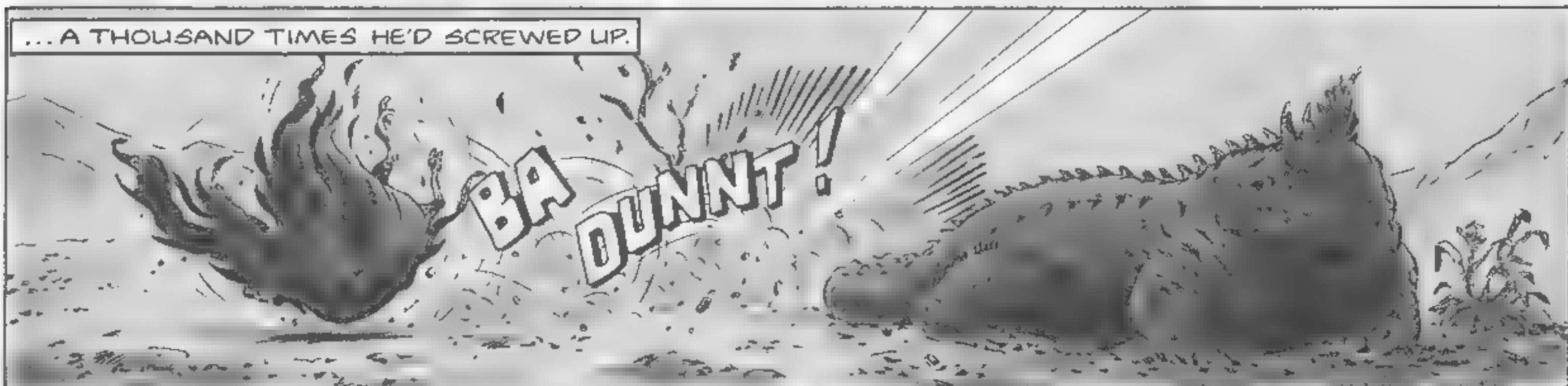
A THOUSAND TIMES JONATHAN HAD TRIED A THOUSAND TIMES HE'D HAULED HIS LINGAINLY BODY TO A RIDICULOUS HEIGHT...



... A THOUSAND TIMES HE SLAVERED AND SNARLED AND SWOOPED...



... A THOUSAND TIMES HE'D SCREWED UP.



IT WAS DARK WHEN HE CAME TO, AND THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT ONLY SEEMED TO AGGRAVATE HIS BLINDING HEADACHE.



WHAT'S THE POINT? HE THOUGHT DEJECTEDLY. I'M A DOG-VULTURE - A SCAVENGER. I DON'T HAVE THE SHORT WINGS, THE LIGHT BODY, THE STREAMLINED AERODYNAMICS OF A BIRD OF PREY.



I MIGHT AS WELL JUST GIVE UP AND BE NORMAL AGAIN.



BUT THE PACK THOUGHT DIFFERENT.



YOU HAVE VIOLATED THE DIGNITY AND TRADITION OF THIS PACK WITH YOUR STUPID DESIRE TO BE A HAWK!

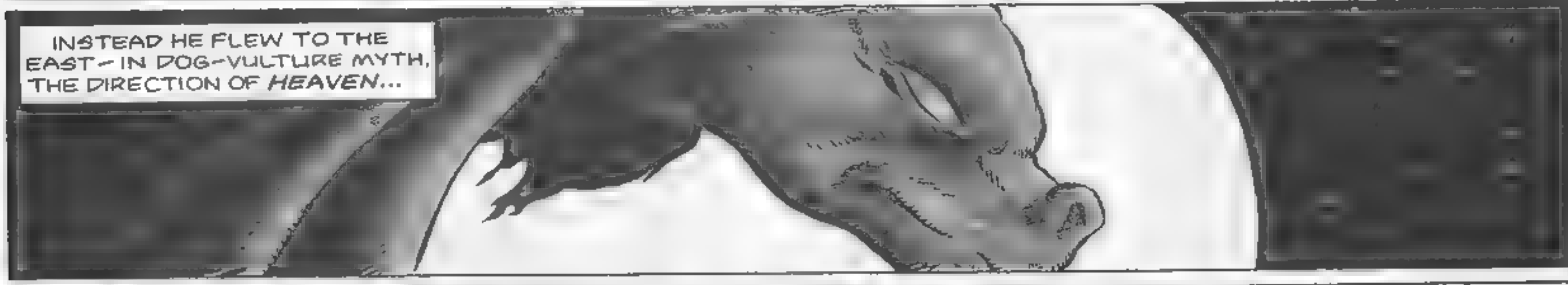
AS PUNISHMENT FOR THE SHAME YOU BRING ON US WITH YOUR ANTICS, YOU ARE NOW DECLARED OUTCAST!



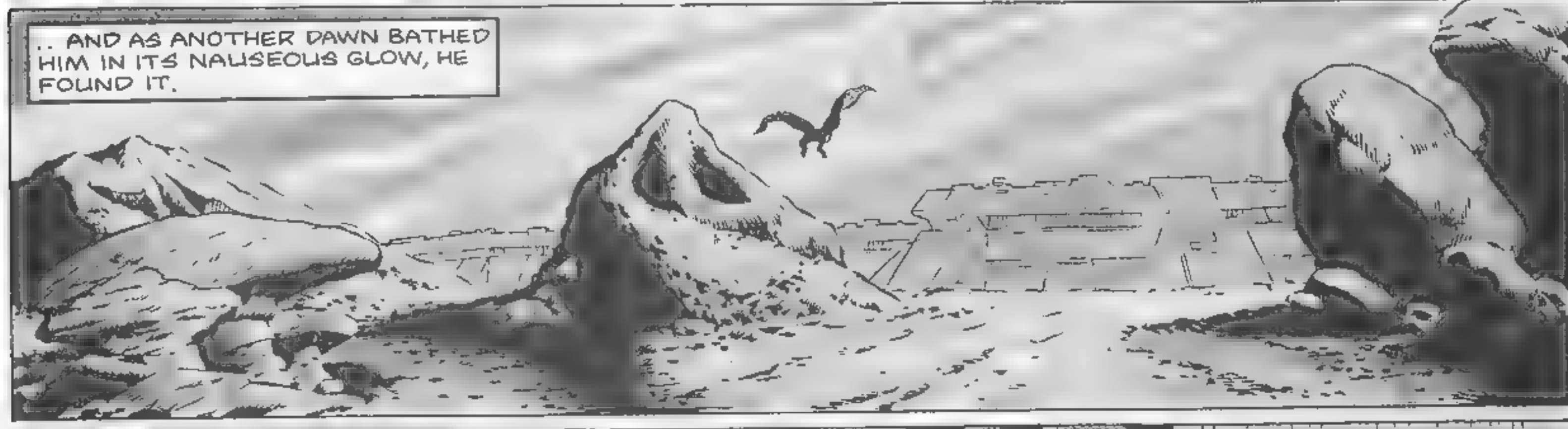
AND DON'T
COME BACK,
AIRHEAD!



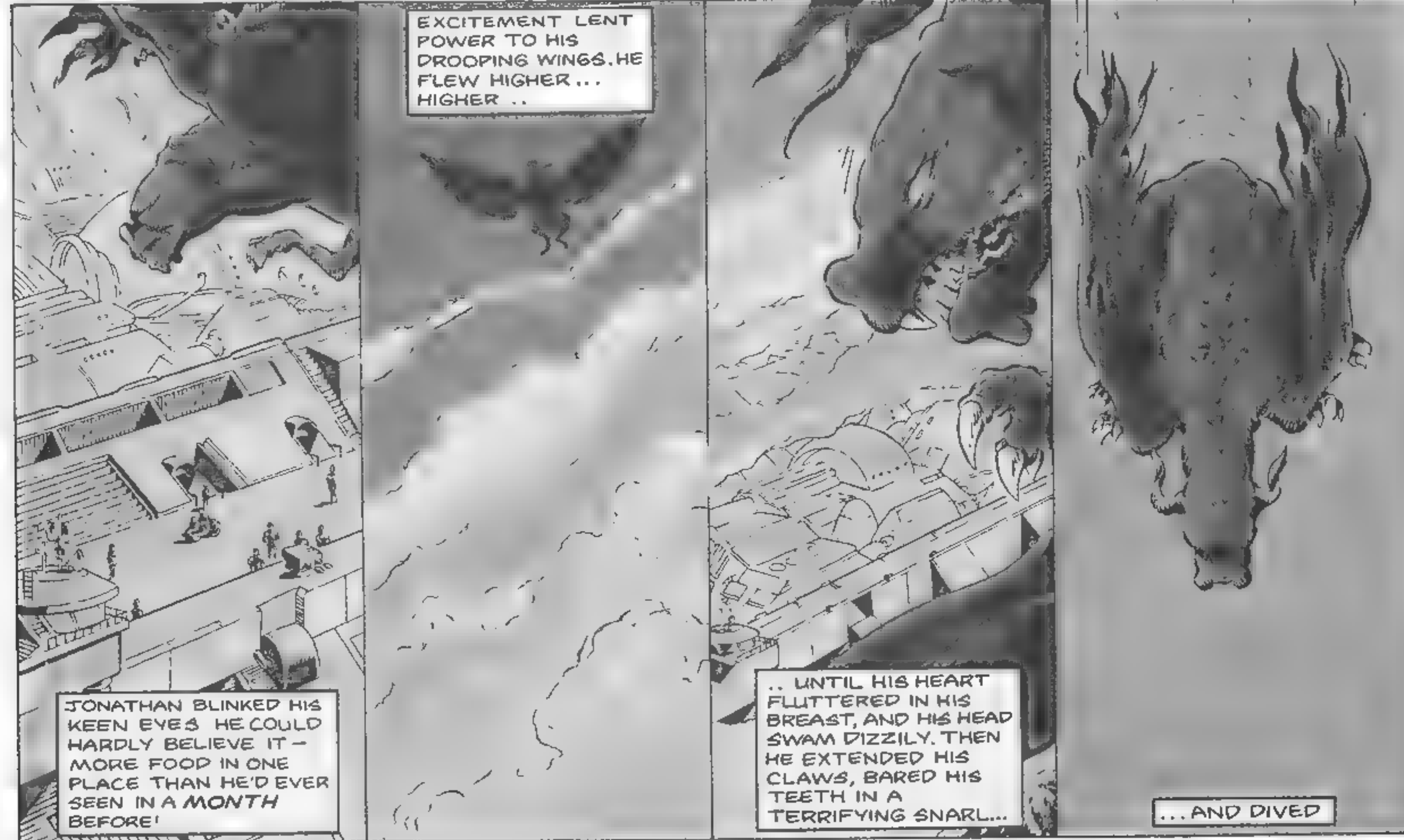
OUTCASTS FROM THE PACK USUALLY MOVED
TO THE TAR PITS, WHERE EVERYTHING
TASTED LIKE MELTED ROAD. BUT JONATHAN
HAD NO STOMACH FOR THAT



INSTEAD HE FLEW TO THE
EAST - IN DOG-VULTURE MYTH,
THE DIRECTION OF HEAVEN...



.. AND AS ANOTHER DAWN BATHED
HIM IN ITS NAUSEOUS GLOW, HE
FOUND IT.



EXCITEMENT LENT
POWER TO HIS
DROOPING WINGS. HE
FLEW HIGHER...
HIGHER ..

JONATHAN BLINKED HIS
KEEN EYES. HE COULD
HARDLY BELIEVE IT -
MORE FOOD IN ONE
PLACE THAN HE'D EVER
SEEN IN A MONTH
BEFORE!

.. UNTIL HIS HEART
FLUTTERED IN HIS
BREAST, AND HIS HEAD
SWAM DIZZILY. THEN
HE EXTENDED HIS
CLAWS, BARED HIS
TEETH IN A
TERRIFYING SNARL...

... AND DIVED



GRUD!

EVERYONE'S ALL
MISSILES!

RADAR SHOWS
INCOMING
OBJECT-DIRECTLY
ABOVE US!



THEY'RE
IT IS

YOU GOT THE
BIONIC EYES,
DREDD! WHAT
THE HELL
IS IT?

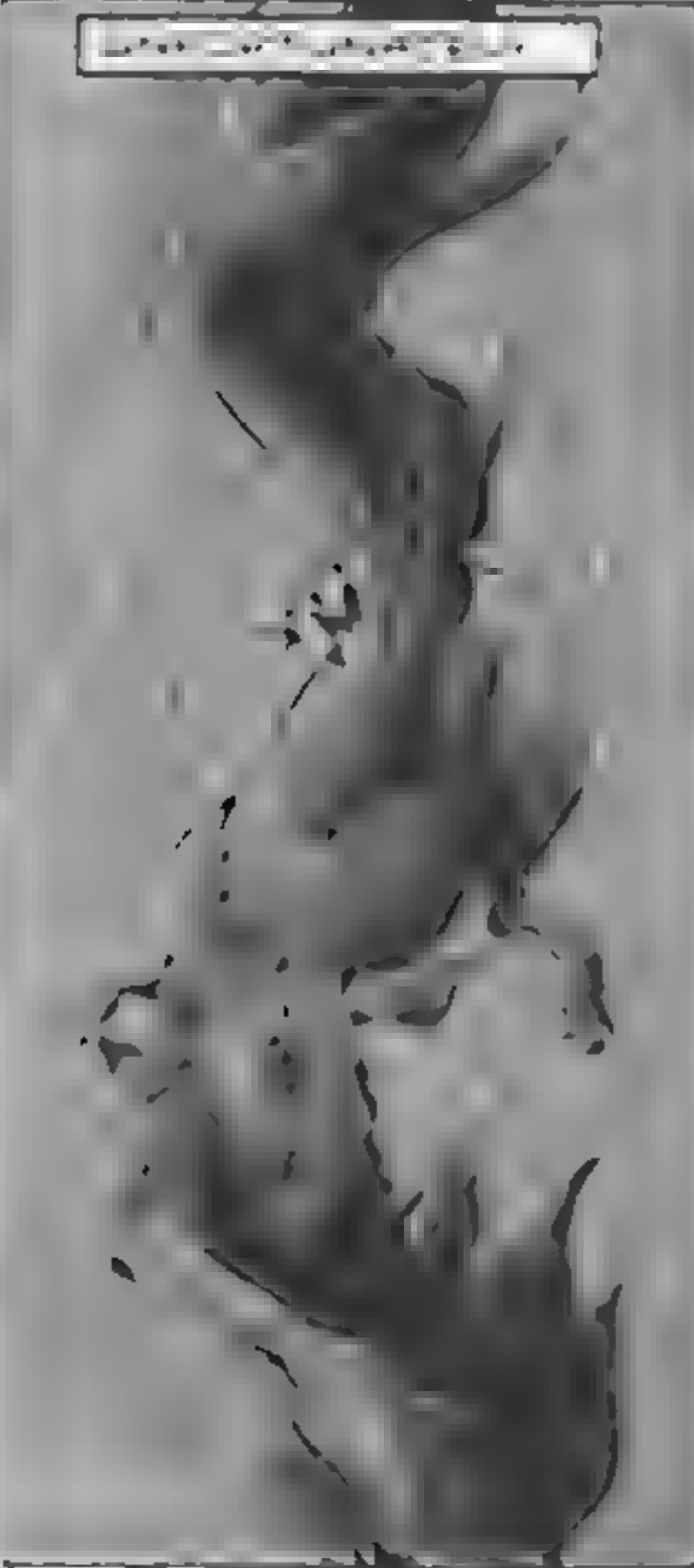


STAND DOWN
YOUR MISSILES! IT'S
A DOG-VULTURE -
THEY'VE WHAT THE
CUCK IT'S DOWN!



NATHAN ARNONE HAS EYES IN
FIVE LOCATIONS. THIS WAS
THE FIRST TIME HE EVER FELT
THE NEED TO RUN.

LOOK OUT!
IT'S GONNA
HIT!



THEY'RE ALL
GONE!



BA
DUNNT!

GRUD!
KNOCKED 'EM
BOTH OUT
OF THE SKY!

CALL MED.
TELL 'EM FALL GUYS
ON HIS WAY DOWN!

AND
NOTIFY
CRADDOCK
IN THE
KITCHENS...

IT WAS DARK WHEN JONATHAN CAME TO.



HIS HEAD ACHED HE COULDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE.



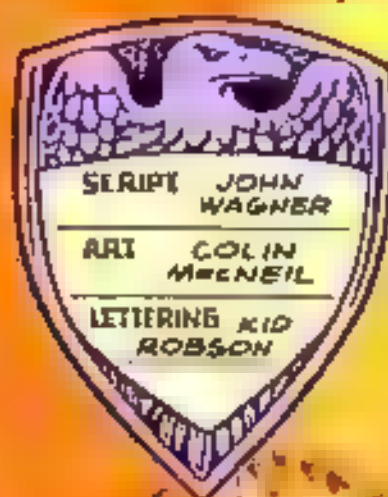
SO THIS IS HEAVEN, HE THOUGHT...



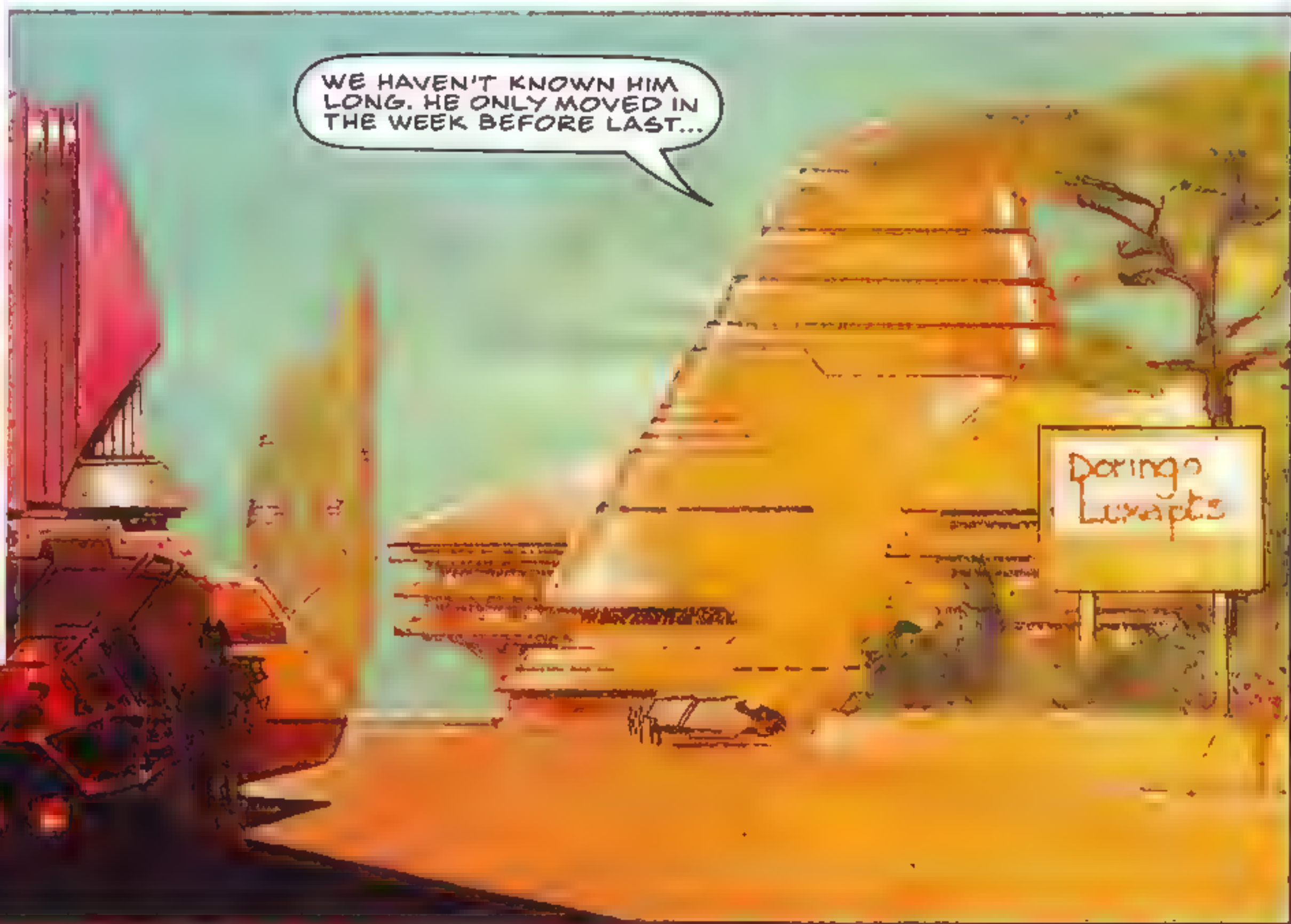
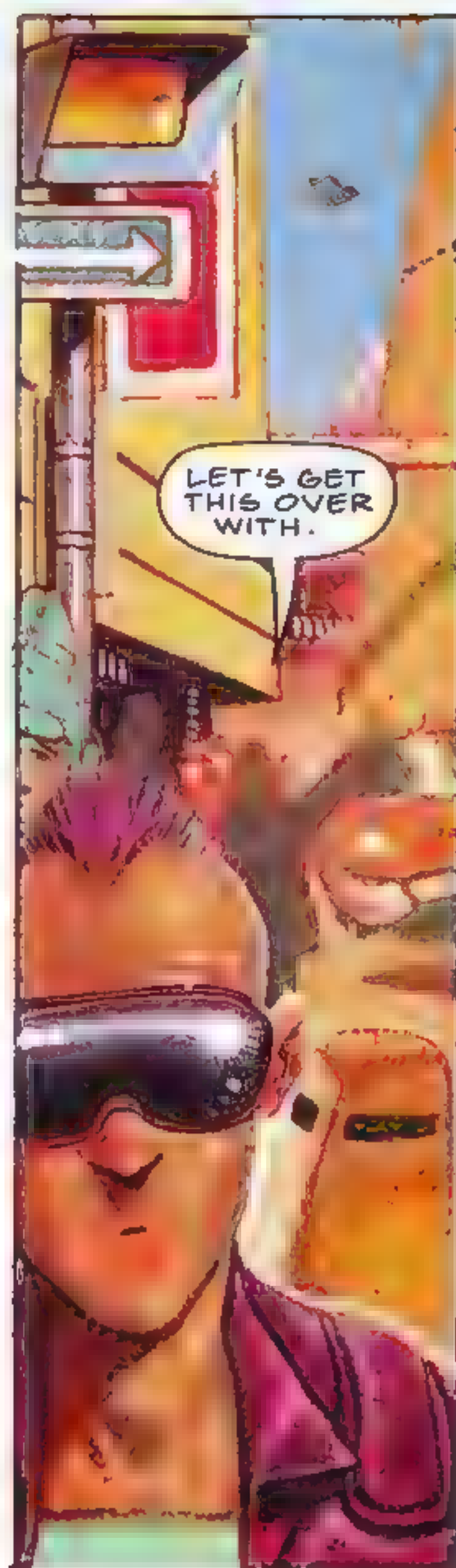
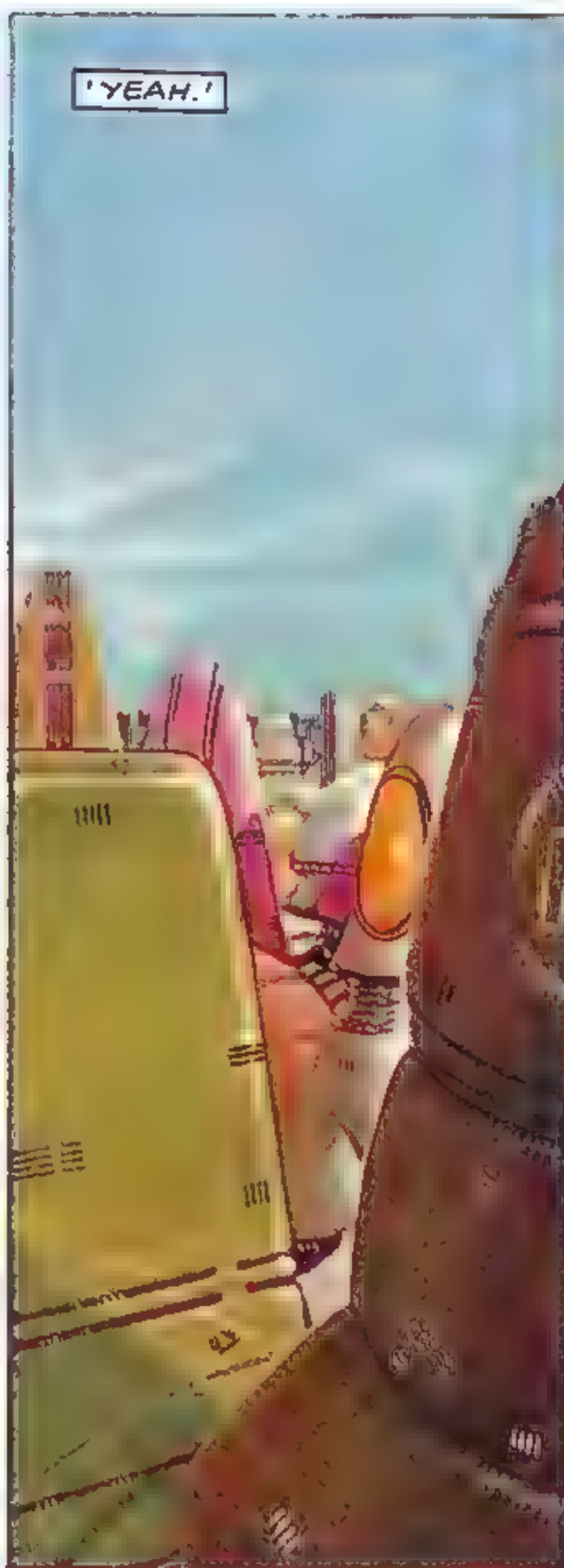
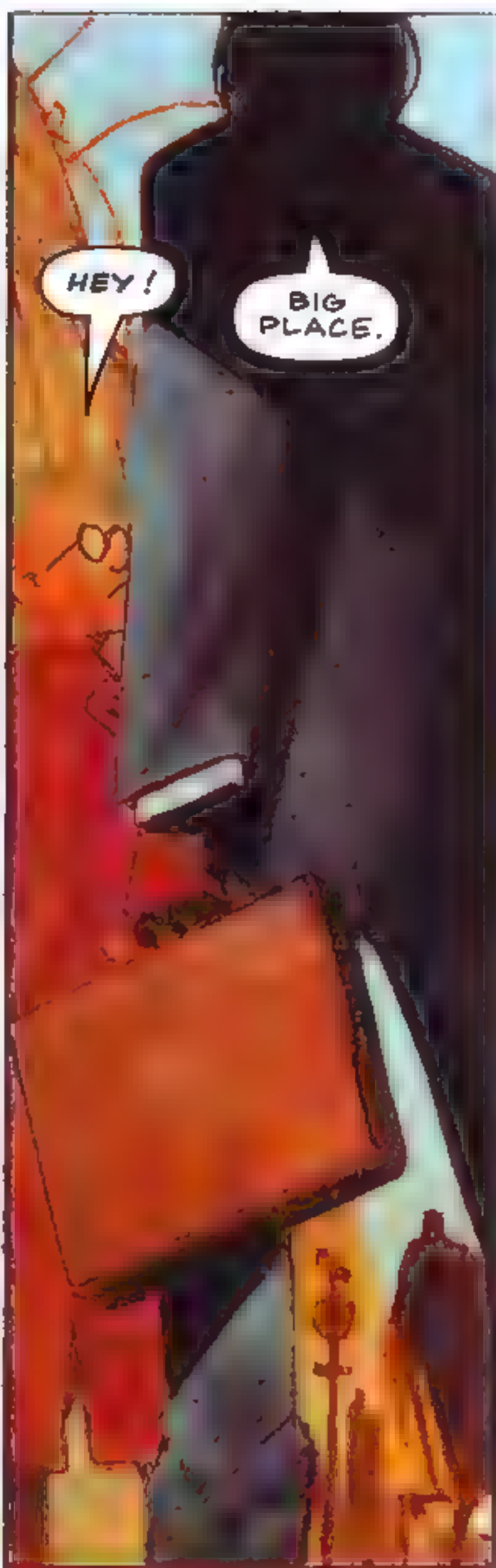
THE END.

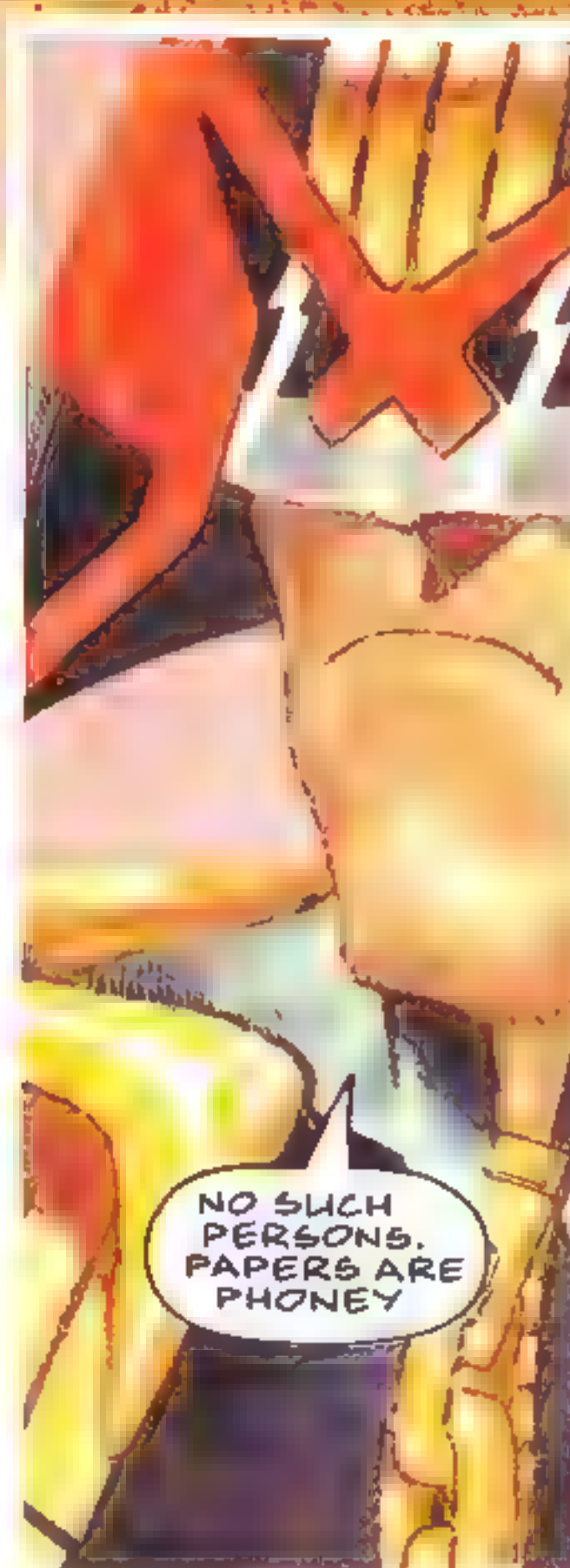
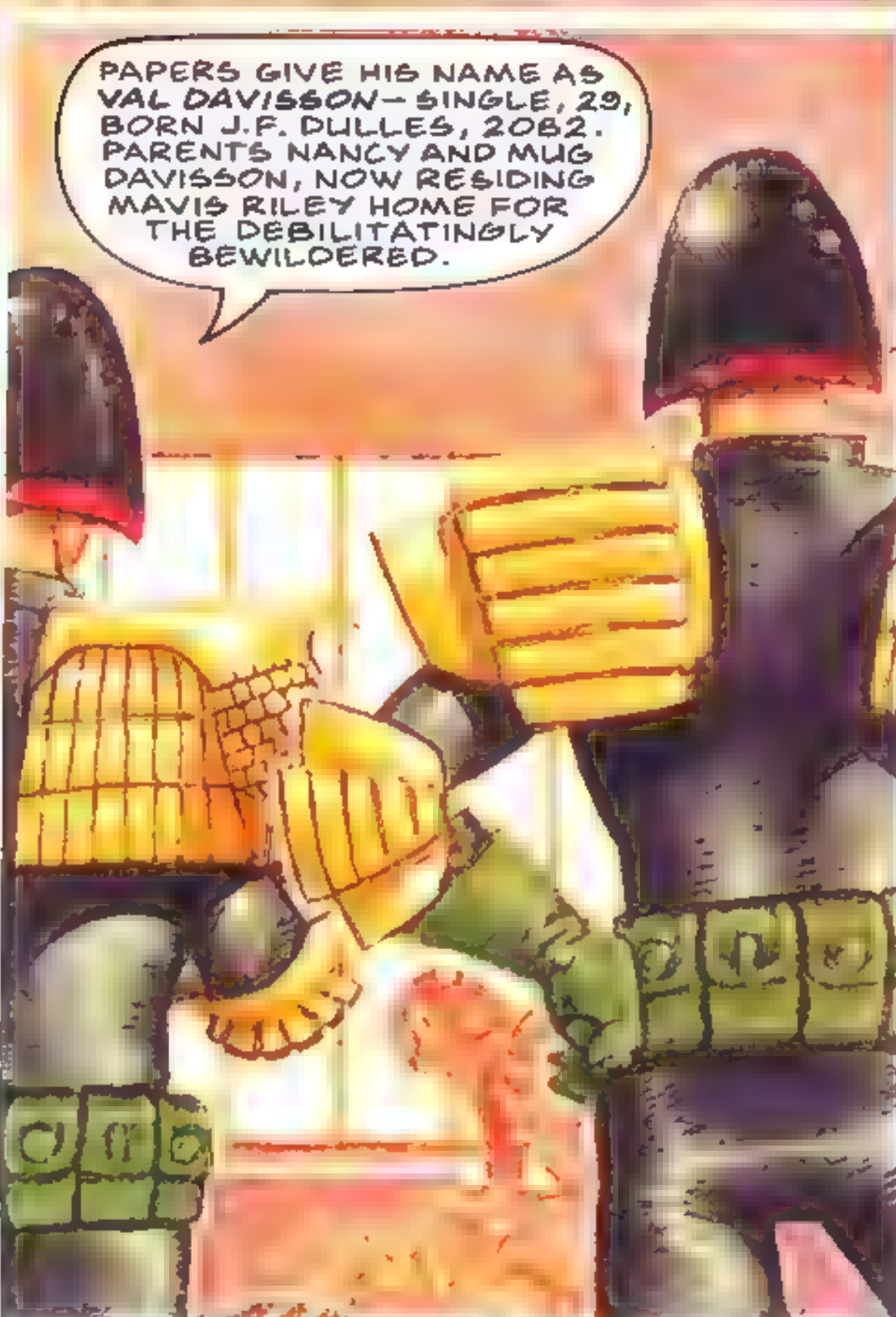
JUDGE DREDD

IN TOP DOGS PART 1



£4.95



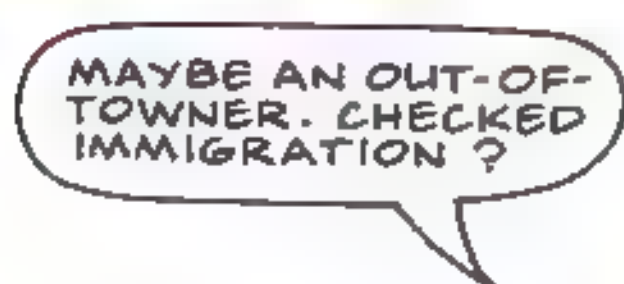




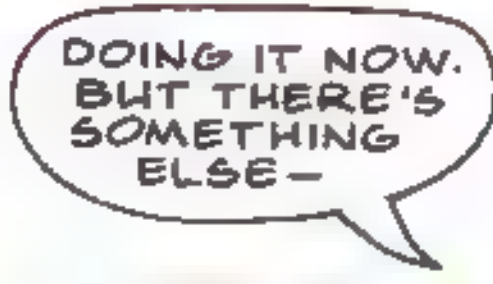
'FAR AS OUR RECORDS ARE CONCERNED, UNTIL TWO WEEKS AGO WHEN HE RENTED THE APARTMENT THIS GUY DIDN'T EXIST.'



HALF OF HIM DOESN'T EXIST NOW.



MAYBE AN OUT-OF-TOWNER. CHECKED IMMIGRATION?



DOING IT NOW. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE—



I DON'T KNOW...IT'S LIKE THIS GUY HASN'T BEEN SHARING THE SAME WORLD—LIKE HE'S FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION—ANOTHER TIME ZONE...



ANALYSIS PICKED UP SEVERAL UNKNOWN VIRAL STRAINS—ONES WE'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE. NOW JUST ONE WOULD BE UNUSUAL, EVEN IN, SAY, A CURSED-EARTHER...

SO FAR WITH THIS GUY WE'VE FOUND SEVEN.

WHAT'RE YOU GETTING AT?



YESSSSS



LITTLE BEAUTY!
WHAT'RE YOU
GONNA BUY FOR
OL' SHIGGY?



HOW ABOUT
TROUBLE?

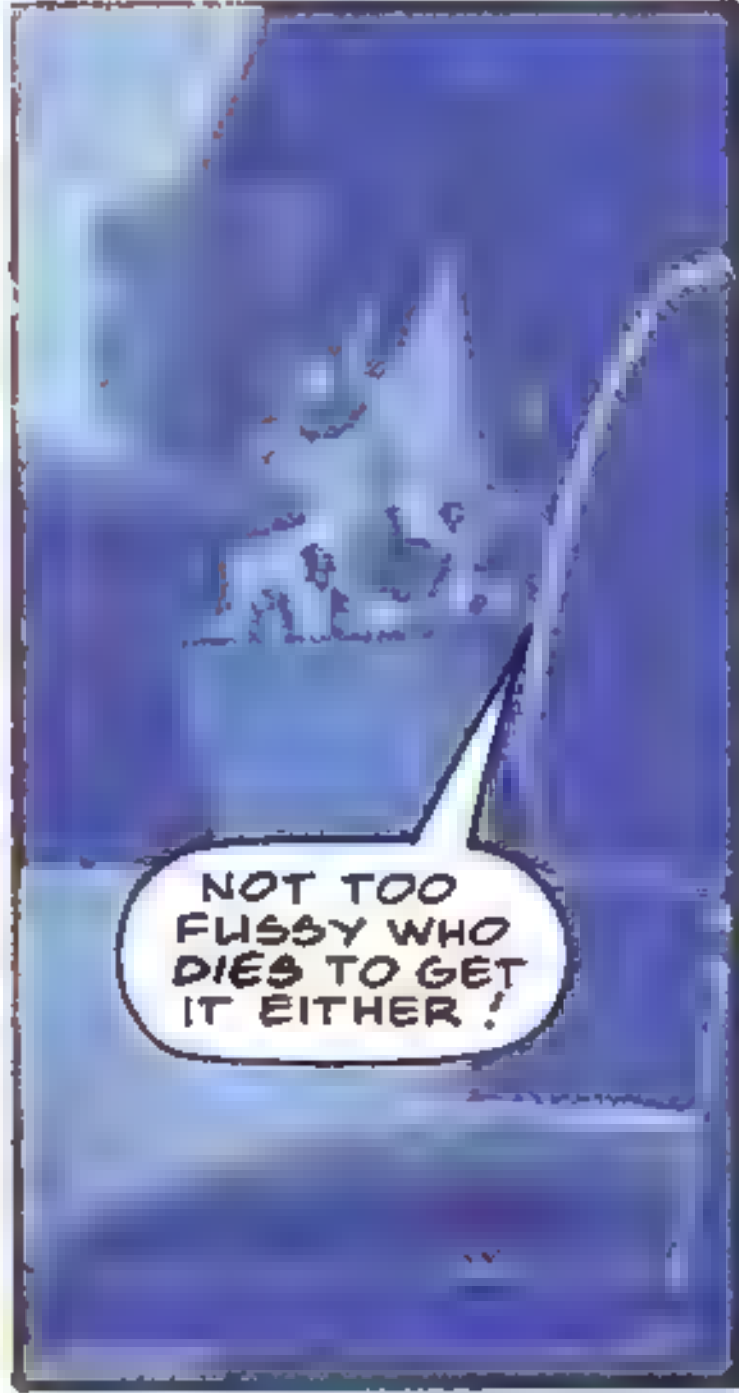
HUH?



UNGGGG!



ALWAYS HAVE
THE EYE FOR THE
GOOD PIECE, EH,
SHIGGY?



NOT TOO
FUSSY WHO
DIES TO GET
IT EITHER!

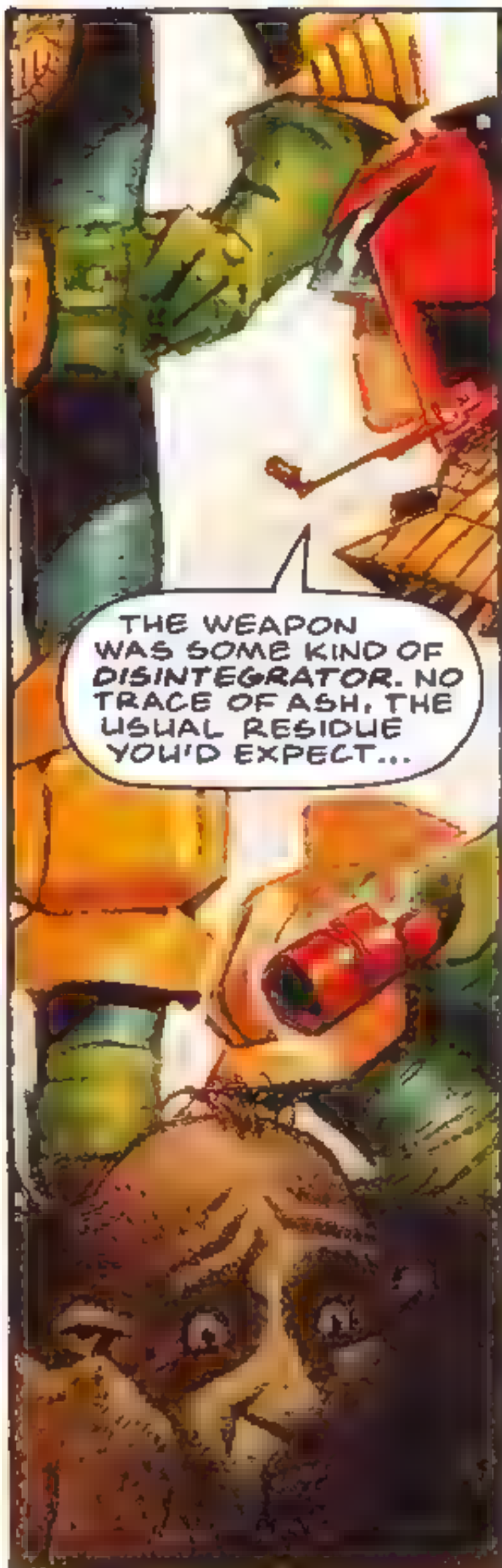


WHERE'S
RINGO,
SHIGGY?



WHY
THE HELL
SHOULD
I TELL
YOU?





CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.

ONE WAS LARGE —
BEARDED, I THINK...
THE OTHER ABOUT
AVERAGE HEIGHT,
CLEAN-SHAVEN...

DRESS?

UH, DARK SUITS —
DARK GLASSES — GLOVES...
EVER SO POLITE,
THEY WERE...

AND THE
KILLERS LEFT
NO PRINTS — NO
INDICATION AS
TO MOTIVE...

IN AND
OUT, QUICK
AND CLEAN.
PRETTY
PROFESSION-
AL.

GOT
SOMETHING
HERE,
DREDD

A GOLD COIN — FOUND IT
WEDGED UNDER THE
RADIATOR. LOOK AT
THE DATE.

2169...IF THAT'S TO BE
BELIEVED, NEARLY 60
YEARS IN THE
FUTURE...

SO COULD BE OUR VICTIM'S
A TIME JUMPER...IF SO, WHAT
WAS HE DOING HERE?

MORE TO THE
POINT, WHO DID
THIS TO HIM?

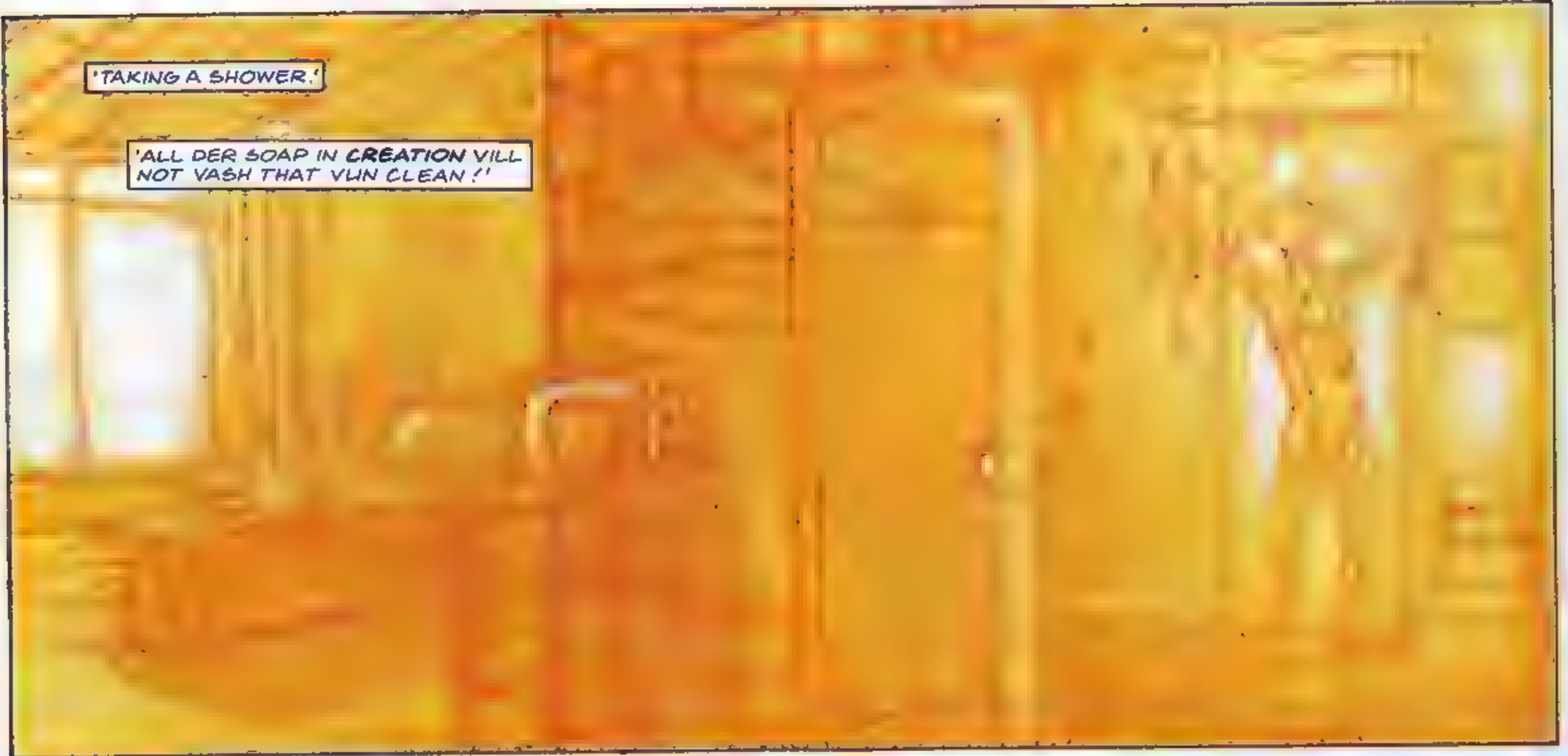
THIS
IS IT.

GIVE IT
DER EYE,
JOHNNY.

JUDGE DREDD

TOP DOGS

PART
2



'TAKING A SHOWER.'

'ALL DER SOAP IN CREATION VILL NOT VASH THAT VUN CLEAN !'



STILL, IT COVER DER NOISE !

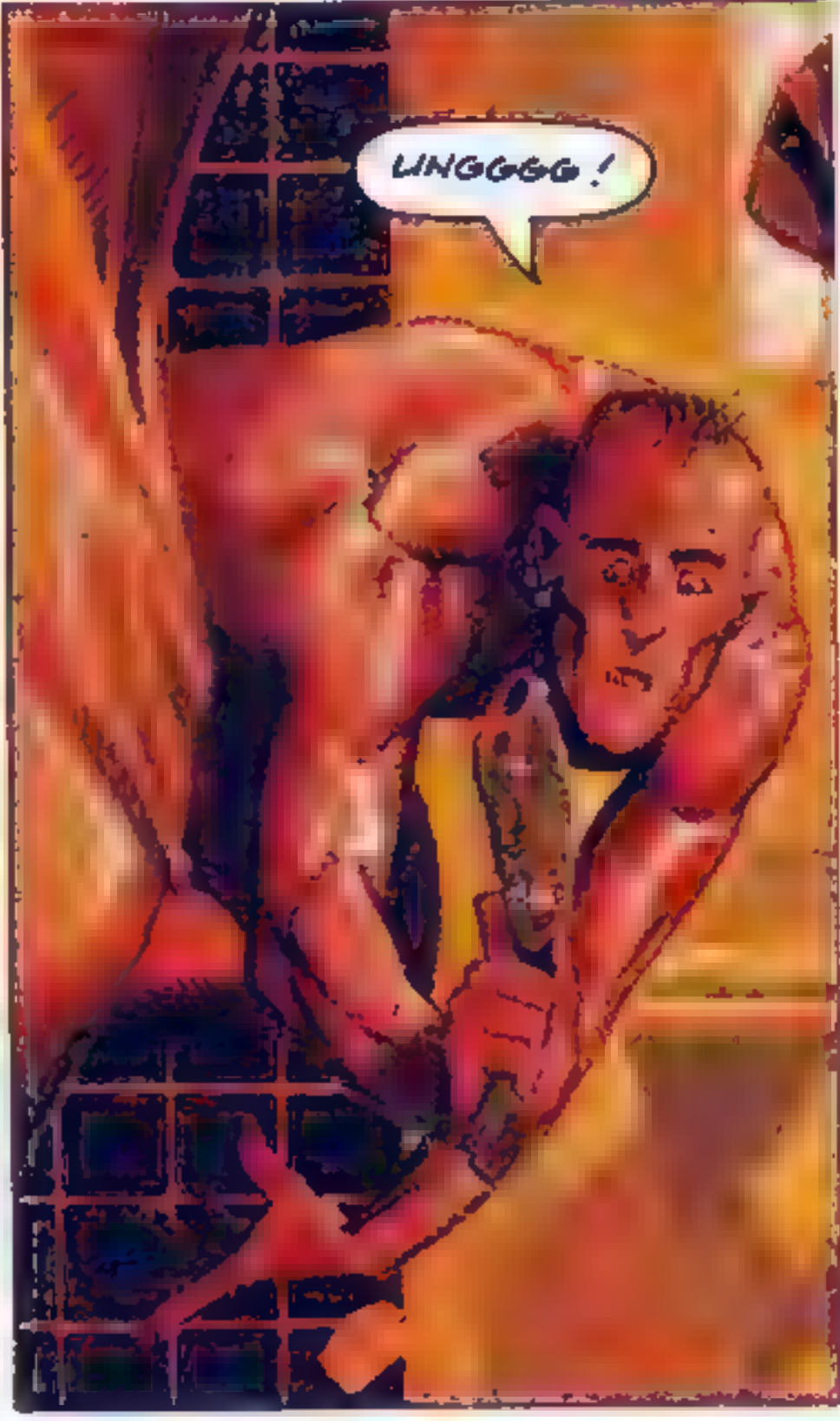
CHUTCH!



BEE BEEBEE



WHAT THE HELL - ?



LINGGGG!



BLAM!

KARK!

RINGO! SEARCH DESTROY
AGENT! I HAVE A WARRANT
FOR YOUR ARREST FROM
THE GALACTIC CRIME
COMMISSION!

DEAD OR
ALIVE, THE
CHOICE IS
YOURS!

STRONTIUM
DOG! HOW
DID HE FIND
ME—?

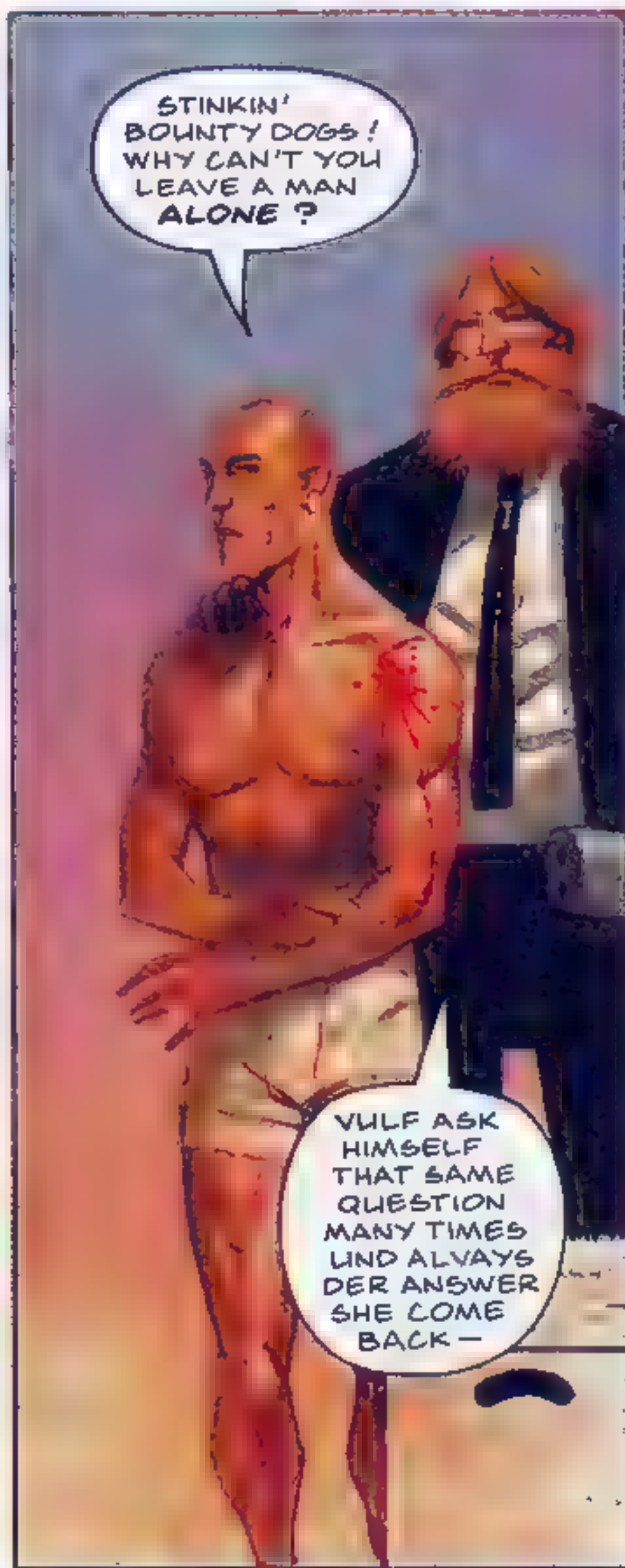
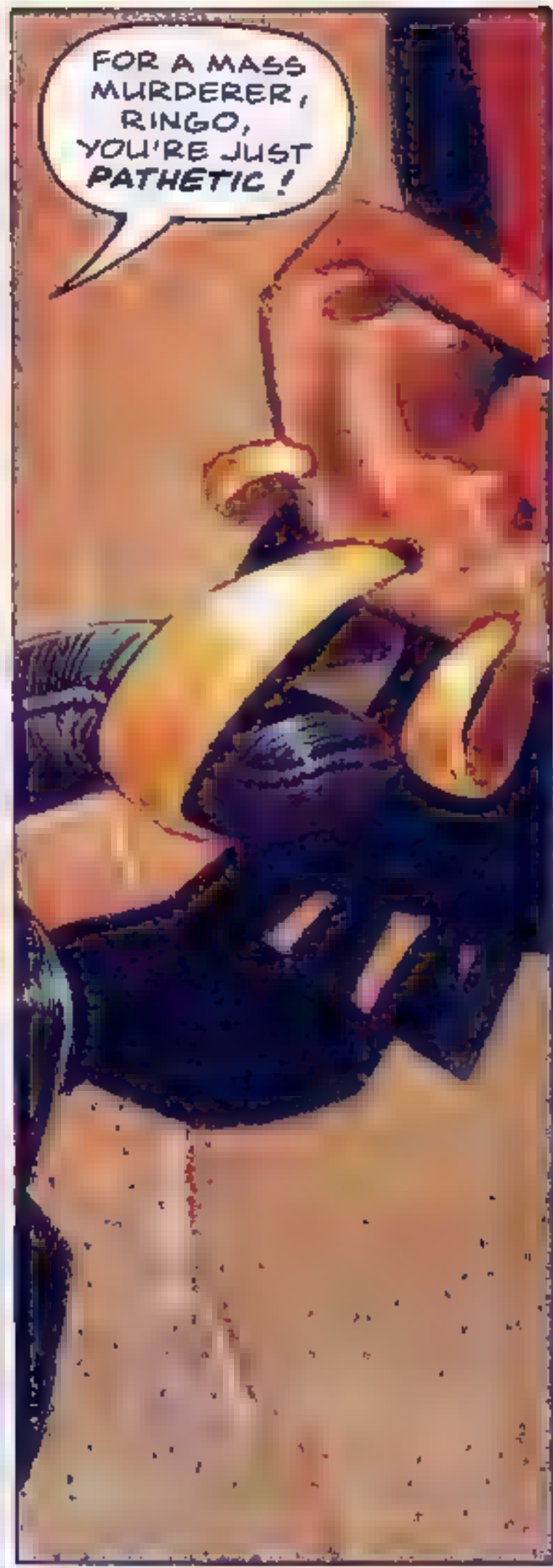
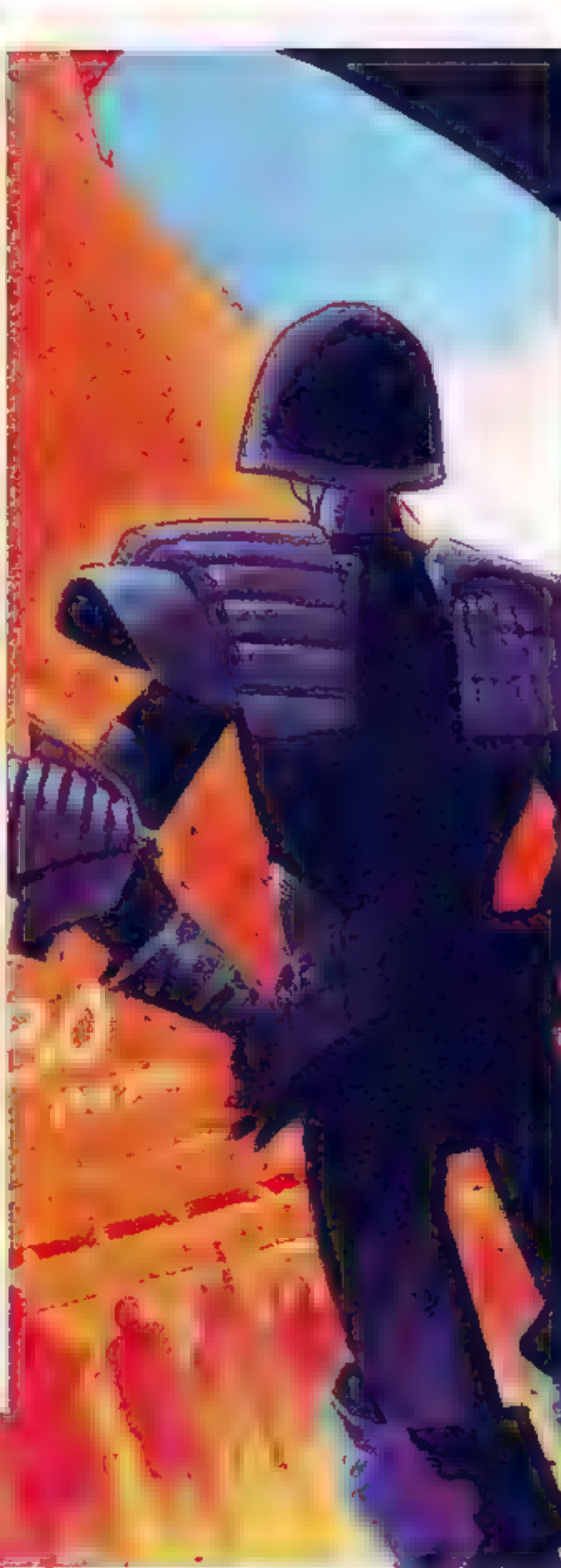
OKAY, DOGGIE BOY,
YOU GOT ME **CORNERED!**
JUST LET ME GET DRESSED
AND I'M COMING OUT...!

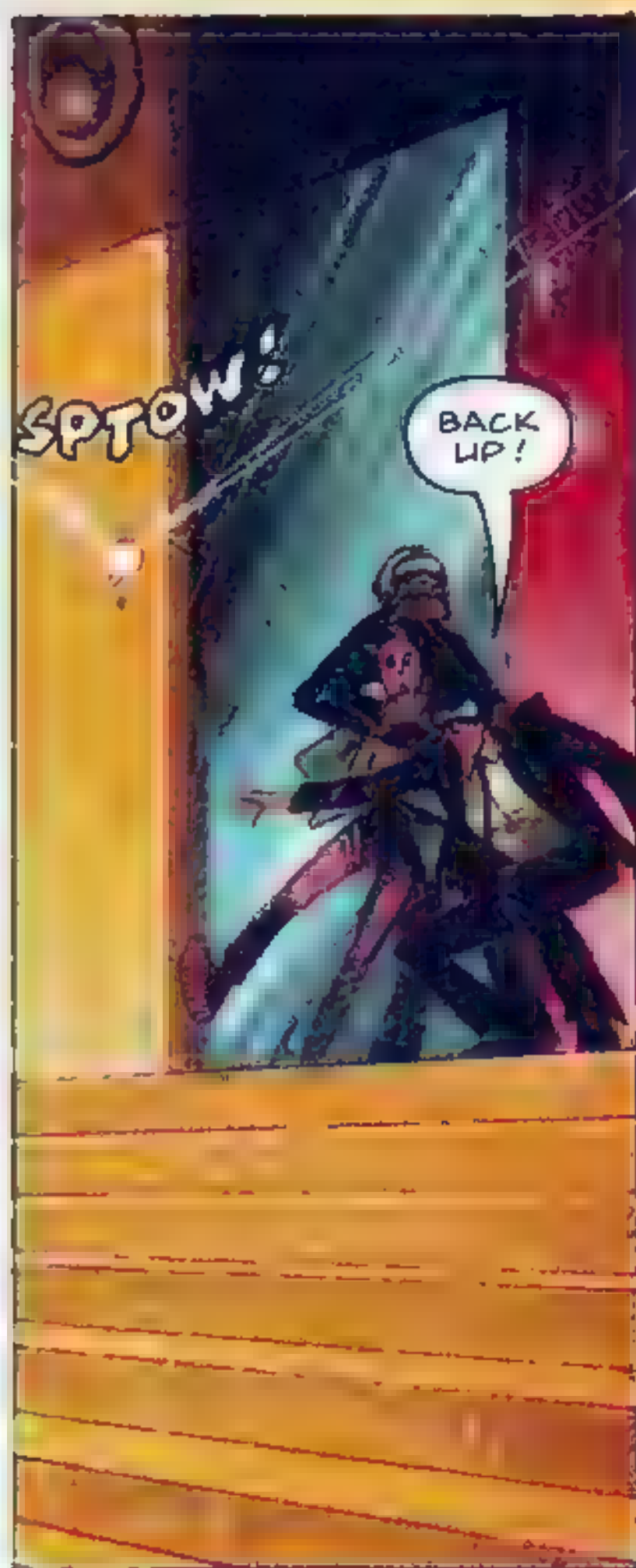
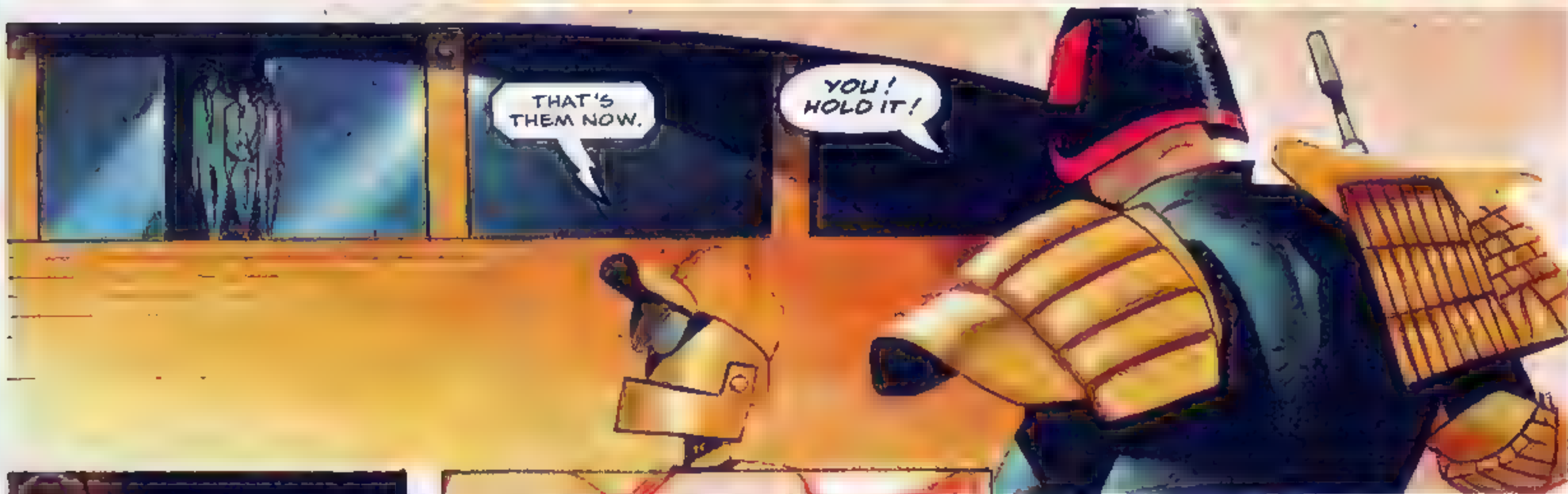
'YEAH, OUT THE
WINDOW!'

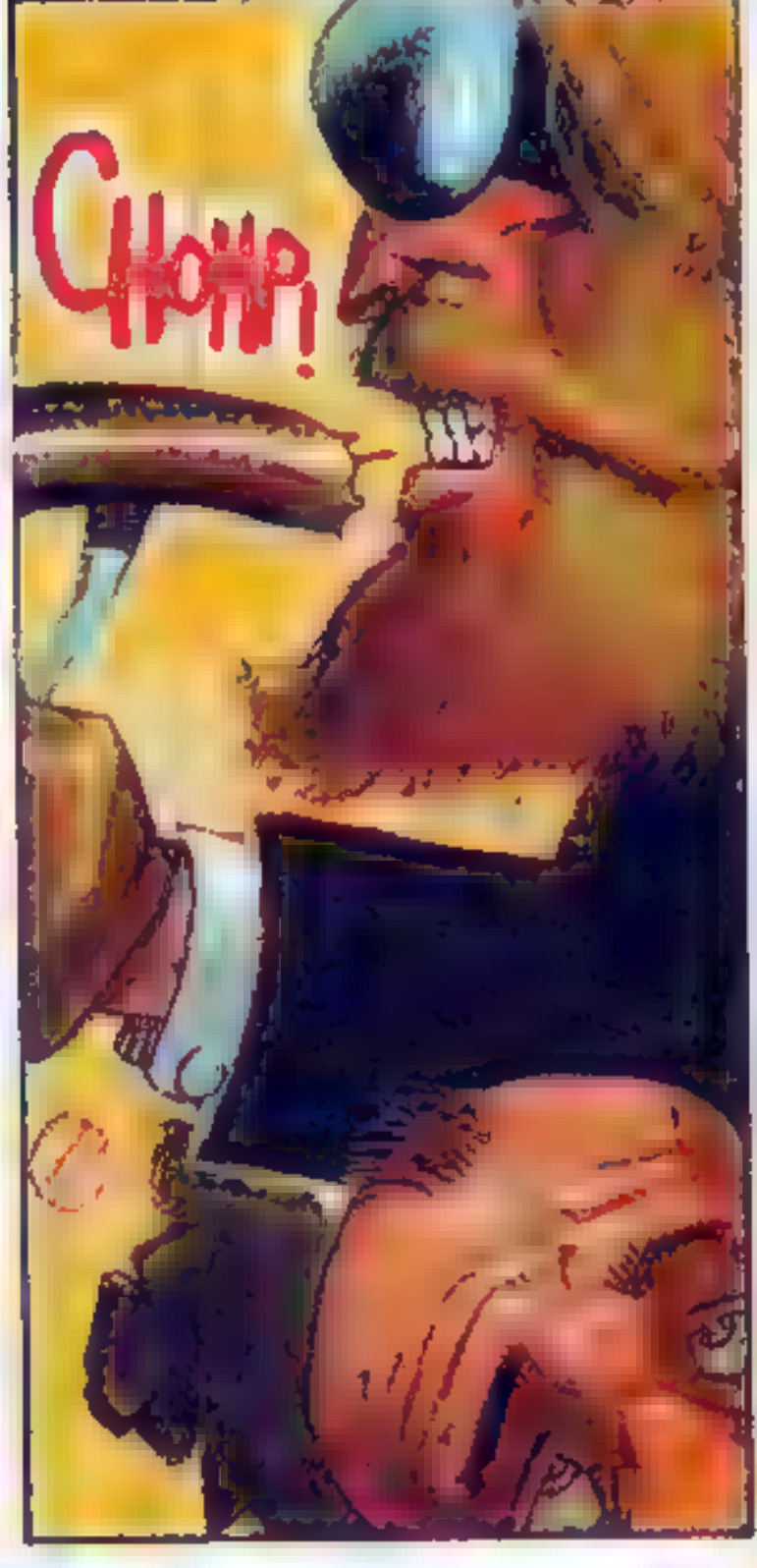
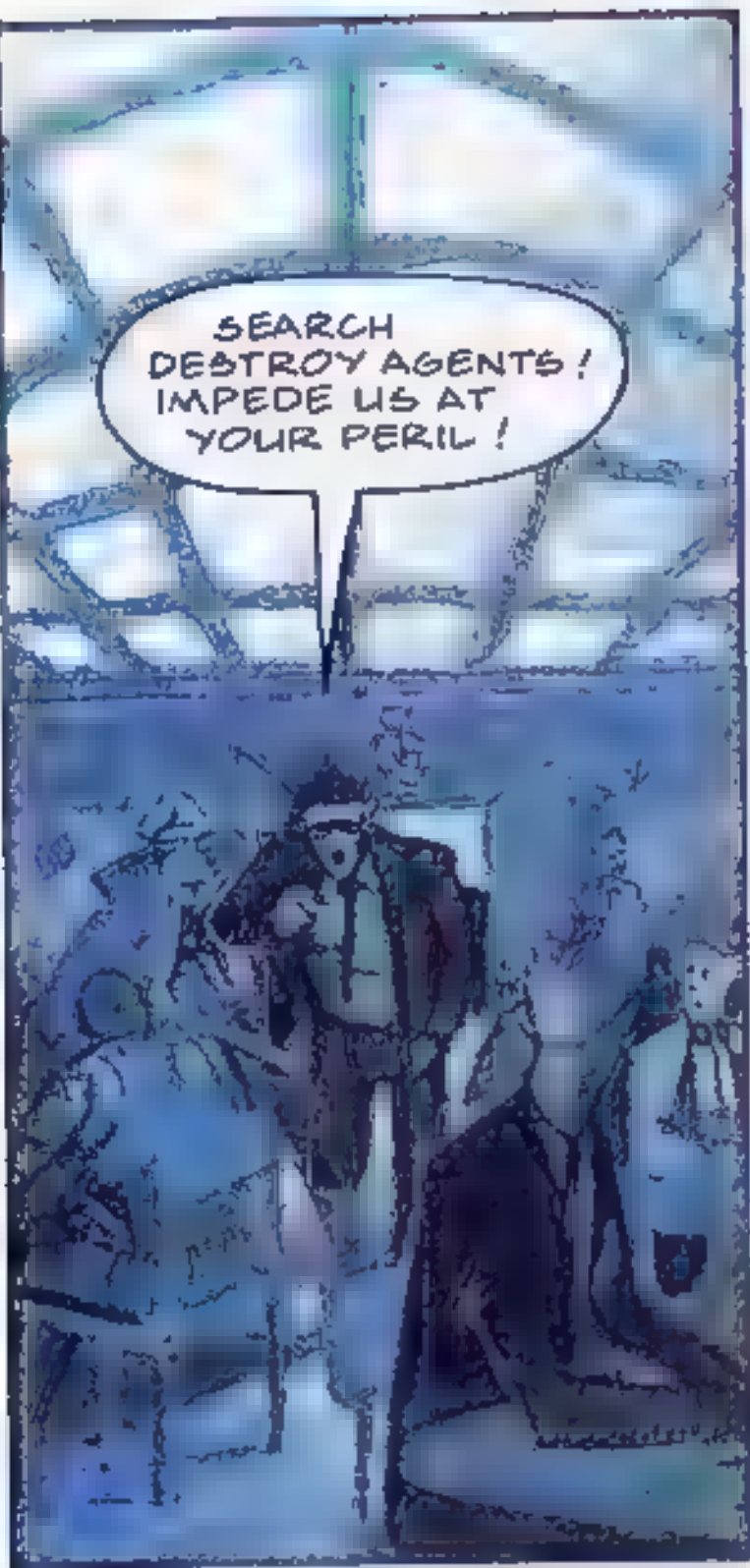
COME IN,
NUMBER
TEN, YOUR
TIME'S
UP!

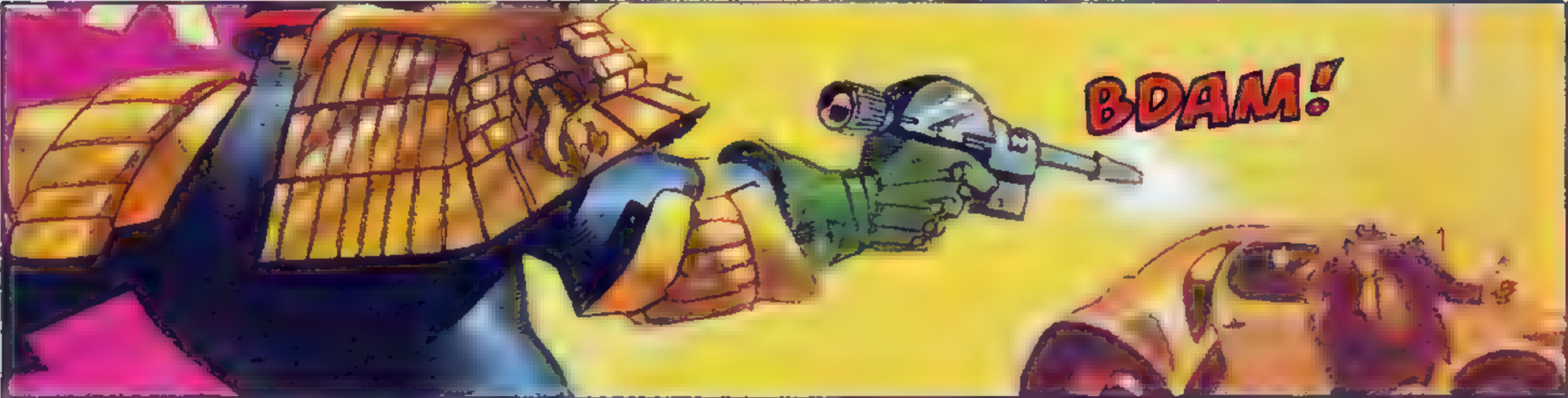
I...I CAN'T!
I'M ST-STUCK!

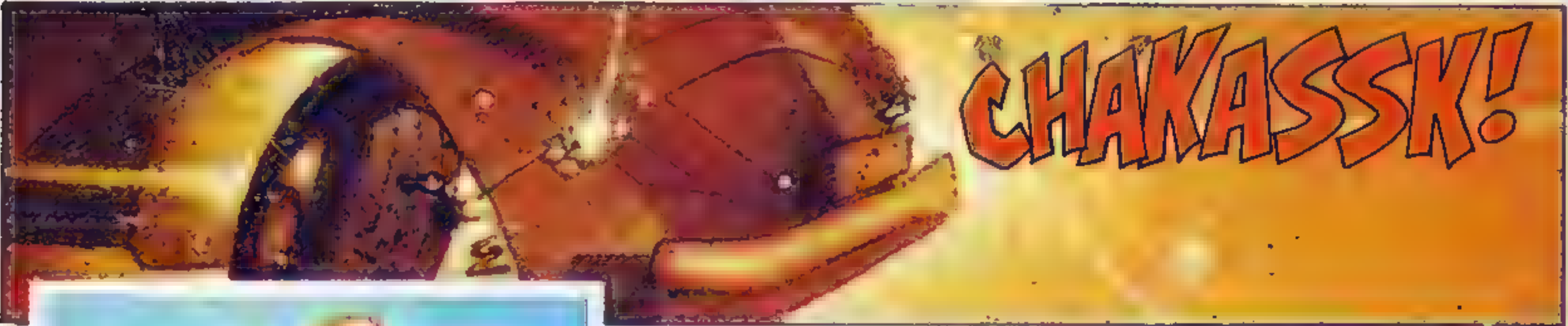
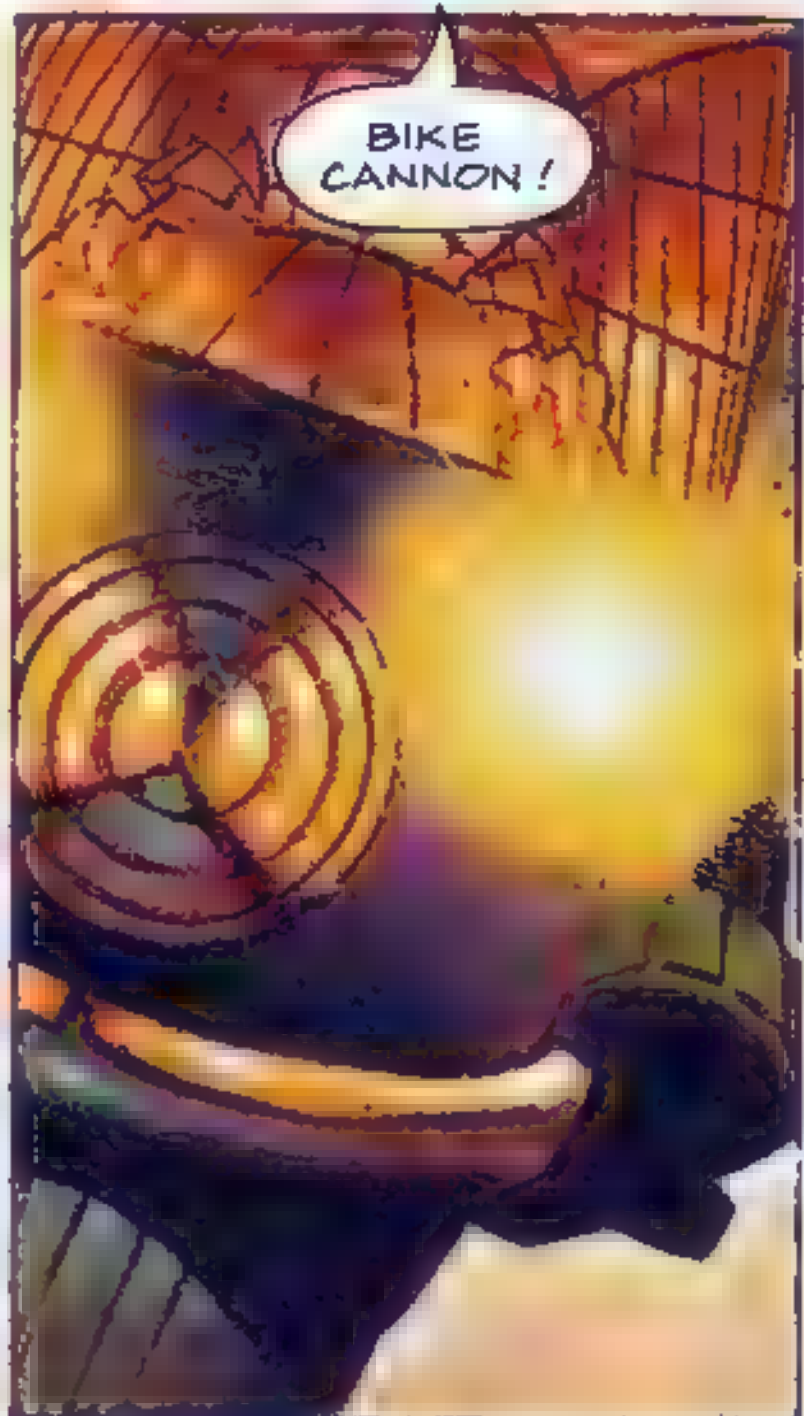
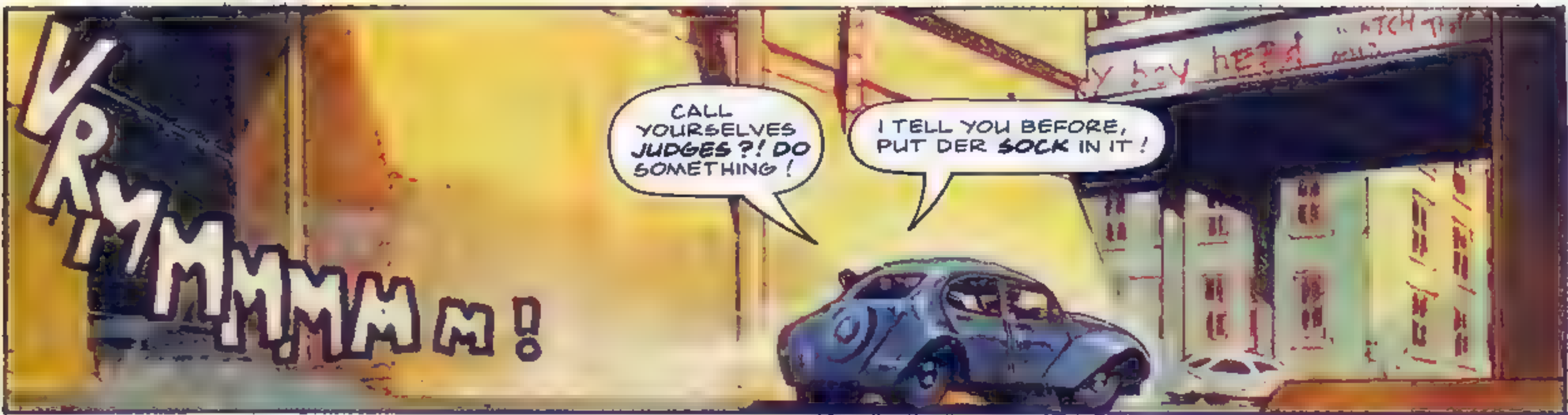
STOP
WASTING
MY TIME,
RINGO!











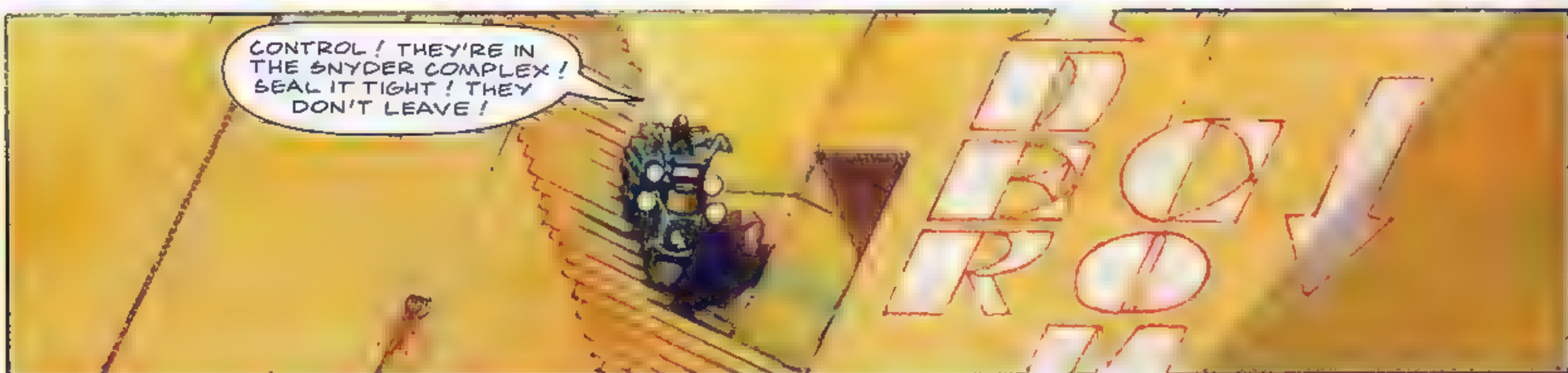
-- COMES WITH FULL HEATING CONTROLS,
ICE-MAKING COMPARTMENT AND, FOR
THOSE LEISURE MOMENTS, OUR UNIQUE
SWIMMING POOL CONVERSION KIT.

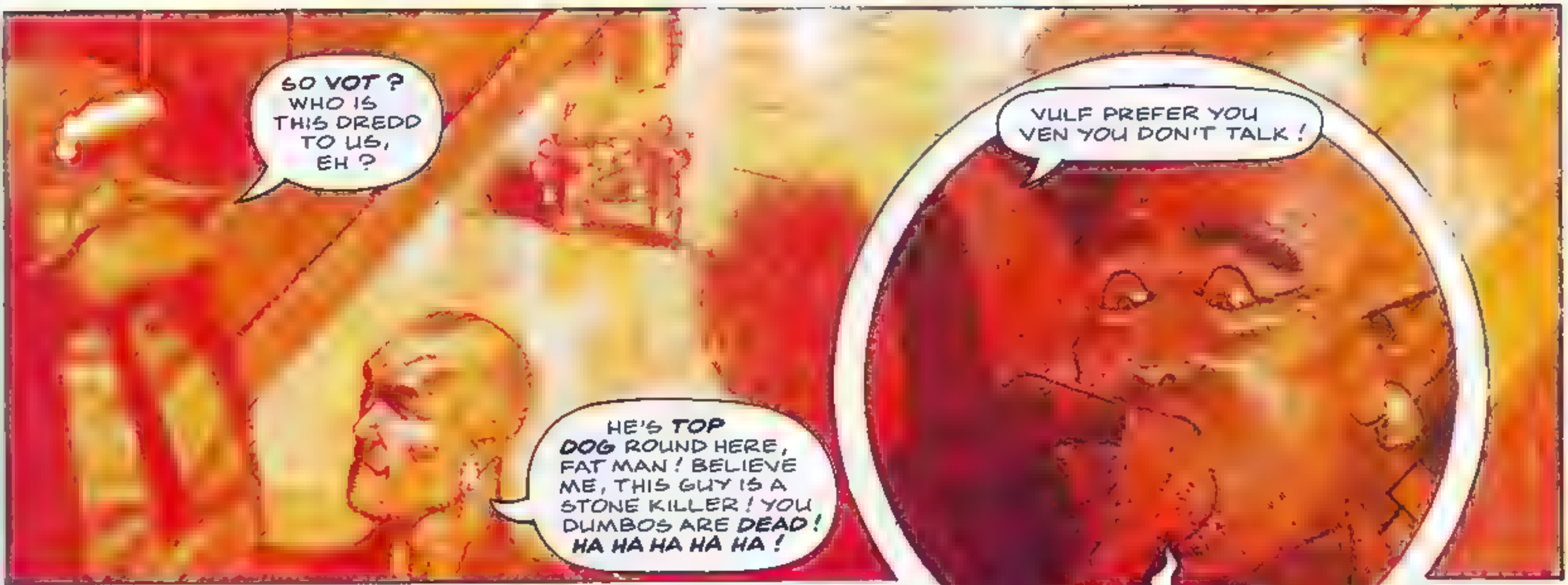
OHMYGOD--!

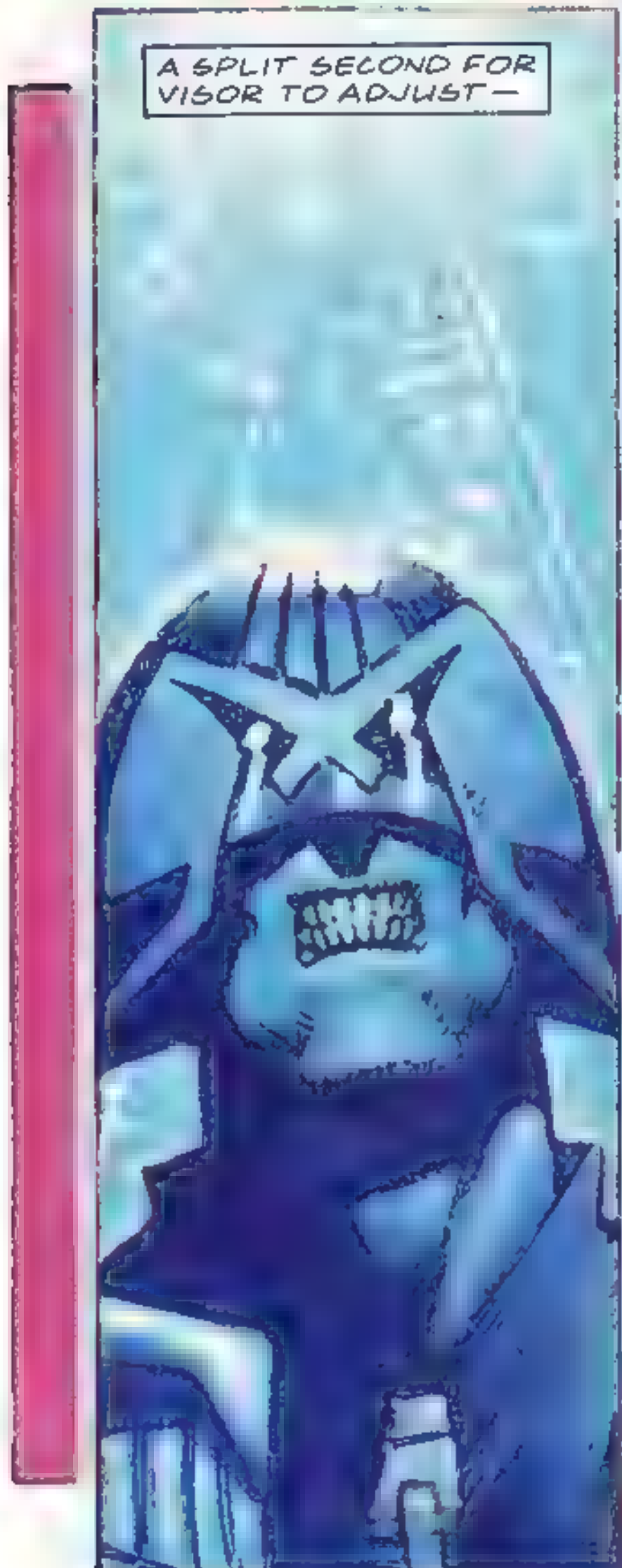
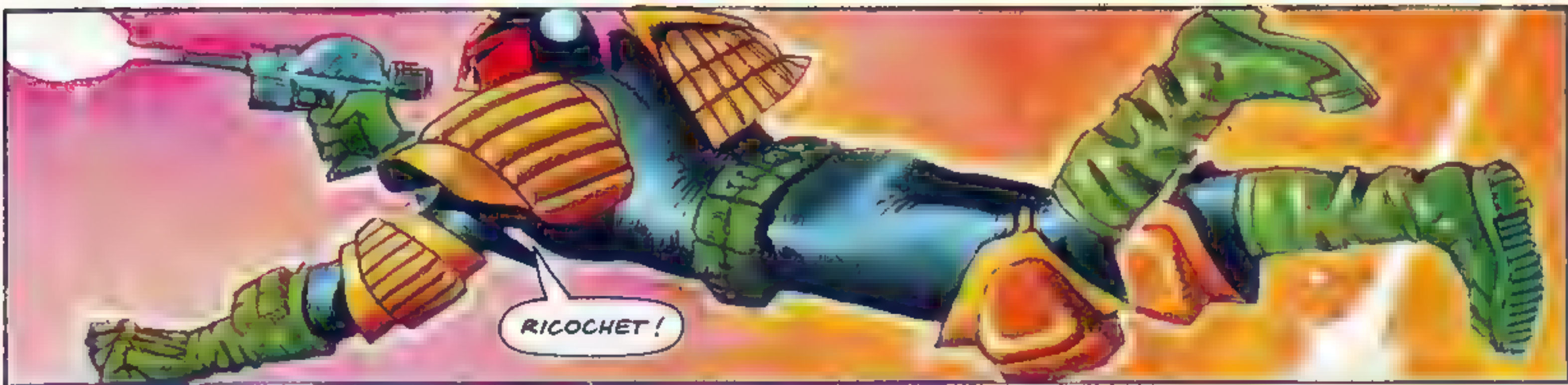
CRRRAASSH!

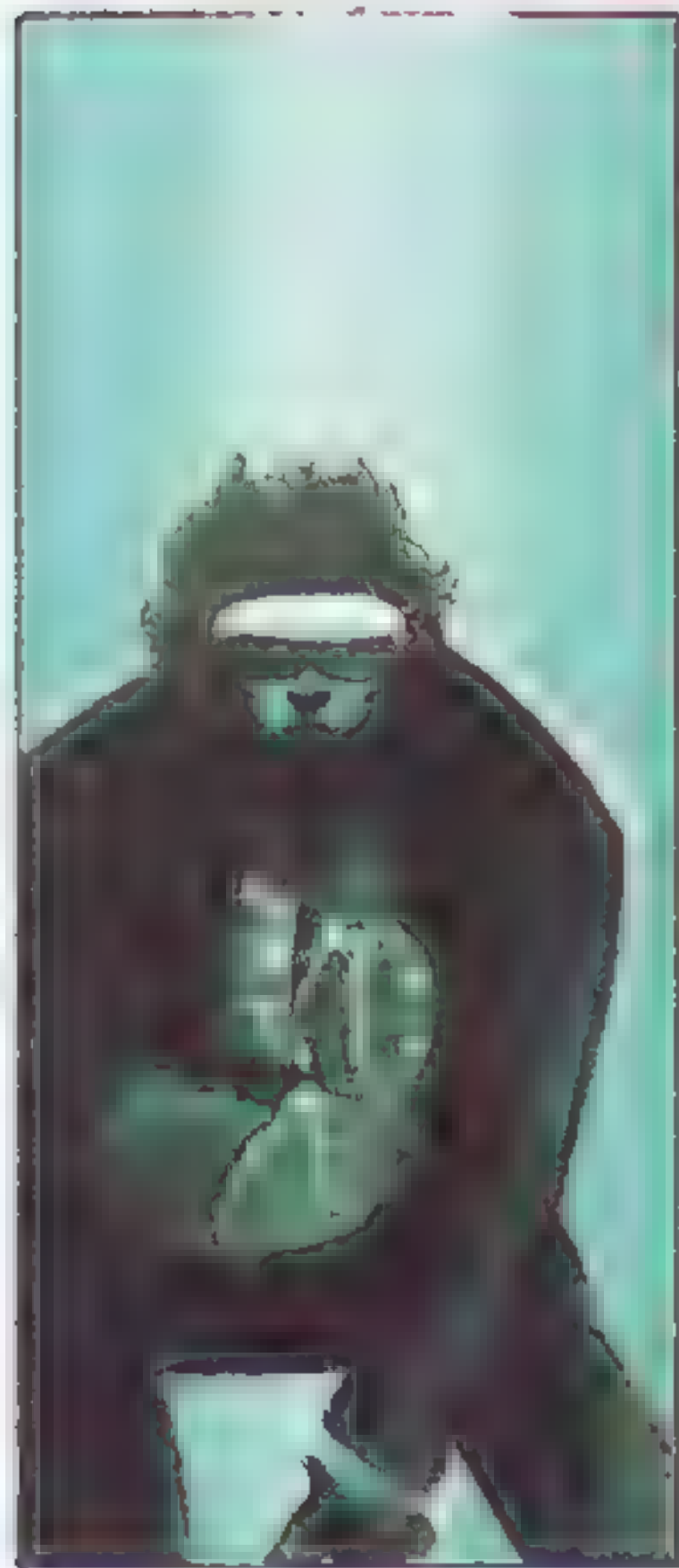
YAAAAA!

SPLADESSH!



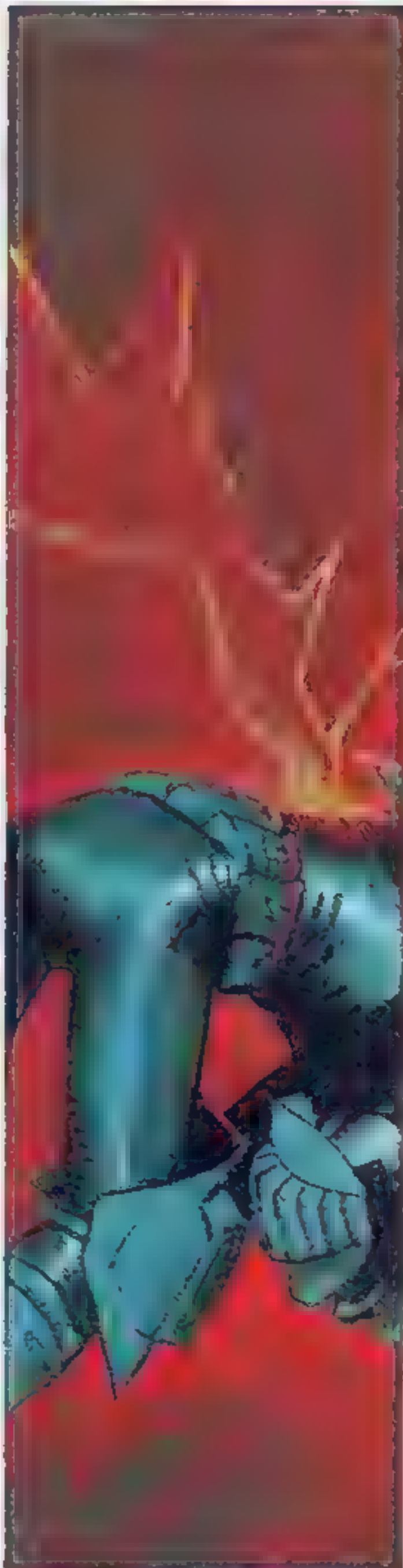
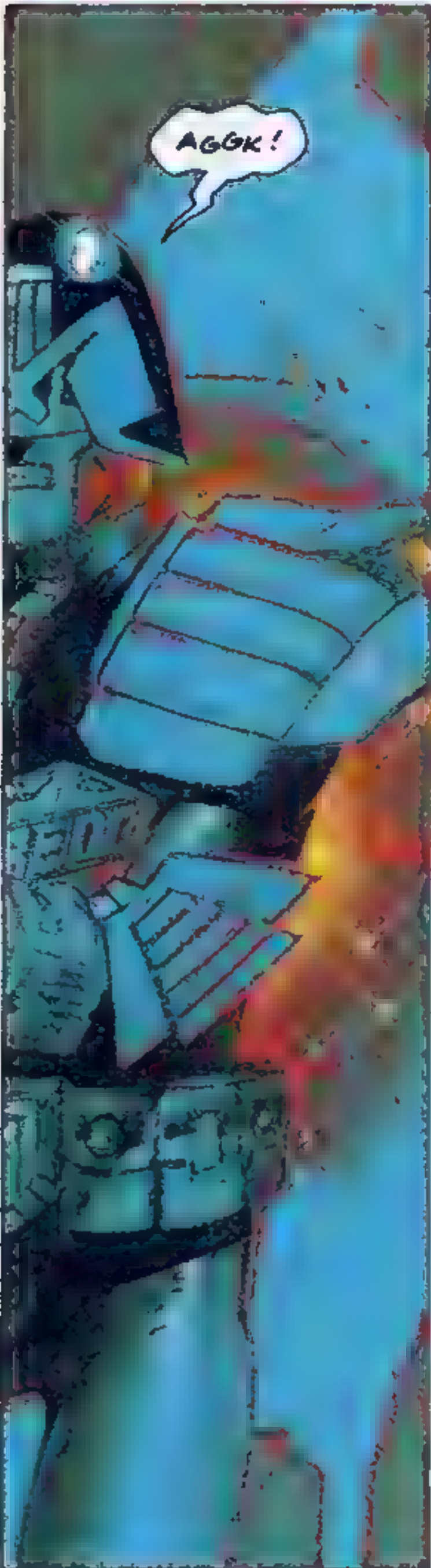












CONTINUED
ON PAGE 89.

JUDGE DREDD

TOP DOGS

PART
3

NICE ONE,
BIG FELLA!

LET'S
MOVE!



NO
W!



I AM LEG-SHOT,
JOHNNY! I SLOW
YOU DOWN! GO
WITHOUT ME!

LEAVE YOU
TO ROT IN A
MEGA-CITY
CELL? NO
CHANCE!



THOUGH THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, ODDS ARE BOTH OF US'LL BE DOING TIME!



IN THERE!



OH MY GRUD! M-M-MR SHINGLE!



EVEN IF BY SOME MIRACLE WE FIGURE A WAY OUT OF HERE, WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE PICK-UP IN TIME!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



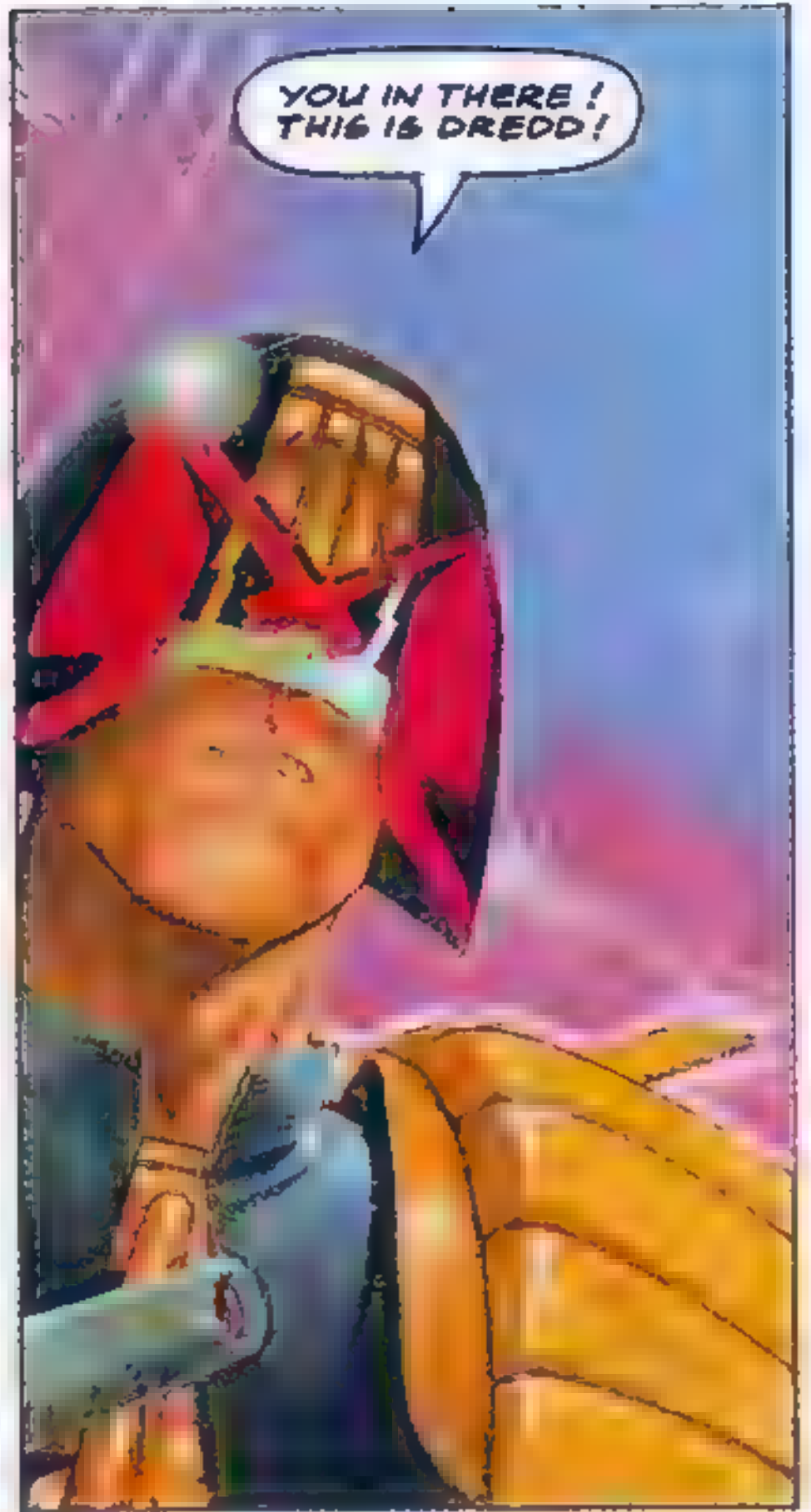
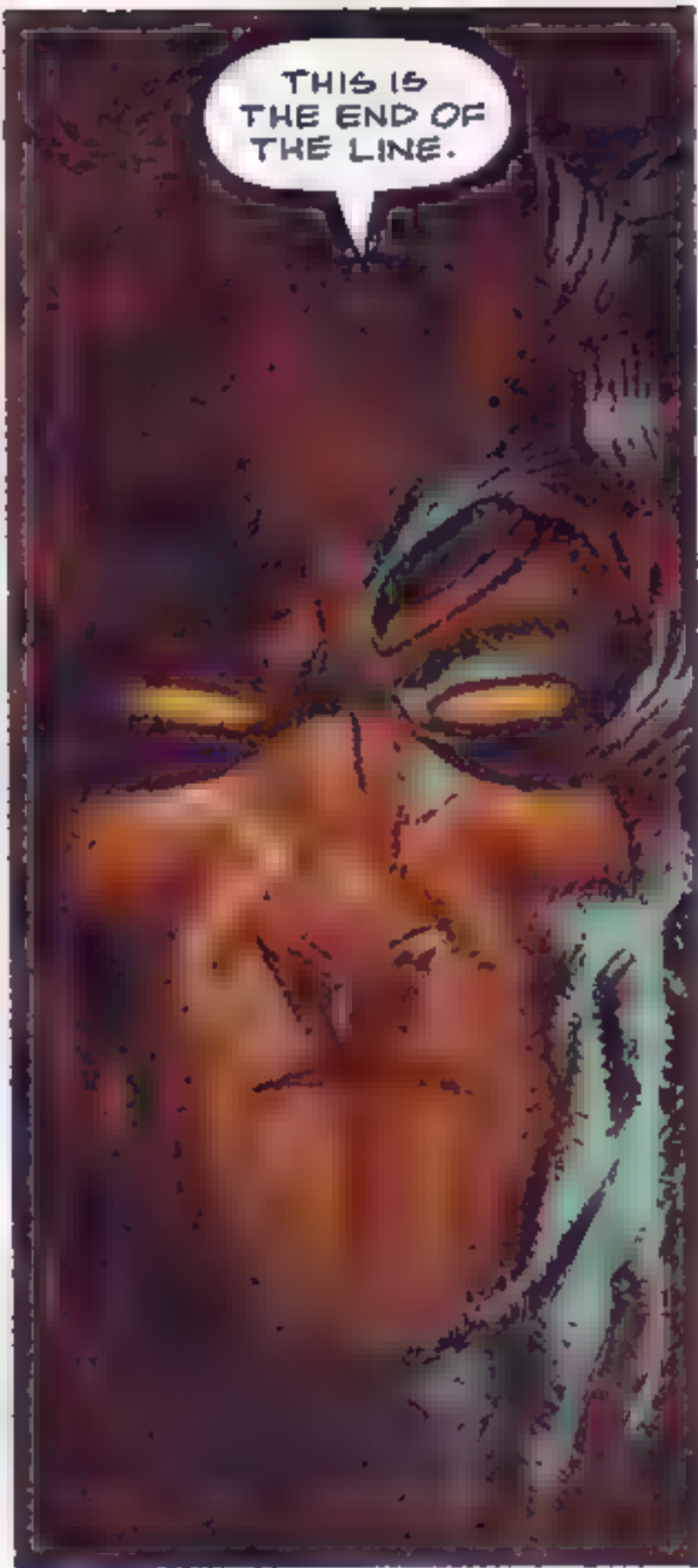
DREDD!

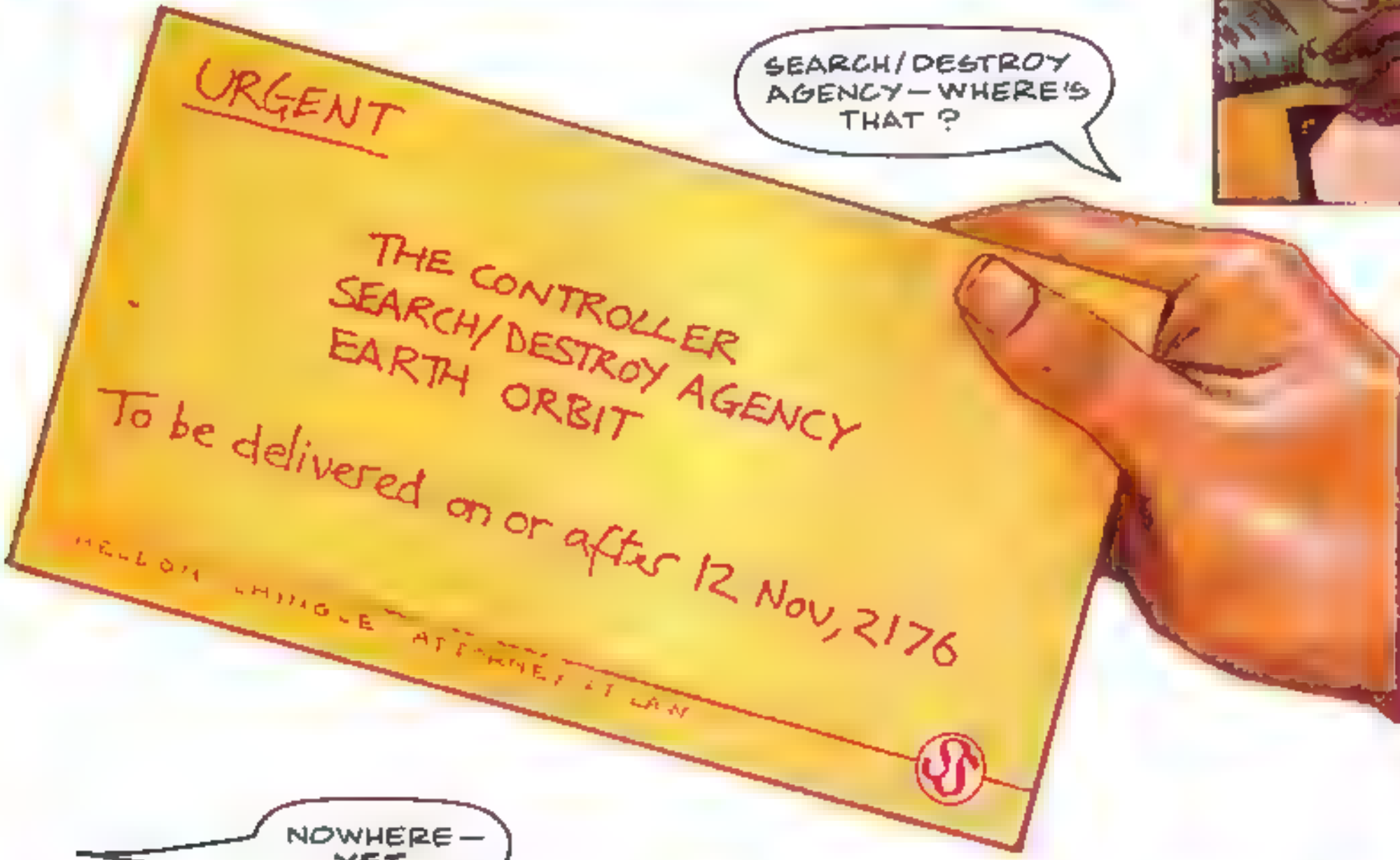


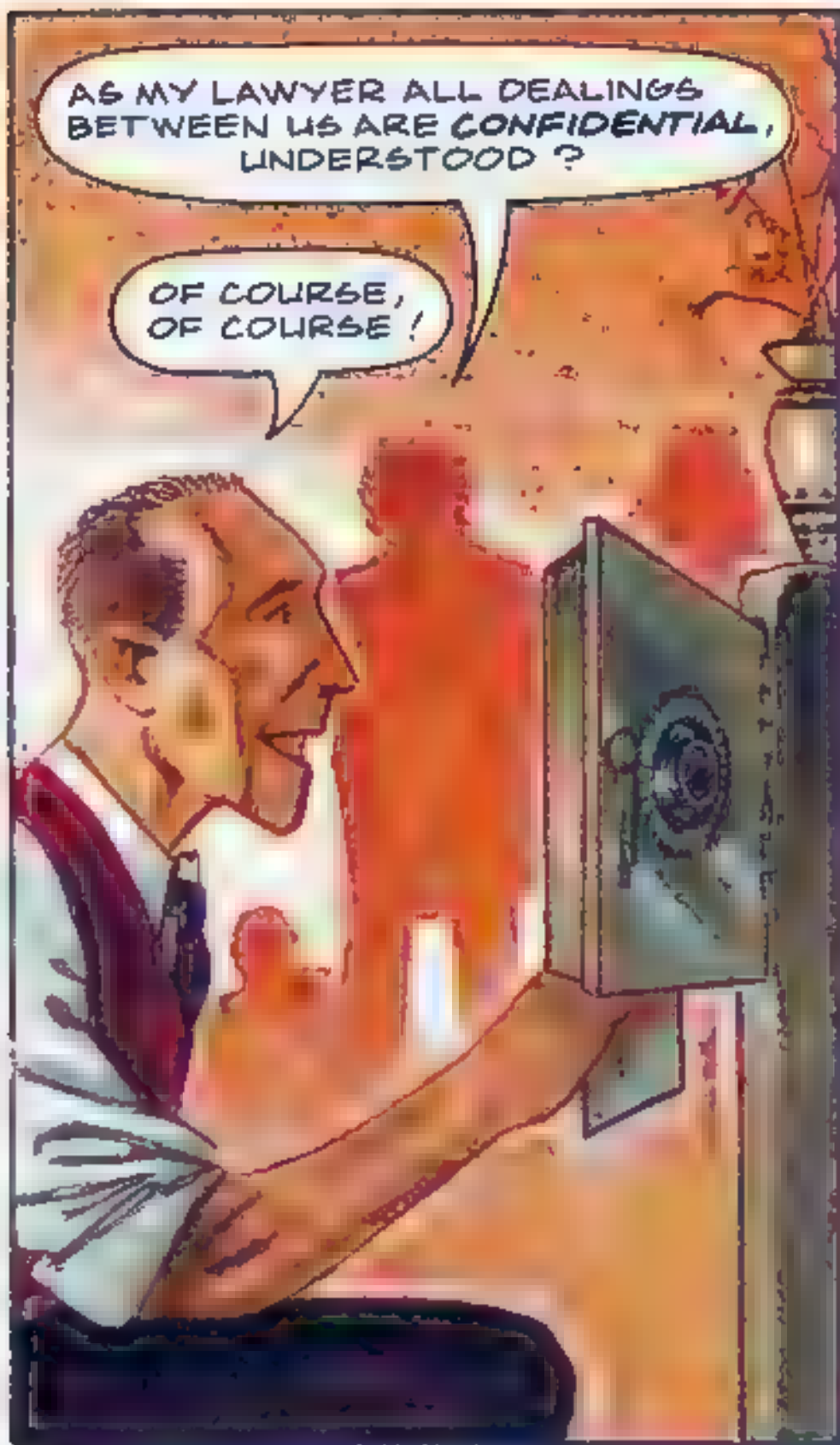
SOMEBODY GAVE YOU A GOOD WORKING OVER!

SOMETHIN' HIT ME...I HAD THE CREEP...

WE'VE STILL GOT THEM! THEY'RE HOLED UP IN SOME LAWYER'S OFFICE!







AS MY LAWYER ALL DEALINGS
BETWEEN US ARE **CONFIDENTIAL**,
UNDERSTOOD?

OF COURSE,
OF COURSE!



TIME'S UP,
MUTIE!

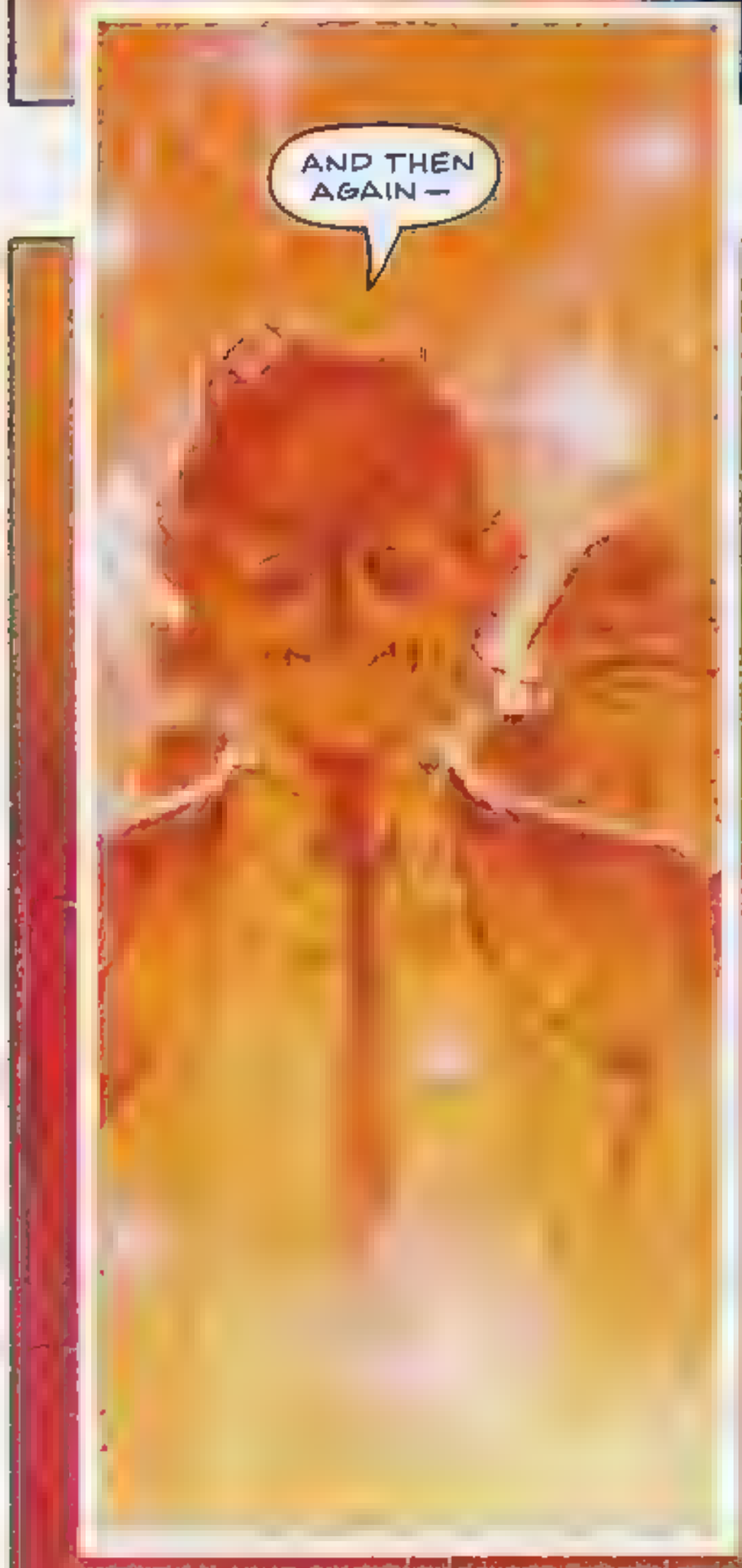
KRASH!



RAISE 'EM
OR DIE!



LIKE I
SAID, YOU
WIN.

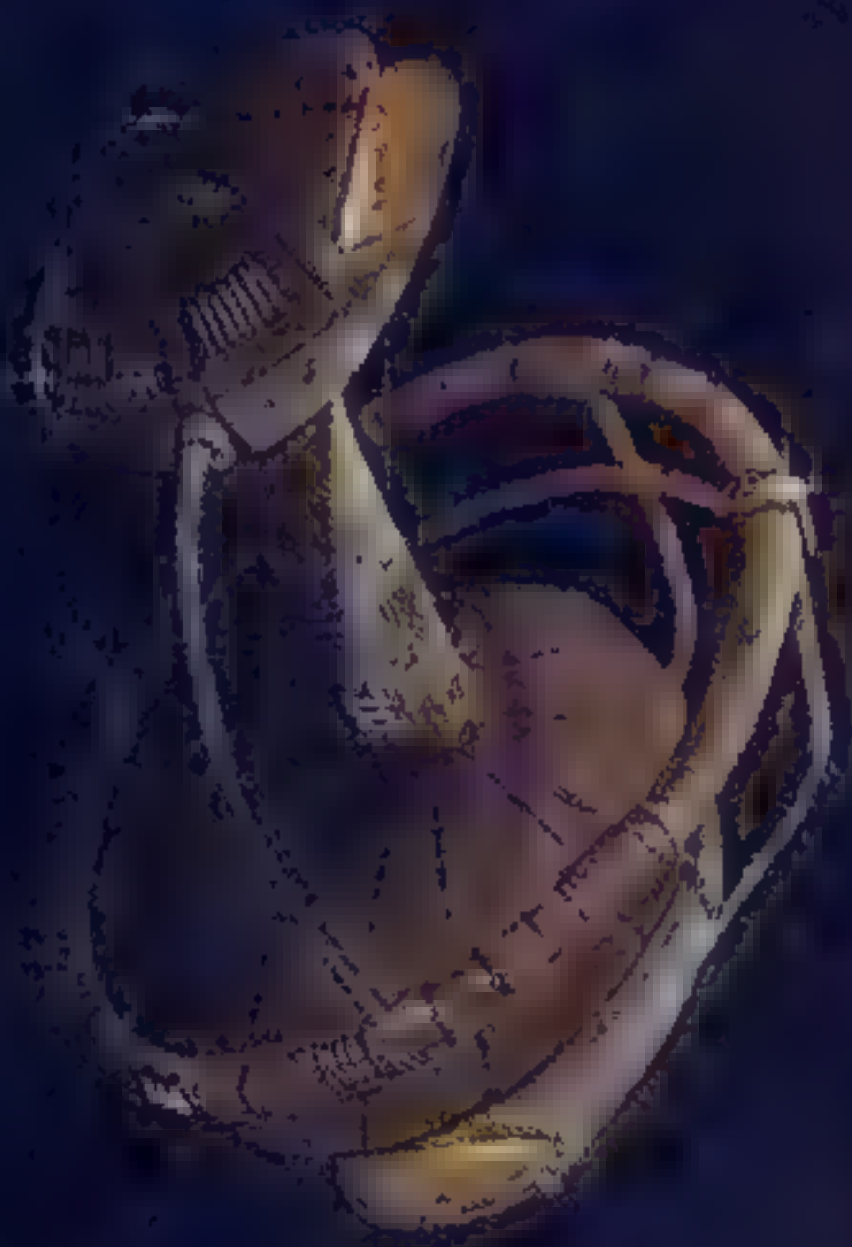


AND THEN
AGAIN -



YOU
LOSE

THE 'DOGHOUSE', HOME OF THE
SEARCH/DESTROY AGENCY 2176



WE GOT
YOUR NOTE,
ALPHA.

EDON SHINGLE

ARNY AT LAW
IT BY SNYDER COMPLEX

Mission gone wrong Trapped
in office as per letterhead.
Rearrange pick-up same day,
1622.00 Mega-city time. URGENT!

TOOK US A WHILE TO DIG UP
THE OLD FLOOR PLANS OF
THE SNYDER COMPLEX,
BUT WE DID IT.

FRONT OFFICE

WE ARE
HERE!

THEM



VUN SCUMBAG
ONLY FOR YOU -
OTHER VUN
BEING VERY
DEAD.

UND SEE DER
SOCK IS VASHED
UND RETURNED!



DER JUDGE HE GIVE YOU
A BIT OF A HIDING, EH, JOHNNY?
IF IT VASN'T FOR OLD VULF -

AH, C'MON,
I HAD HIM.



RESYKO

STORY JOHN SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS SEAN PHILLIPS



Mother never had much of a social life, but it's gotten a lot worse since she died. I can understand how she must feel, being cooped up in the apartment all day, but that's no reason to make as if it's my fault. She's even started saying it was me who killed her in the first place, which is totally untrue, especially since I'd been telling her for weeks not to use her underarm lady-shave in the shower. To be honest, I wish I'd gotten her the salivary glands instead. I work at Resyk and sometimes we get damaged goods at discount. Last Christmas Milt Arbogast bought his father a slightly soiled duodenum for a hundred and eighty creds. You couldn't get one that cheap from an organlegger.

Anyway, this particular day I was anxious and on edge, sweating real bad and pacing up and down like those caged animals you see in the zoo sometimes. Mother knew something was wrong but I wouldn't tell her what. She went on shouting and screaming even after I'd left, though luckily our apartment is right next to the elevator shaft so I knew nobody would hear anything.

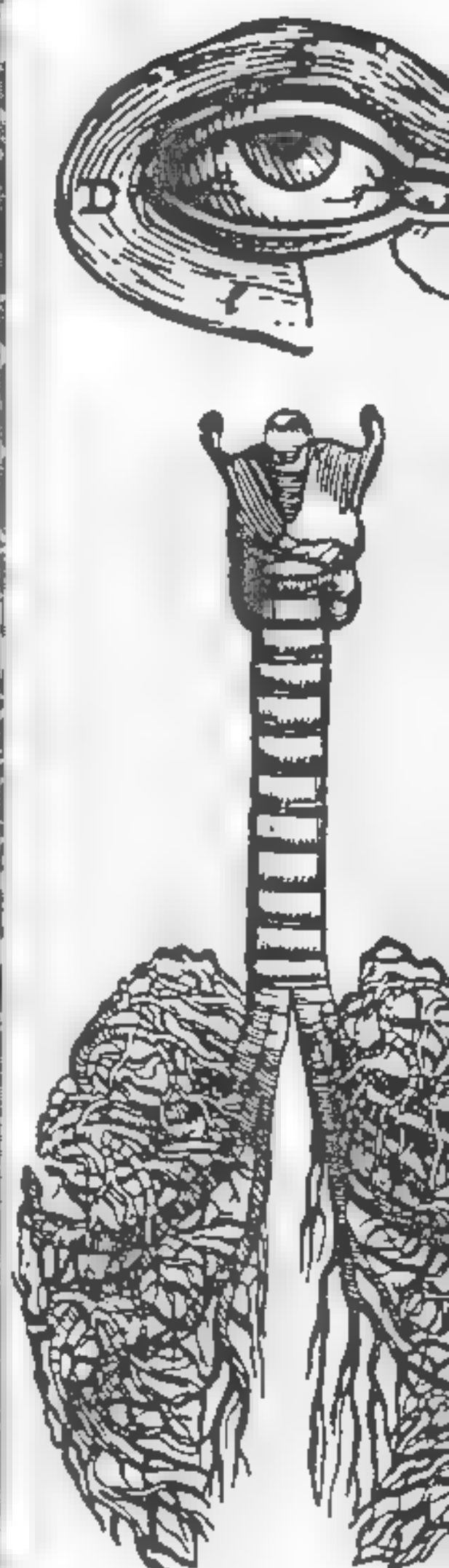
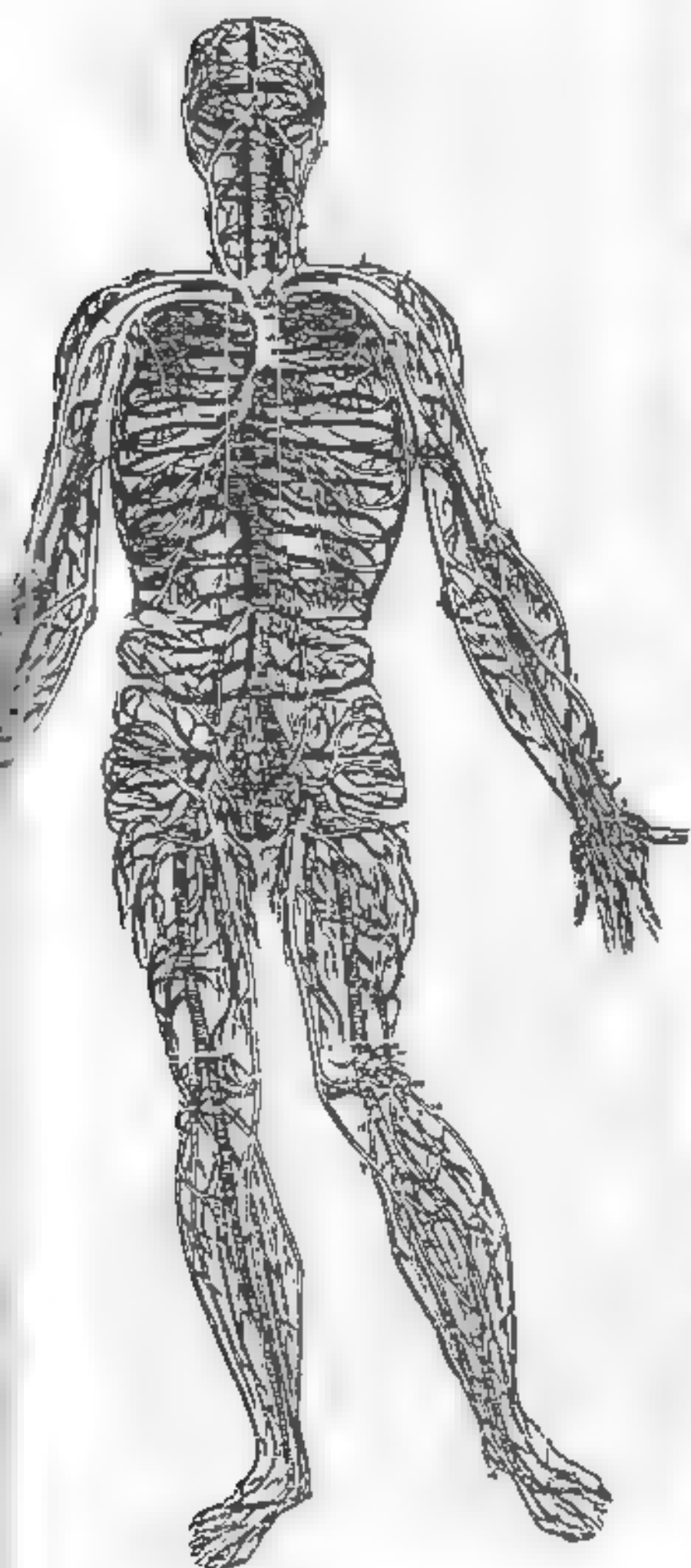
I got to work about nine and carried on as

normal until last break. I'm a manual worker in the Excision Unit, what we call the slice-and-dice block, which is where the organs are removed from the body-housings and checked for infections and stuff. It's basically the quality control section.

Anyway, last break I usually go and get something to eat, but today I skipped the noshery and went to the Cryo-Store instead. It was cold inside, and empty except for a few robotopsy drones. I waited until they were out of sight then ran up to one of the organ banks, which was this long glass tank filled with a kind of yellowy liquid. Running along the middle of it was a line of kidneys, all in pairs, dangling from feeder tubes like big brown plums. A sign on the front said:

**00-56: K RENAL
PLASMA FLOUROCARBON**

I looked round quickly, checking there was nobody about, then reached into the tank and plucked a pair of kidneys off the stems like they were fruit. Then I wrapped them in cling-film, put them in my lunch pail and went to the bathroom and waited in one of the cubicles until



the siren rang for the start of the next shift.

That last hour seemed to drag on forever, but finishing time finally came round and I packed up quick and went out. I'd almost left the plant when I got stopped by Mortal Frank, who's my section head. Hardly anybody at Resyk likes him, more because of his bad temper than his drinking problem. He's gotten a lot worse recently, mainly on account of his family being murdered by a sniper in the Charles Starkweather Shopping Mall a couple of weeks ago.

Still, like I was saying, I was almost out of the building when this hand came down on my shoulder and I thought: *He knows I've got a pair of stolen kidneys in my lunch pail and he knows and he's going to report me to the Judges and I'll get beaten up and interrogated and they'll lock me in an Iso-Cube and leave me there till I grow old and die.* It came out like that, all in one go. I was shaking and sweating like I had a fever, but then he asked me how I liked the job and how Mother was and I managed to calm down a little.

'How'd you like to come round for dinner sometime, Norman?' he said. 'It must be pretty tiring looking after your Mother all day and I'm sure the break would do us both good,' and

there was something in his smile I didn't like because I made an excuse and got away from him real fast. I guess he was just lonely but I didn't want to take any chances. Mother's told me about people like that, and to be honest I felt guilty just talking to him. I could feel that hot fat hand on my shoulder for hours afterwards.

It was just after six when I got home and Mother started screaming as soon as I opened the door. She was really getting on my nerves these days, and I'd started to think seriously about wiring her jaws together, like I'd done to that kid in the hospital. I told her to shut up, picked up the mail from the mat, and went into my room. There was a letter from the Welfare Centre. It said that Mother had neglected to collect her last twenty-six welfare cheques and would she please come to her local branch to sign for them.

'Another drokking problem,' I said, swearing quietly so Mother wouldn't hear me, and threw the letter on the bed. Saying *bed* probably makes you think I was in just an ordinary bedroom, but it's really more of a laboratory. I



remember seeing a pirate broadcast of Cronenberg's *Frankenstein* when I was small and it kind of reminds me of that. It's even got the organ tanks, which I keep up by the wall under my Supersurf 10 poster. They're actually fish-tanks I got from Fat Larry's down in The Gap, but the organs are real. There was a liver, seven metres of small intestine and a heart and lung both in the same tank. Mother's brain was in the last tank. To be honest I wasn't too sure whether it was still alive or not, so I just kept my fingers crossed and hoped for the best.

I've been working on this project for eight years now, which sounds like a long time but which really isn't too bad, y'know, considering I'm an amateur and all. Uncle Morey gave me a home Graft-a-Limb set when I was nine, so it's something I've always been interested in.

The centre-piece of the whole thing was the body-housing. . . what's known in the profession as the Transplant Recipient. I called her Emma Jane, because that's the name it had on her welfare card. She'd been walking her dog in the Crawford Municipal Park when I found her. I used chloroform, which is a lot easier to get and, in my opinion, a lot more effective than most brand-name anaesthetics available on the market. I killed the dog.

Emma Jane was very beautiful. She had this hair, this long red hair which, when the light caught it right, looked like the wire you get wound round toy motors.

The worst thing about keeping her here was making sure she didn't wake up. I had to use skin-derms, which are these tiny bubble-strips filled with neuopressin. Also she was fixed up to a glucose drip because she couldn't eat anything and would probably die otherwise. The whole set-up cost me sixty creds from a downtown drugstore.

For dinner I cooked Mother waffles and honey, sprinkled with cinnamon the way she liked it, and sat on the edge of the chair to feed her. She's never been a big eater but she hardly seems to eat anything these days. I took the leftovers into the kitchen then moved her over by the window, which has always been her favourite spot. She sits there for hours sometimes, not saying a thing, watching the lights and laser-ads, hoping for the occasional smash-up on the fly-way below. Before we came here we lived for a while in Harry Worth Block, overlooking Dead Juves' Curve, and Mother was never away from the window.

After I'd washed up I went to watch TV. *The*

Russ Abattoir Show was on, but I just couldn't concentrate. I kept thinking about the letter from the Welfare Centre and how, if Mother didn't go and sign for the cheques soon they'd send someone round to find out why.

After work the next day I skipped the rail home and went down to Fat Larry's in The Gap. He runs a pawnshop on 9th street, a cramped, musty-smelling place that sells all kinds of stuff, most of it traded by kids with sugar habits and old folks with big Medicare bills.

Larry was there when I went in, sat watching the vid with this big crem-eating grin on his face. He was wearing a weird, shiny jacket I hadn't seen before, with buildings and sky on it, and there was a plate of hot pasta on the counter. He nodded when he saw me.

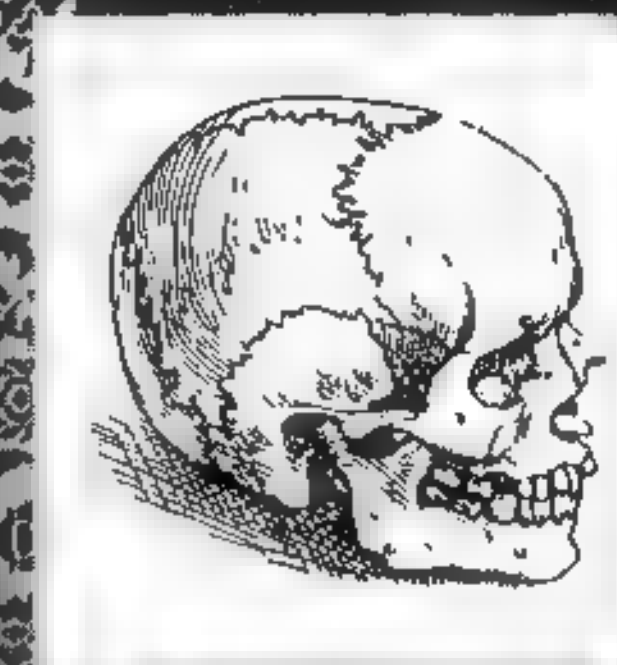
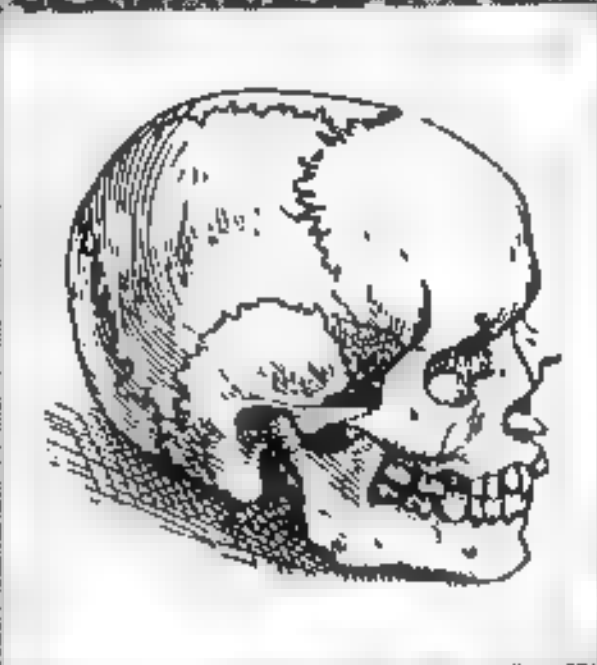
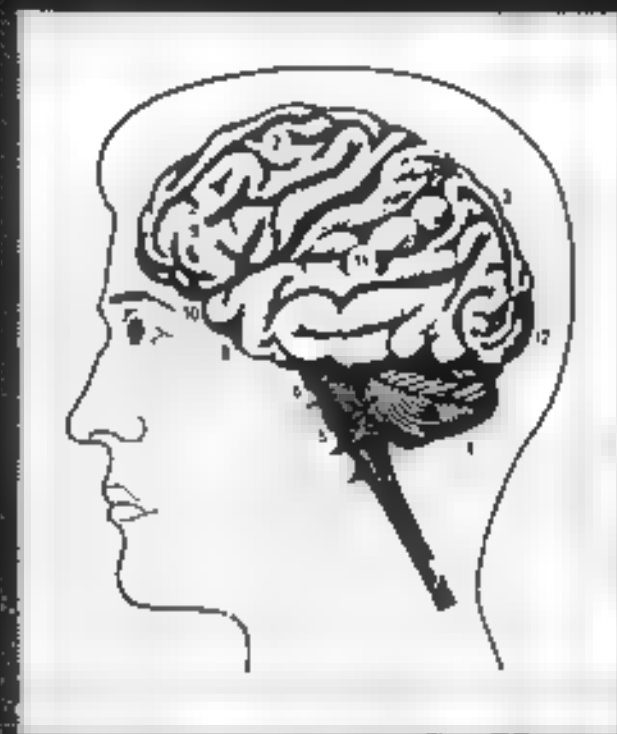
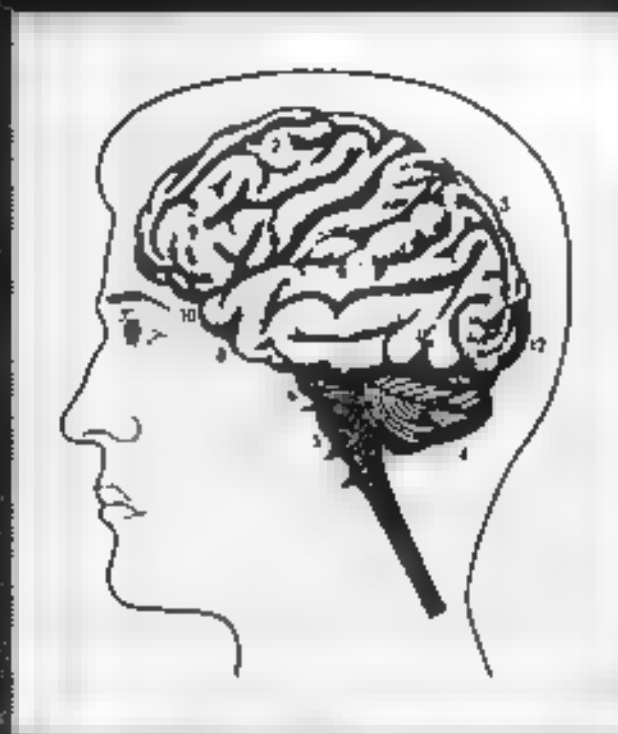
'Hey, Norm. Whaddya think of the suit?' He stood up and I could see that the buildings went right down to the bottom of his trousers. 'Blurred clothing. High-definition liquid crystal. Got it off some collector for a straight hundred.'

'It's not moving,' I said. 'Aren't the pictures supposed to move?'

'Ahhh, it's running some no-good history programme. Warhol disc, or somethin'.' He swallowed a mouthful of pasta. 'This is on fast-forward.' He leaned over the counter and dropped his voice to a whisper. 'I've got a kid bringin' in some stuff tomorrow. Italian. Supposed to be pretty violent. Axe jobs, chainsaws. . . the works.'

After a while I managed to change the subject and told Larry what I was looking for. I was lucky too, because he had everything I needed, except for the voice module. I didn't have much money so I had to settle for this kid's toy called Speak'N'Spell, 'a deluxe learning' centre with fifteen different functions and a vocabulary of ten thousand words. Includes elementary syntax facility.' It cost another five creds for the batteries.

When I got home Mother started right up about how late I was and how I'd worried her sick and how she didn't know how anybody could be so thoughtless, was it really too much to expect me



to let her know, and right then something in me snapped and I dashed over to her and shook her by the shoulders.

'You're *dead!*' I shouted. 'When are you going to leave me *alone?*'

We were quiet for about five minutes afterwards. I just stood there, breathing hard, and Mother went on staring at her feet as if something real interesting was happening to them, like they were turning into squids or something.

'You're driving me crazy,' I said, and went into my room and closed the door behind me. I turned on the vid and sat staring at the screen, not seeing anything because I was so angry. A few minutes later I thought I heard her crying but I turned the sound up loud so I couldn't be sure. Maybe it was just my imagination. It does that, sometimes.

Anyway, by morning I'd calmed down, so I went to tell Mother about the surprise.

'I'm going to take you out today,' I said. 'I've got the day off and I'm going to take you down to the Welfare Centre so you can sign those cheques.'

She was quiet for a while, then she said: 'But I haven't got anything to *wear.*'

I laughed and told her that I'd go down to the mall on level 60 and get her something pretty, something in gingham, maybe, which I knew was her favourite material. First, though, I had to get her ready, so I told her about the stuff I'd gotten at Fat Larry's and about how I was going to make it so she could roll into that Welfare Centre off the street and sign for those cheques all by herself.

She was so happy she wanted me to kiss her, which I did, even though her lips were like stale bread. It made me proud to be her son, although I was still looking forward to putting her in Emma Jane's body.

Anyway, I brought the box of stuff out and set it down in the middle of the floor and started work. I've never been too hot at sums and writing and all that school stuff, but I'm pretty good with my hands. The first thing I did was put together the EndoSet. Mother still had her old wheelchair, which meant I didn't have to bother with the legs, so pretty soon there was an upper torso body frame lying on the floor, fully articulated and good as new. It had pneumatic joints and these big old-fashioned servo-motors, but it seemed to work okay.

Mother was a little put off, though, when I told her I was going to have to open her up to put it in. . .

Well, you can imagine how messy it was; but I finally did it and after I'd put in some fresh padding and sewed her back up she looked as good as new.

The last thing was the voice, which was the most difficult. First of all the Speak'N'Spell didn't talk right. It had this echoey electronic voice that sounded real dumb, not like Mother at all. Also it kept saying these real stupid things, like 'Spell *machine*' and 'The Judges love all animals and little children', which I thought was especially stupid because they don't. Then I realised I'd forgotten to put the whole thing in the body and I had to open Mother up again to get it in. I taped the Speak'N'Spell to the endo-skeleton chest struts and wired up a small speaker at the back of her mouth. Then I caught the elevator down to the shopping mall to get her some new clothes.

As well as the dress I bought some make-up, which I used on Mother's face to cover up the areas where the scissors had slipped. Then I wrapped a shawl around her shoulders and sat her in the wheelchair, and we set off for the Welfare Centre. The nearest branch was on Mandela Street, which was in the same sector, so we didn't need to catch a taxi or anything.

We were up to Bernard Hermann Boulevard when a Judge shouted 'Hey! Hold it a second,' somewhere behind us and I kind of froze on the spot, thinking right away that Mother's styro-padding had leaked out and we were going to get put in a Cube for littering. A shadow slid along the pedway and a Judge pulled up on a Lawmaster.

'What are you doing bringing the old woman out here?'

I couldn't think of anything to say.

'Don't you watch the news? We've had eight muggings in this area over the last week. All eldsters.'

He turned towards Mother, his eyes hidden by that dark visor, and I imagined these two lasers behind it, these X-ray lasers that could see through anything. 'This your son?'

I was terrified she'd say something like 'No, he steals organs from Resyk,' but she just said 'Yes' and left it at that.



'What's your address?' he asked me.

'Amanda cannot play with us today,' Mother said.

I felt suddenly sick. Sweat was pouring out from under my arms.

'Saul Bass Block. Apartment 457b'.

Mother's head jerked sideways. 'Would you like to come to my party?'

The Judge glanced at Mother. 'She okay?'

'It's, uh. . . it's her memory. Her memory's not so great.'

'All my friends will be there,' Mother said.

The Judge leaned closer. 'Sheltered housing,' he whispered. 'She'd be a lot better off.'

'I'll think about it. Thanks.'

He nodded to himself, then straightened up and rode off towards the flyover. I looked around to check if anybody was watching and kicked Mother on the leg, as hard as I could.

'What's wrong with you? You could've got us arrested back there. From now on you don't say a *thing* till we're in the Welfare Centre.'

By the time we got there I was just as jumpy, and sweating even worse. I felt like I'd just gotten out of the shower.

There was a big queue, like there is sometimes when the cheques have been delayed, so I watched the wall-vid while we waited.

There was a woman with corneal lenses on it. 'Welfare fraud carries a maximum penalty of five years imprisonment,' she said. 'Have a nice day.'

When we finally got to the counter there was a thin woman there, looking at us through the plastiglass screen like we were a couple of Muties or something. She wore glasses and the kind of sour sneer old women have when they talk about the weather. There was a small sign pinned to the screen that said VERA LOOMIS 657-OJ.

'Name?'

I pushed the letter under the plastiscreen.

The clerk read it quickly, then looked over at Mother. 'Name?'

'See the dog with the big red ball.' That was Mother.

'Imelda Vandamm,' I said. 'It's on the top of the form.'

'I'm sorry but the claimant must give her own name.'

'But it's on the form. Look, there. . . '

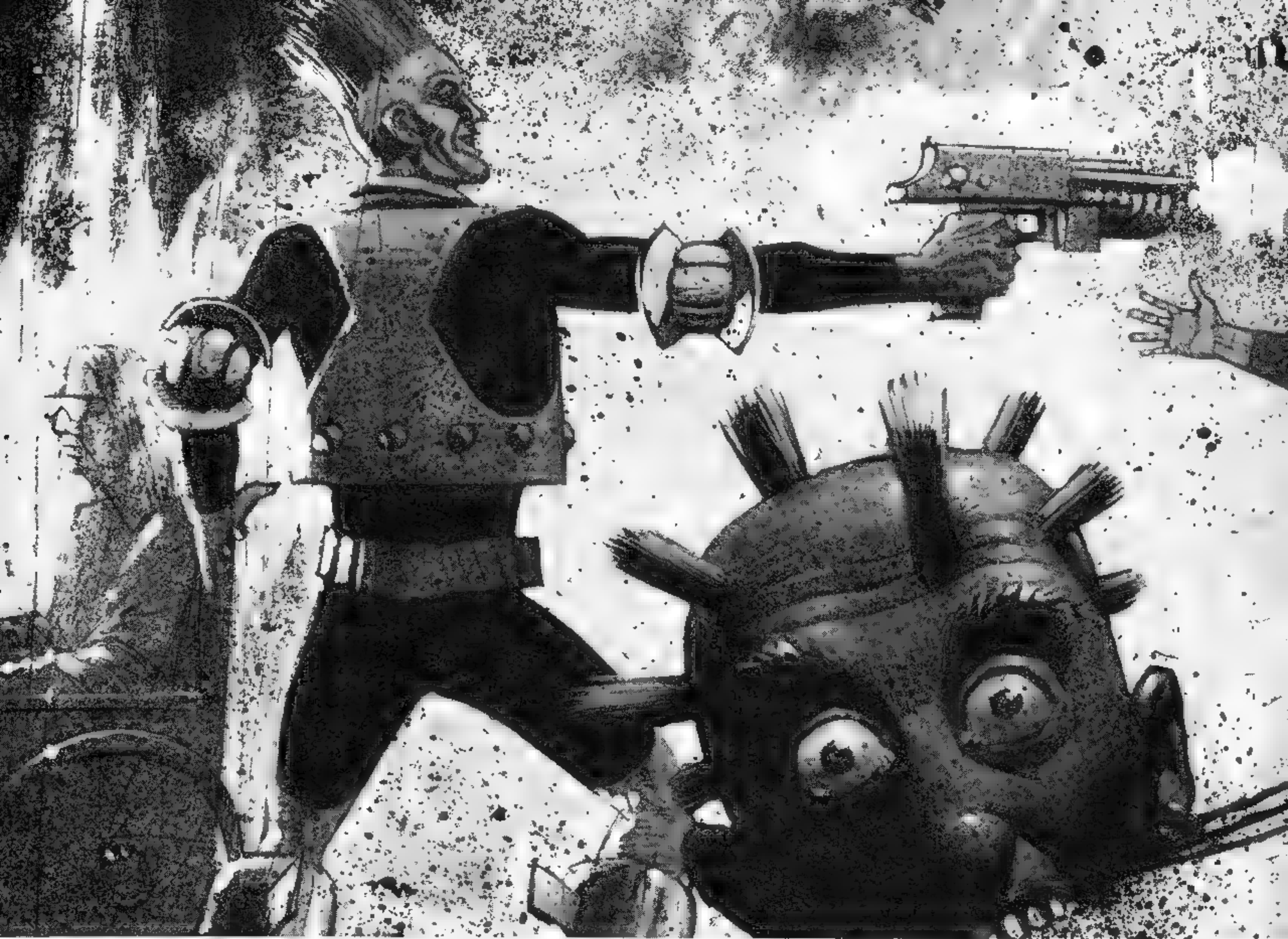
The desk clerk stared at me coldly, the way people do when they get to know I work at Resyk. 'Are you a relative?'

'Her son.'

'Spell zebra,' said Mother.

'Is she mentally competent?'

'Of course she is. She's just. . . ' I cleared my



throat, like they do on the films. 'She's on medication. Tranqs. She's been ill, you see. That's why she hasn't been in lately.'

'It's been a year, Mr Vandamm.' She looked at me without saying a thing and I expected her to get up then and there and point at me and start jumping up and down screaming '*Murderer! Murderer!*'

'Could I have your Mother's thumb-print?' she said at last. 'On the ident-pad.'

I moved the wheelchair up to the counter and Mother's arm swung up toward the screen. It was a little too fast when it moved, and kind of jerky, and the servo-motors made this funny whining sound, but the clerk didn't seem to notice. There was a touch-sensitive keypad set into the counter and Mother brought her thumb down in the glowing white square like she'd been practising all her life.

The clerk checked the computer, then looked over and gave Mother a big false smile. 'That's fine, Mrs. Vandamm. If you could just sign this?'

She slid another form out under the screen and Mother reached for it again with that same jerky movement. That was when things started

to go wrong, because of instead of taking the pen Mother's hand shot forward like a boxer, smashing through the plastiglass like it was ice.

'*Mother!*' I shouted, but it was too late. Suddenly Mother had reached through and grabbed hold of the clerk's hand and *squeezed*. The clerk had started screaming and there was this horrible crunching sound, like someone eating celery.

Well, I knew that was it. Alarms were ringing and laser-shields had closed over the screens, sliding down like big green eyelids. Mother didn't even have time to pull her arm out, and the lasers cut it off and set her dress on fire at the elbow.

By now I'd taken the gun out of my jacket and started shooting into the crowd, laughing like a crazy man, not caring who I hit. The outer doors had shut automatically and the people who'd been queuing up were banging on them, screaming to be let out.

'Aren't we having a wonderful time?' Mother again.

I must have put too much lipstick on because

it was running in the heat. Her whole left arm was burning like a torch, like she was some kind of weird Statue of Liberty, but I went on shooting anyway, laughing and screaming while Mother said these dumb things behind me, her voice all echoey and slurred.

'Spell *dictionary*', she said.

A hole in a chest as big as a vid-screen.

'What did you do at school today?'

Two sisters screaming.

'I love you, mummy.'

A blind girl and her father; an old woman with a zimmer-frame; a Krishna devotee with an armful of pamphlets; a punk with globe-earrings, a fighting cricket in each one.

'Will you be my best friend?'

The doors were reinforced tungsten polymer and by the time the Judges got around to bringing in cutting equipment everyone was dead. The whole place was filled with smoke and bodies and this horrible electric smell. I was sitting on the counter when the Judges came in, Mother smouldering in her wheelchair beside me.

'It wasn't my fault,' I said, smiling. 'Mother hates queues.'

And here I am, locked up in the Psycho Cubes on a life sentence. They apparently think I'm this guy called the 'Oedipal Kid' or something, this serial killer who goes round murdering old women and stuffing them like animals because his real mother beat on him when he was a kid. He stays in one apartment for a while, then when the neighbours get suspicious he takes the money and moves on someplace else. Seems there's a string of dead eldsters stretching right across the city.

Anyway, pretty soon they'll realise they've got the wrong guy and let me out, so I'm just going to sit here and wait until then. Actually I quite like it here. The food's not so great but they really take care of you. I get to talk to this guy who shows a genuine interest in me, more than anybody's ever done in my whole life before.

I just wish they'd give me a cube of my own, that's all. I mean, every boy loves his Mother, sure, but you don't want to be cooped up with her all day long, do you? There just isn't enough room in a Psycho Cube.

And besides, it isn't healthy.

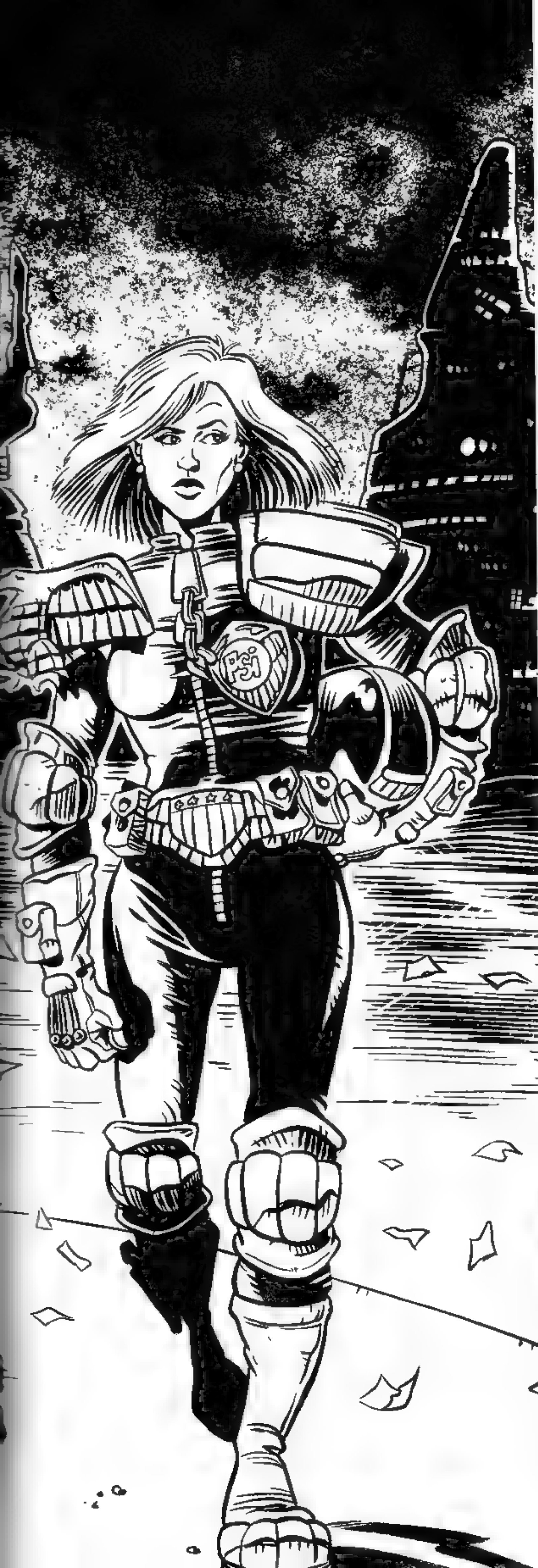


EXERCISE DUTY



Story ANDY LANNING/DAN ABNETT

Illustrations ANTHONY WILLIAMS/ANDY LANNING



T

he Mavis Riley Home for the Debilitatingly Bewildered lies in the quiet Western districts of Mega-City One; five stories of pale, pink, pastel windows gazing out in quiet contemplation. It is a calm place, serene and tranquil, seemingly untouched by the City's contaminating turmoil. But today the polyester curtains are twitching at the sound of visitors on the pedway below. It's not the hushed tones of visiting relatives that echo through the antiseptic Hospitality Zone, but the heavy thump of marching feet. Judges!

'I'll only be a few moments', Anderson said tersely to her four companions. 'You guys can wait in the Sympathy Suite.'

Judge Pyke, who had been with the squad for only a few weeks, sneered as she strode away. 'I heard Psi-Division were highly strung, but she's got her corn rations wedged somewhere painful.'

'Clamp it, Pyke!' growled Judge Warner. 'It's Anderson's private business.'

'It troubles me. I sense heavy angst in Anderson and it's clouding her normally pure aura', said Judge Lutz, the squad's new empath.

'When you've been with this unit a little longer, my dear', said the massive Judge McKern, setting a plump fist reassuringly on the little empath's shoulder pad, 'you'll learn that we always stop by here when we're on Exorcise Duty in this sector.' Lutz smiled timidly at the team's mountainous telekinetic.

'Suppose we'll just have to wait then,' mumbled Pyke, as he flicked through a dog-eared copy of *Which Sedative?* from the coffee table.

T

s Thorn in his Iso-Cube?' inquired Anderson as she strode purposefully down the corridor, accompanied by the Home's Well-Being Monitor.

'Environment, you mean?' replied the droid, its servo units straining to match Anderson's pace. Anderson ignored the correction as she continued to ignore the muzak emanating from the droid. 'And how is he?'

'He's as happy as a sandboy, as pleased as punch, as nice as pie...he hasn't a care on his mind!'

'He hasn't got a mind,' Anderson said acidly.



They came to a halt by a padded shutter. 'I'll just open the door,' said the droid. 'It's in passive mode.'

'Locked, you mean.'

'We don't like to use negative terms here at the Mavis Riley facility,' said the droid. 'When stress and trauma get you down, and your face just isn't smiley, never fear, relief is near, book in at Mavis Ri-'

'Shut up,' said Anderson as the door slid open. 'Such a sad case,' reflected the droid. 'And so inexplicable.'

'Haven't you read his diaries?' said Anderson, stepping past the droid into the cell.

From the diary of Gregory Thorn:

'...May 12th. When I got home from work today, I got a message from God. It was just a quick word to say that the Antichrist would soon be in the neighbourhood, and could I keep an eye out for him. He's given me a list of signs to look for and said that when I've ticked them all off, he'll give me some further tips on how to save the world from an eternity of damnation. I found the first sign straight away – a beast rising out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns and on the horns ten crowns – that couldn't be easier. I'm working on it...'

June 6 – 5.25pm

They rode out of the city, five riders ahead of the storm. The burning headlamps of their Lawmaster Bikes cast jagged shadows across the blasted wasteland of Reclaim Zone #13. Even now, years after the Apocalypse War, a charnel smell hung in the wind. Anderson signalled her Spook Squad to halt as the brooding grey structure of the half-finished Geo-Stability Tower rose before them. Seven massive support columns rising from a gash in the landscape, lifting ten vent-capped geothermal conversion chambers into a thunderous sky. It was here that warheads had split open the very flesh of the planet. It was only structures such as these, whose tectonic anchors were embedded deep below, that kept in check the tidal fury of the magmatic seas that boiled close to the surface.

'Re-cap please, Troughton,' said Anderson. The young Judge accessed his bike's terminal. 'Zone#13 rehab program contracted to Ideal



Block Inc. This is the final stabilising tower to be constructed before work begins on the residential areas. Work currently at a standstill due to series of bizarre industrial accidents and unrest in the workers' compound. Cause may be residual psychic energy left over from conflagration. Psi Squad investigation required.'

'What was this place before?' asked Judge Stokes. 'Empathically, I'm not reading much.' Troughton shot her a grimace. 'Neutral Zone mediplex. Ninety thousand civilians cremated in a nanosecond, thanks to a stray mini-nuke.' 'Any speculations, McKern?' asked Anderson. The big man was lost in shadows. 'Sounds like a casebook Revenant Node. A concentrated mass, representing thousands of souls traumatised at the same moment. Could mean we're in for a busy night.'

Judge Warner shook his head in mock sadness. 'You really suffer for your art, don't you? Psi-Division always makes a meal of things. If it was up to us regulars there would be a lot more hard graft and a lot less agonising.'

'While you and Troughton ride shotgun on this team you'll keep your opinions to yourselves', Anderson retorted. 'These souls deserve respect and consideration, not brute force.'

'The workers' compound is just ahead. We'd better make tracks – Neill the I.B.I. rep has requested assistance nine times in the last hour,' Troughton observed.

'I sense...persistent jackass,' groaned McKern.

I was right,' he whispered to Anderson, as Neill scurried toward them in the lobby of the workers' compound.

'About time!' he snapped. 'Do you have any idea of the seriousness of the situation? Work ceased *three days* ago. I.B.I. are facing interest charges in excess of nine trill. Phoenix Block is over budget and behind schedule. What do you intend to do about it?'

Anderson shrugged. 'Not my problem. We're here to locate paranormal disturbances.'

'And when you do?'

'Once I've located the problem telepathically, Judge Stokes, our empath will categorise and contain it, allowing our telekinetic, Judge McKern, to expell it from this dimension. Problem solved.'

'And what do the other two do? Chant and burn incense?'

'They're here to support us in more...physical encounters,' said Anderson.

'We break heads,' added Warner drily.

'I don't *care* what you have to do,' Neill raged.

'Just make damn sure you do it quickly. This place is falling apart around my ears. I've got four thousand discontented construction workers and their families refusing to pick up tools or step out of the compound over some superstitious crem about demonic forces and walking dead! I've had nine workers injured in clumsy accidents that are gonna cost me a spitload of creds, and another three flash-fried yesterday when their work cradle fell into the magmatic vent, for reasons that will no doubt become painfully clear in an expensive negligence suit. Now if this is because I'm playing host to the Devil, show him the damn door so we can get on with our work!'

Anderson turned to her group with a sigh. 'Okay team, you know the drill. Exploration, exculpation, extradition! Stokes, what have you got?'

The petite empath frowned, shaking her head. 'A headache? Sorry, Cass. It's a psionic blank as far as I can sense, just like outside.' Warner snorted. 'Drokk! You said it, it's a wild ghostchase! All we need is an H-Wagon and a crime blitz. What's needed here is a liberal dose of work ethic, not exorcism.' Exasperated, Anderson turned toward the window, gazing grimly out as though the night sky might help her. Above the massive Geo-Stability Tower, a full moon glowed crimson through a pall of exhaust fumes. Anderson felt a slight tremor... like a whisper, as though someone was speaking. It took Anderson a moment to realise it was herself.

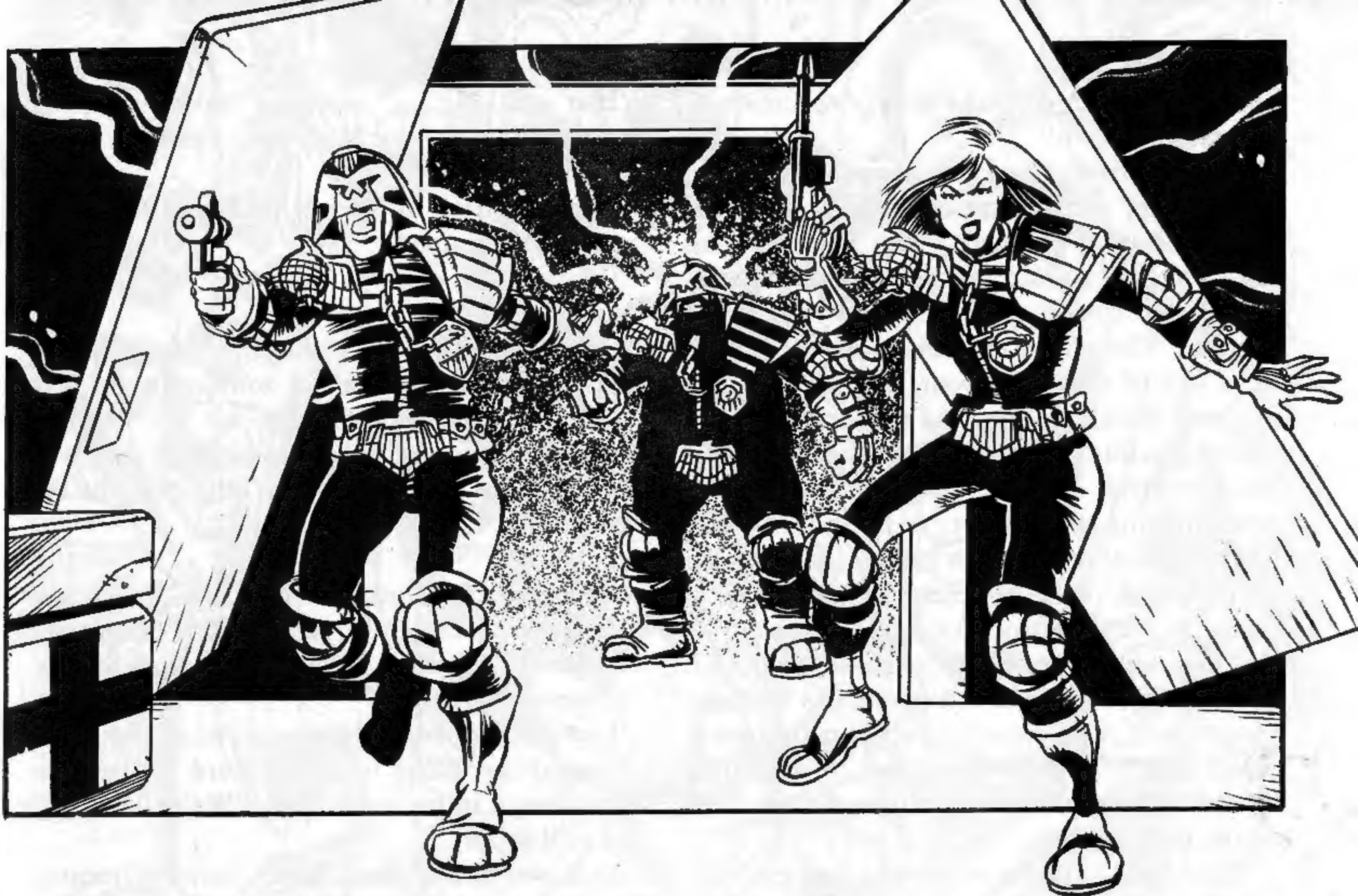
'...And the moon became as blood...'

'What did you say?' asked Warner.

Anderson ignored him and put a hand to her temple. 'There is something here after all,' she said. 'And I don't like it one bit.'

'... May 22nd: It's all coming together now. The moon's been red for several days, just as God told me it would be. As for the six hundred three-score and six, that's obvious to me now too! Three sixes. . . The Antichrist will be born on the sixth day of the sixth month at six o'clock, the son of a jackal. That's soon now. I must find this jackal. I must wait for its offspring and I must kill it!'





June 6 – 5.52pm

The apartment door crumpled like tissue paper under McKern's telekinetic onslaught, and Warner and Troughton swung into the room, Lawgivers at the ready.

'Empty,' reported Warner. 'Are you sure this is the place?'

Anderson stepped coolly into the room between them. Her gaze lingered on the walls, which were papered with pages torn from bibles. Crucifixes had been crudely rammed into the door and window frames.

'You're right,' she said witheringly. 'The guy's obviously totally sane.' She stepped toward a small writing desk, picking up the slim volume lying on its surface. 'This is the focus of the emanations I've been getting. It's some sort of diary.'

Stokes looked troubled as she followed them in. 'This room's *saturated* with emotional residue!' she said. 'Such anguish, such pain, such hatred ...but it's determined, obsessive; *focused*. This is a bad one, Cass.'

Warner holstered his weapon. 'Great. We've got a Futsie. Let's find him, cube him and stop this time-wasting.'

McKern turned to Anderson. 'What do you think? Cassandra, you've gone quite pale. What's the matter?'

Anderson dropped the diary. 'There has to be a medical centre in this compound...so let's move it there on the double. Now!'

'...June 6th: I've found the jackal. He lives upstairs. Jack L. Remick, whose wife is expecting any day now (I know precisely when, of course). I wonder if she knows she's carrying the Antichrist? She will when I kill him. God spoke to me again last night. He said I was doing awfully well...'

June 6th – 6.01pm

The nurse was screaming something about no admittance, and continued screaming as McKern lifted her out of their path on a raft of telekinesis. Leading the pack, Anderson and Warner crashed through the doors, bowling over the Midwife Droid. 'What in Grud's name are you doing in here?' bellowed Jack L. Remick, clutching the hand of his labouring wife.

'What's more to the point,' breathed Anderson, 'What's *he* doing in here?' She pointed at the bewildered figure nearby, dressed in an orderly's uniform and frozen in the act of pulling a recoilless automatic from beneath his tunic. Warner's Lawgiver was in his hand in the

blink of an eye. 'Armed Futsie!' he screamed. 'Everybody down!'

Anderson's fist crashed into his wrist. The shot went wide, tearing through the far wall. Simultaneously, the perp's gun flew from his grasp, straight to McKern's outstretched hand. 'What the drokk are you *doing*?' spluttered Warner. 'There were civilians at stake.'

'And one of them was your target!' Anderson snapped back. 'I sense he's a strong latent psionic, acting under the influence of something external. If you'd shot him, you'd have been shooting an innocent.'

Warner was about to argue further, but was cut off by Stokes' warning scream. They turned in horror to see the suspect crumple drunkenly to the floor, an inhuman howl rising in his throat. His body twitched and convulsed as something spewed from him; something abominable, something unholy...a grotesque mass of screaming faces that hung in the air, raining greasy fluid on the floor beneath.

'The child! It wants to possess the new-born child!' shrieked Stokes, gagging as her senses reeled beneath the psychic onslaught.

'Warner, block it!' ordered Anderson desperately.

At once, Troughton and Warner leapt between the delivery bed and the oncoming nightmare. 'Rapid fire. Drive it back!' instructed Warner, gratified at last by a job at which he excelled. The two Lawgivers roared in the confines of the ward, but the thing advanced still, turning its many eyes toward the duo. There was a rending explosion as, through some infernal influence, the magazine of Troughton's pistol detonated and tore him apart. Blasted off his feet by the impact and peppered with slivers of his colleague's armour and bone, Warner was flung across the room like a doll, landing dazed against the wall. The thing turned in mid-air and lurched towards him... and then froze. Blue electrical energy coruscated across its surface.

'We're holding it...barely,' said Anderson through gritted teeth, as she and Stokes quaked under the psionic strain. Stokes' face was blank with agonised effort. 'McKern! You've got to expel this thing *now*!' Anderson could barely speak.

Sweat beaded the big man's brow. 'I'm trying ...I can't,' he gasped.

'It's too big...a revenant node...ninety... thousand angry souls in one. I'm just not... strong enough!'

'Then we have to force it back into the host,' Anderson strained.

'Contain it, before it burns Stokes out completely!'

There was silence as the trio redoubled their efforts. The entity swelled; doubled in size.

Then it screamed through all its mouths. Shrinking and crumpling horribly, it dissolved like noxious smoke into the limp body of the orderly.

The psychic link severed, the Psi-Judges staggered back. Only the dregs of McKern's telekinetic strength cushioned Judge Stokes' collapse to the floor.

'Lisa!' exclaimed Anderson, as she and McKern reached the prone form. McKern cradled her frail figure in his great arms. 'We've lost her,' he said simply.

Anderson turned speechlessly, her eyes burning as she faced the slumped figure of the possessed man.

'We still have a problem to solve,' she said.

So she wiped his mind of everything he was. In a split second, construction worker Gregory Thorn ceased to be. She hated herself for it, but there was no alternative. The node was too strong to banish. It could only be contained in a prison that had no contact with the world outside. Maybe the hardest choice she ever made – to sacrifice an innocent mind.' McKern fell silent, aware that Pyke and Lutz were considering the story.

'That's why we always come here when we're on Exorcise Duty', said Warner. 'Anderson has last respects to pay. And forgiveness to ask for.' They looked up to see Anderson returning through the suite.

'Let's go,' she said briskly. 'There's plenty to do, and the day is yet young...'

'Lead on Chief.' Warner followed her to the door.

Out in the courtyard, as they mounted their Lawmasters, Anderson caught McKern's eye and smiled. 'And let's pray for a quiet night,' she said.

